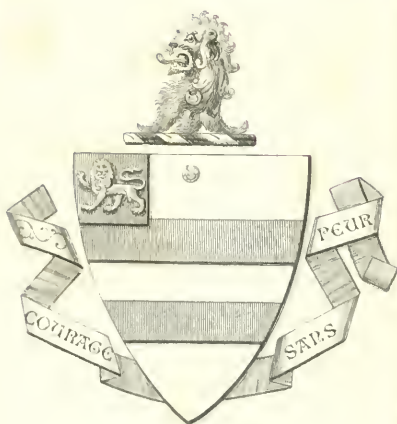






Robert Lancaster.



BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE THIRTY-FIRST.

LONDON:

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

Sports and Pastimes



VOL. XXII

1878

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BAILY'S

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SEPTEMBER, 1877.

VOL. XXXI.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE COUNT MUNSTER.

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LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1877.

DIARY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1877.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	Partridge Shooting begins.
2	S	FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
3	M	Curragh Races. [cultural Meeting.
4	Tu	Curragh, Richmond, and Warwick Races. Staffordshire Agri-
5	W	Richmond and Warwick Races. Barnet Fair, three days.
6	Th	Wolverhampton Races. Birkenhead Dog Show.
7	F	Wolverhampton Races.
8	S	
9	S	FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
10	M	
11	Tu	Doncaster Races. Avebury Coursing Meeting.
12	W	Doncaster and Totnes Races.
13	Th	Doncaster Races. Sussex Club Coursing Meeting.
14	F	Doncaster Races.
15	S	
16	S	SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
17	M	Plumpton Open Coursing Meeting. [Show.
18	Tu	Hendon, Baldoyle, and Lichfield Races. Bishop Auckland Dog
19	W	Hendon, Lichfield, and Western Ayr Races.
20	Th	Monmouth, Chelmsford, and Western Ayr Races.
21	F	Alexandra Park and Monmouth Races.
22	S	Alexandra Park Races.
23	S	SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
24	M	
25	Tu	Newmarket and Lanark Races. Mere Down Coursing Meeting.
26	W	Newmarket Races. Three Counties Union Coursing Meeting.
27	Th	Newmarket and Manchester Races.
28	F	Newmarket and Cork Park Races.
29	S	Argonaut R. C. Regatta.
30	S	EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.



J. Münster
3

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE COUNT MUNSTER.

AMONG those 'leaders of society' who, since what is termed the coaching revival, have been most prominent at Magazine meets, and whether in the olive green or the buff and blue have sought to witch the world with noble coachmanship, none are better known than the distinguished diplomatist whose most happy likeness our artist this month adds to 'Baily's' gallery.

An ambassador on a coach-box would, twenty years ago or less, have been considered in an anomalous position. We had very few coachmen ourselves then, and those there were hid their lights under bushels. With the rather contemptuous opinion that Englishmen used to entertain of the sporting tastes and pursuits of all foreigners, we should have scouted the idea that a German could drive. But the world has marched with wonderful strides in twenty years, and in the development of sport in all its branches continental nations, especially France and Germany, have shown a remarkable proficiency. Racing, hunting, driving, are no longer the gift and heritage of Englishmen alone, and if imitation is the sincerest flattery we ought to be a proud people indeed. Count Munster is a sportsman in his own country, and his love of coaching we need scarcely dwell upon here. No meet of the Four-in-Hand Club would be complete without His Excellency driving his well-known chestnuts with the Countess Olga by his side. Eminently popular in English society, his liking for a good old English pastime is an additional claim to the kindly feeling with which he is regarded.

A WORD WITH OUR CONTEMPORARY REVIEWER.

‘Tis pleasant, sure, to see one’s self in print,’ and that pleasure must be considerably enhanced when an appearance in type is made in good company, and under distinguished editorial auspices. The incongruity of the subject-matter signifies but little, for periodicals nowadays appeal to the tastes of so many classes of readers that we are not surprised to find things a ‘little mixed ;’ the philosopher rubbing shoulders with the athlete ; the man of science pairing off with the racing commentator ; and the politician retiring from the field or discussion in favour of the disciples of Nimrod or Walton. We shall not be astonished to hear presently of a racing tipster having been engaged for ‘Good Words ;’ or to peruse a series of sporting articles in the pages of the ‘Record.’ ‘Baily’ is not unlikely to publish one of Mr. ‘Jack’ Russell’s sermons as a sort of appanage to the biography of the reverend deer-hunter of the West ; and we may expect to see the driver of ‘Our Van’ pulling up at a ‘Friends’ meeting-house in place of the sporting *diversoria* upon which and their contents it pleases him to discourse so pleasantly. But, seriously speaking, the ‘situation’ must be grave indeed when the ‘Contemporary Review’ opens its bilious covers to the Balaam who not only comes to curse the Turf and its belongings, but refuses to budge an inch in the direction of turning his malison into benison. Some beast of ill omen must surely have spoken to the prophet by the way, or he would never have dipped his pen in such gall of bitterness as pervades the article ‘The Horse as an ‘Instrument of Gambling.’ What do the fellow-contributors of this writer think of his presence among their ranks, recruited from such ‘potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs’ as condescend to educate refined æsthetic tastes by essays on serious subjects, ‘far from the ‘madding crowd’s ignoble strife’ on the racecourse, or to discourse on the amelioration of the social condition of their species, rather than on the improvement of the breed of horses, and similar groveling topics ? They must feel like tabbies with a dog in the room, resenting his presence, but none of them liking to make the first move, and deeming discretion the better part of valour. We are considerably surprised to find our solid and powerful contemporary descending from its high line of philosophy, religion, and politics, to descant upon so lowly a theme as Turf ethics ; but the reason, perhaps, is not after all very far to seek. A ‘slashing’ article directed against racing scandals and abuses, in a high-class periodical usually averse from such uncongenial topics, is sufficient of itself to attract increased public attention, and consequently a greater demand. Nobody can blame editors for thus keeping their eyes on the ‘main chance ;’ but it may be doubted whether the policy is not a slightly undignified one which commends itself to them of taking up, for the sake of mere sensation, a subject which

they would drop like a red-hot coal if it were presented to them in its normal guise. But the policy is at least a safe one, for while ordinary readers of the 'Contemporary Review' will perhaps not trouble their heads very much about the matter, and 'skip' the article accordingly, or take it all upon trust, a vast number of casuals will be induced to purchase the magazine containing so rare a feature as a racing article among papers devoted to deeper and more abstruse topics. In certain circles, unfortunately, a scathing attack upon what Mr. Tom Hughes has been pleased to term a 'canker of civilisation' is always acceptable; and as schoolboys, when no better amusement presents itself, set up a 'cock-shy' of a bottle or potsherd out of mere wanton mischief, knowing that no one is likely to say them nay, so is it the custom with a certain class of purists, for want of some more serious occupation, to preach a crusade against any one of the social evils affecting society, among which they are pleased to reckon racing, as one of Satan's chief implements for the destruction of mankind. We have a word or two to speak to our Reviewer on the subject which he has taken in hand, and shall proceed to notice certain portions of his article which bear the 'highly novel and attractive' title of 'The Horse as 'an Instrument of Gambling.'

Were we asked to define meaning, scope, and object of this somewhat remarkable production, our first impression of it might be described as hazy and indistinct; but upon re-perusal at least one distinct issue is discovered to be propounded, up to which all arguments might be supposed to lead, and to which we shall presently allude. The figures relating to blood-stock, with which a commencement of the article is made, we shall not dispute, but shall content ourselves with asking why the 'high-priced yearling' episode was dragged into a statistical statement, except for the purpose of having a sly cut at the 'offensive nomenclature,' which has no more bearing upon the question of average prices, than the antecedents of a celebrated brood-mare which are likewise imported into the subject. Statistics, to possess any value whatever, should be at least correct as regards the sums quoted as forthcoming for certain animals; therefore we may ask why the price paid for Marie Stuart has been so egregiously exaggerated; and, as a matter affecting the knowledge of his subject by the Reviewer, what have Julius and Paul Jones done, that they should be found in such good company as Blair Athol, Doncaster, and other crack 'sires of the day'? The reason given by the writer for entering thus minutely into the finance of horse-racing is, 'to show how utterly impossible it is for a racehorse, as a general 'rule, to recoup its owner's expenditure by any sums that may be 'won in stakes.' Surely he cannot mean to bring this statement forward as an original one, seeing that Lord George Bentinck's maxim that 'No one could afford to keep racehorses who did not 'bet' has been dinned into our ears *ad nauseam* since the date of its utterance, some thirty or forty years since! We should have thought its truth must have been over and over again made patent

to every racing tyro ; but our Reviewer evidently regards himself in the light of a discoverer, since he goes on to prove his assertion by statistics, and finishes up by suggesting a 'cheap method' of deciding between the merits of Derby horses by 'putting the names of the 'animals into a hat or a vase, and drawing the prize as in a lottery!'

We have quoted the above, not because we imagine for one moment that the suggestion was made in sober seriousness, but for the purpose of showing that the Reviewer takes a purely *£. s. d.* view of the question, apart from all considerations of sport, for which he makes no allowance as prompting outlays of money for indulgence in its attractions. And this brings us to the discussion of how far his remarks are justified in respect of the long prices paid for yearlings, on the chance of their turning out profitable bargains. By the line of argument taken he would seem to be desirous of making it appear that extravagance in securing first-rate appliances for carrying on sport was limited solely to that branch of it with which we are now concerned, while no abnormal risks or expenditure were incurred in obtaining 'instruments' wherewith to insure success in the hunting-field, in the stubble or coverts, on the salmon stream, among the wild red deer, or any other expensive hobby having similar claims to fall within the category of recreations with racing itself. Are there no 'ridiculous' prices given for hunters and dogs, for rights of fishing, shooting, and stalking, in fact for the chance of the highest means of enjoyment in every sphere of English sport or pastime? 'The value of an article is said to be what it will bring 'in the market,' and accepting the truth thus enunciated we may point out that other things than yearlings 'are a fearful lottery,' and it did not need for the late master of Russley to be brought from his grave to repeat so dismal a truism. We assert that most high-priced yearlings are purchased by spirited bidders, such as Mr. Stirling Crawford, Mr. Gretton, the Duke of Westminster, and other leading patrons of racing, more with a view of attaining the highest honours of the Turf, such as the great three-year-old races, than with any primary intention of converting them into 'instruments of 'gambling.' With men of mark like the above, betting may or may not be incidental to the use of their expensive purchases, but it is merely a secondary consideration, and long prices are forthcoming for yearlings with an eye to future utility quite as much as to immediate enjoyment. Every one is of course anxious to buy, to train, to keep for private use or to resell a Doncaster, and we believe that there still remains a leaven of good sportsmen who would give their ears to win a Derby, even though the success were not further sweetened by the addition of such 'good round sums' in bets as enhanced the victories of Beadsman and Musjid, of Thormanby and The Hermit. The question 'Does it pay?' is an eminently pertinent and practical one, and characteristic of this our 'nation of shopkeepers,' but we may be permitted to doubt whether it is one which suggests itself, as a primary consideration, to the minds of those upon sporting distinctions intent ; indeed it has come

to be considered as rather a reproach to think of profit in connection with pastime, and as savouring of professional interest in a sphere which should occupy attention from the amateur alone. That racing is the most expensive of all amusements we are ready to admit, nor shall we attempt to controvert the 'o'er true' assertion that many are induced to engage in it with means ridiculously inadequate for its successful prosecution; but there are plenty of other ways of dropping money, and it is no inherent fault of the sport that it affords a ready means of gambling, but only an accidental external connection, which, in default of some more convenient object, would attach itself to any other species of recreation. But the Turf has most unjustifiably been made a scapegoat for all manner of sins which cannot be laid at its door, and has been pilloried for every casual evil-wisher and puritanical prig to have his fling at, while Prejudice and Ignorance have been well contented to stand by and to applaud the throwing of mud, some of which is of course certain to stick. It is in this spirit that our Contemporary Reviewer has seen fit to garnish his article, before finally serving it up, with the narration of scandals exhumed for the purpose of rendering it more piquant and attractive. He will not suffer the festering carcases to rest in the ground, which we hoped had finally covered them, but must drag them into the light of day, and taint the air with their corruption. We fail to see what end can be attained by a *réchauffé* of the recent doings in connection with Petrarch and Hampton, which are unfortunately too fresh in the public recollection to need repetition. Nor can it serve any useful purpose to turn a light upon the dark doings in connection with certain racing episodes with which all possessing the smallest Turf experience are unfortunately too familiar. We are led to look upon only the dismal reverse of the medal, the 'night side' of the subject, as though no brighter obverse was ever presented to our gaze, no ray of light ever broke upon the eye. And since no remedy is suggested for any of the evils so prominently exposed, we are entitled to infer that the case is a hopeless one, and that the Reviewer would have our racing system disestablished, and its ends and objects finally defeated because it offered opportunities for gambling, which if suppressed here, would certainly not fail to break out in another place. Nor do we see what right the Reviewer has to infer from the recent casual appearance of an Arab in the royal colours that a certain distinguished personage has any intention of forming a more intimate connection with racing than the ordinary sporting tastes of an English gentleman would be likely to dictate. Nor can we perceive by what process of reasoning he manages to arrive at the conclusion that because Admiral Rous is no more, therefore the time for 'Turf reform' is at hand. As regards the betting question only we are at one with our Reviewer in his strongly expressed opinion as to the inutility and unfairness of the measures adopted to suppress betting, and the anomaly of speculation being permitted in one place in hundreds,

while in another betting in crowns is declared to be illegal, and its practitioners punished accordingly. Still this does not affect the main point at issue, for it is not degrees of gambling that we have been invited to consider, but the whole question as to its effect upon the value of 'instruments' alleged to be purchased for a readier means of indulgence in its practice.

But, accepting the figures and statistics of our Reviewer, and even admitting the truth of his arguments, are we not entitled to ask him to go a step farther with us, and to follow the 'instrument of 'gambling' from the turmoil of the racecourse into the retirement of the paddock? Is there no field of utility open to the thoroughbred emancipated from the stern discipline of the training stable; or are we to regard his turf career as the 'be all and the end all' of his existence, and the only sphere in which there exists a possibility of recouping to his owner the large sum forthcoming for him in his yearling days? Is it quite fair or ingenuous to urge the 'finality' argument, and to contend that his purchase-money was unreasonably exorbitant, because the active period of his life belied the high promise evinced in the days of his early youth? Are we not entitled to look a little beyond all this, and to keep steadily in view the end and object of racing, without regard to the different ways and means of employing its 'instruments' during their time of probation on the turf? If men were content to cast on one side their expensive purchases when their mission was fulfilled, it might be argued with some show of plausibility that 'it is only as instruments of gambling that yearling horses bring the extraordinary 'prices that have been demanded.' The ignorant and prejudiced might thus be led to suppose that the normal condition of thoroughbred horseflesh after its racing career was to eke out existence in the shafts of a cab, or to come to those 'baser uses' which have given employment to the waning energies of so many a gallant steed. The improvement of our breed of horses may be a somewhat hackneyed cry, and one brought forward to excuse certain evils inevitably attendant upon our Turf administration, or to bolster a cause which, owing to external causes, unhappily stands in need of defenders and apologists. But we presume that no one will be found bold enough to deny that to the sport of racing we owe that superior excellence in the production of horses which has enabled us not only to hold our own up to quite a recent date, but also to furnish materials for other countries upon which to lay the foundations of such success as threatens to upraise a formidable opposition to original sources of supply. Racing may be regarded as only the means to an end, and though we must perforce banish from our minds those Utopian ideas of a high tone of Turf morality (which are almost as reasonable as the expectation of poverty and crime ceasing in the land), there is no reason why the means of sustaining our national reputation as horse-breeders should be threatened with abolition, because scandal and abuse have arisen in connection with our method of carrying them

out. It could readily be proved that as regards what we may term worn-out racing material there is vastly little waste, and that so far from 'instruments of gambling' being thrown on one side or left to rot when incapacitated or discovered to be worthless for active purposes of sport, they are eagerly sought after and converted to those 'useful purposes' of which we have lately heard so much in connection with racecourses given over to the plough. The high-mettled racer in the shafts of a hansom revisiting Derby scenes in which he has played so prominent a part, and the dam of many winners-to-be drawing a straw-cart, and fain to fill her belly with a few mouthfuls of the load behind her—these are pretty pictures enough worked out sensationally by pen or pencil, but happily not so common in reality as contemporary pessimists would have us to believe; and though both horses and their owners are said to have degenerated, there never was a time in the history of the Turf when blood-stock, whether stallions or mares, was in such steady and genuine request as now. Tennyson's 'Northern farmer' will tell us, in reply to our question as to the whereabouts of the couple or three square-built useful-looking half-bred mares which formerly roamed the home closes, that 'breedin' of these ere doant pay;' but we hear of no such complaint among the noblemen and gentlemen who send up their yearling strings annually for sale, the produce of animals for which large figures have not been paid in vain, though their original owners may not have had the patience or inclination to reap the reward which must come sooner or later to those who are content to speculate in horseflesh in place of other goods and merchandise, and whom experience has taught that it is the best policy not to begrudge a good price for a good article. There must, of course, be a leaven of pariahs and outcasts from all communities, both of men and beasts; but it is surely unfair to build up arguments against the vast majority of useful units, upon doubtful foundations upheld only by the worthless few. We are fully alive to the many failings and shortcomings unfortunately attendant upon the noblest of sports, but surely they are not likely to be uprooted and destroyed by sensational attacks such as that which we have endeavoured to refute; and he cannot be reckoned a true friend or well-wisher to the Turf, but rather a gratuitously spiteful assailant, who is content to flavour specious statistics with scandal, and expose abuses without suggesting remedies. We may liken him to the ingenious tormentor who applies to noisome ulcers the burning irritant in place of the soothing demulcent, and his attacks can be referred to nothing but a peevish spite, or a craving after notoriety by pandering to the mawkish tastes of the prejudiced and ignorant. There is nothing new nor original in the figures he has placed before us, nor in the scraps of anecdotes, and titbits of scandal which were presumably introduced to render palatable the dry bones of the subject. There is not one single hint or suggestion thrown out as to how the present state of affairs can be altered or ameliorated; and though certain periods may be full of sound and fury, they will be found, on examination,

to signify nothing. About this time last autumn, Bulgarian atrocity fables were misleading our countrymen and raising false issues as to our foreign relations; and at the same season of the present year it seems fated that the minds of men should be warped from their allegiance to the national sport by revelations of imaginary horrors in connection with its administration. Mr. Gladstone made excellent capital out of the fruits of Muscovite intrigue; we commend the subject of the 'horse as an instrument of gambling' to his notice, and 'Baily' will be happy to receive his views through the usual pasteboard medium of communication.

AMPHION.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

CHAPTER III.

'They champ'd the bit and twitch'd the rein,
And paw'd the frozen earth in vain;
Impatient with fleet hoof to scour
The vale, each minute seemed an hour.'

MR. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

'Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema.'—VIRG.

FROM the period of his first matriculation at Oxford to that on which he donned his bachelor's gown and quitted the University, Russell appears to have kept no regular record of his hunting days. Nevertheless, at the present moment, when in genial company, the sport and incidents of many a run, witnessed at that time and chronicled on the unwritten pages of his memory, are still ever and anon flashed out with the freshness of a schoolboy who has only recently enjoyed his first mount with a pack of hounds. Sixty years have rolled by on the stream of time since then; yet every detail of those early scenes he still paints in colours so fresh and vivid, that it is almost difficult to believe they could have occurred at so distant a date, even in the days 'when George the Third was King.'

The man who has once heard Russell hold forth on some favourite topic, must indeed have a very defective memory if he ever forgets the charm of his earnest natural manner, or the epigrammatic and pointed style in which he is wont to tell the simplest tale—like the Wedding-guest, the listener 'cannot choose but hear,' spell-bound at once by his glittering eye and winged words.

To attempt a description of the sport he saw with hounds during his residence at Oxford, in the absence of written records, would be a task beyond the design of the present memoir; but the adventure of one disastrous day, on which he went to a distant meet and never saw a hound, must not be omitted, for it left such an impression on his memory that to this hour he speaks of it with mixed feelings of disappointment and remorse.

The fixture was Sandford Brake; the hounds those of his Grace

the 6th Duke of Beaufort, who, as the reader has already been informed, hunted the Oxfordshire Hills from Heythrop at one season of the year, and his 'home country' from Badminton at another. The fame of the pack, the favourite colour being badger-pie, had at this period traversed the length and breadth of the land. There were no hounds like them; none that combined so perfectly the close-hunting and hard-driving qualities required in a foxhound; none that surpassed them in power, symmetry, and grandeur of form.

Russell had never yet seen this noble pack; but at every wine and supper party he attended, if there were any hunting men present, the chief theme of their conversation invariably turned on the Beaufort badger-pies; so it may well be imagined how he longed to feast his eyes on so attractive a sight, to watch them at work, and enjoy the sport they so rarely failed to show.

With his head, then, brimful of such anticipations, dry indeed must he have found the task of getting up the Greek lecture over which he was poring, when one morning his friend Peter Jackson, a Yorkshireman devoted to hounds, rushed into his rooms, and, exhibiting a card of the Hunting Appointments, put his finger on 'Sandford Brake,' and said:

'Now, then, Russell, throw that physic to the dogs; here's a chance of seeing the Heythrop Hounds; let's be off at once to secure the two best nags we can find in Oxford.'

No invitation could have been more acceptable.

'With all my heart,' responded Russell, chucking his Herodotus, with little respect, to the far end of the room, and starting off, in company with his friend, to Austin's stables, reputed in those days to be the first in Oxford.

Their selection was soon made; Jackson choosing a big thoroughbred chestnut, with sloping shoulders, flat hocks, and rare sinewy thighs; while Russell fixed on a well-known horse called 'Charlie,' which, though 'speechless in one eye,' Austin declared 'could see a weak place in a bullfinch better than ever a horse in his stable.'

Accordingly, on the day before the meet, Charlie and the chestnut, ridden by a couple of grooms, were duly 'sent on' to the Chequers Inn, there to rest for the night, the stables of that hostelry being only at a short distance from the cover-side; while, in the morning, if Russell and his friend had been mounted on two fiery dragons they could scarcely have been carried through the air with more speed and impetuosity than by the two raw-boned hacks, which, ewe-necked and clean as Eclipse in their pasterns, bore them to the meet in so short a time.

But, could they have anticipated the fruitlessness of their haste, they might have spared the poor brutes' legs, and their own pockets at the same time; for the roads were hard as iron, and no hounds had as yet arrived. In fact, a keen north wind had set in at day-break, and although a goodly company had mustered at the cover-side, a feeling of mistrust prevailed, that unless a speedy change took place, hunting would be out of the question for that day.

Now it was, for the first time, that Russell met those celebrated brothers, Mr. Rawlinson of Chadlington and Mr. Lindo—literally *par nobile fratrum*—a pair of resolute and brilliant horsemen who were not to be beaten in any country. The former will also be remembered as the owner of Revenge and Ruby, and subsequently of Coronation, winner of the Derby in 1841; while, of the latter, it is scarcely too much to say that every hunting man in the kingdom either knew him personally or knew him by his portrait, which, admirably painted by some sporting artist, appeared in all the print shops of town and country at that period. Even on snuff-boxes Mr. Lindo might have been seen standing up in his stirrups, and going ‘a slap-ping pace’ on his famous horse The Clipper—a horse so quick at his fences, that it was said he could ‘go a mile and a half over a country while others were going a mile.’

But the man of all others who attracted the admiration of our Oxonians was Sir Henry Peyton, the second baronet of that name. He had driven four greys to the meet, and with characteristic good-nature had entered at once into a horse-and-hound conversation with Russell, whose impatience at not seeing the hounds he had observed with no little sympathy.

‘Tis a north-easter, keen as a knife,’ said the baronet, pointing with his crop to the very eye of the wind. ‘Hard lines on you, young fellow, for I dare say you’ve cut lecture to come here, and now, I fear, the hounds are going to cut you.’

‘I hope not, Sir Henry; for that would be the unkindest cut of all.’

‘Never mind! come again; better luck next time. I knew by the going of the near leader that the road was getting harder and harder every yard of the way. I’ve lately had him nerved; and when there’s a touch of frost in the ground he can’t keep his secret a bit; but he’s all right at other times.’

‘I can see nothing amiss, Sir Henry,’ replied Russell, whose interest in that new operation, which he now heard of for the first time, made him forget for a moment the non-arrival of the hounds; ‘he looks, however, like a hunter all over.’

‘The cleverest horse across country I ever owned,’ said the baronet, right pleased with the observant remark. He then took up the fore-leg of the leader, and drew Russell’s attention to the all but invisible marks of the operator’s skill; adding, ‘It’s an ill wind that blows no luck; for he bids fair to be as good in harness as out of it; so I ought not to grumble.’

No man of that day, as Russell well knew, could do more with a horse than Sir Henry Peyton. In the saddle or on the box, he was equally at home; the prince of all coachmen, gentle or simple; and as brilliant a performer across a country as ever rode to hounds.

A small knot of gentlemen had now gathered round the drag, admiring the well-appointed team, and exchanging short greetings with its pleasant owner, when at length a horseman in green plush,

pricking along at a quick trot towards the meet, was viewed in the distance, and at once recognised as Will Long.

‘His Grace’s compliments to the field,’ said the well-mannered whip, as he lifted his cap respectfully to one and all; ‘and begs to say the frost is too hard to take the hounds out of kennel.’

‘Then,’ said Russell, in an agony of disappointment, ‘I hope ‘when you get back that you’ll find them all dead on their benches.’

It is almost needless to say that, if such a calamity had occurred, no man on earth would have deplored it more than John Russell; as every one who knows the humanity of his nature and his love for a hound will readily understand. Hard words they were, it is true; but, beyond all doubt, they were words only, and not wishes, which he thus allowed himself to blurt out; and, as the keenest remorse overtook him with no limping foot, let us hope that the recording angel has long since blotted out the angry speech for ever.

Will Long, however, never forgot it; for, years afterwards, when the ‘chilling touch of Time’ had turned the locks of both of them to silver-grey, and they were returning together to Badminton after a hard day with the present Duke’s hounds, Russell asked him if he remembered the first time they met at Sandford Brake.

‘Yes, sir,’ said Will; ‘and I’m not likely to forget it. You ‘hoped I should find all the hounds dead upon the benches. But ‘there, I didn’t think you meant it.’

‘Quite right, Will; in two minutes afterwards I could have bitten ‘my tongue out for having made such a speech.’

It is impossible to overrate the estimation and respect with which that faithful servant was regarded, not only by the Beaufort family, but by all who followed him to the chase and enjoyed his cheery company in days gone by; still, brilliant horseman as he was acknowledged to be, I have heard Russell declare that as a practical huntsman he could never hold a candle either to old Philip Payne or to the present Duke.

That probably was the case; nevertheless it must not be forgotten that Will Long hunted those hounds with signal success from 1826 down to October 1855, a period of twenty-nine years; when, overtaken at length by the infirmities of age, he retired from active service, carrying with him his well-earned laurels, and enjoying, by the bounty of his noble master, a comfortable cottage, a steady hunter, and a handsome pension to the last day of his long life. In February of the present year (1877) to his narrow home—‘an ‘earth made for rest’—poor Will was borne, at the patriarchal age of fourscore years and four. He was buried at Oldbury-on-the-Hill, where Philip Payne lies; and never to its kindred clay were committed the relics of a kindlier spirit or a truer man:—

‘Reliquit equos, cornu, canes,
Tandem quiescant ejus manes.’

The last time Russell met him he inquired if his brother Michael were yet alive.

‘Yes,’ replied Russell; ‘and well too.’

‘I’m glad to hear that,’ responded the veteran; ‘he gave my son Nimrod his first mount; took him out of my wife’s arms and held him on the saddle when he was only a month old. Please give him my duty.’

An early entry this for that well-known huntsman, Nimrod Long.

Among the many hunting friends with whom Russell associated at Oxford there was no one, perhaps, whose sympathies accorded so closely with his own as did those of Mr. Philip Dauncey of Little Horwood; a Buckinghamshire gentleman, even then distinguished as a bold rider and thorough houndsman; and who subsequently became widely known as a successful breeder of Guernsey cows, the cream and butter of which obtained such high favour in the Royal household. Like tendencies, the love of hunting, with all its accompanying charms, had brought them together on many occasions to the merry cover-side; but one day, on which they had met Sir Thomas Mostyn’s hounds, stands out still in strong relief on the tablet of Russell’s memory, and probably left a like impression on that of Mr. Dauncey.

Stephen Goodall, a real Titan himself, and the progenitor of a race of Titans—the three Goodalls—of whom the country that bred them may well be proud,

‘. . . pater et juvenes patre digni,’

is about to draw a small willow spinney on the north side of Bletchington House; when a fox, closely pursued by the Duke of Beaufort’s pack, crosses in view of his hounds; and, putting his head like an arrow for Gravenall Wood, leads the now united field and packs at a terrific pace over the stiffest portion of the Bicester Vale. The brook is a bumper, even with its banks—that brook which has baptized more Oxford men than any parson in the county—and the hounds, five or six couple abreast, are flinging desperately for the lead, as they make straight for the stream, and dash into it amid a cloud of spray.

‘Give them room, gentlemen, do,’ shouts Will Long to the field, as his horse, pricking his ears and measuring the tide, is the first to sweep over it like a swallow on a summer’s eve.

But rivalry is running high, and the warning is little heeded by a couple of Heythrop thrusters; who, pressing too closely on Will’s heels, give their horses no chance of distinguishing the water lying on the bank from the real channel of the brook; consequently they flounder headlong into the flood; and, like the famous Brewers, immortalised of late, they very narrowly escape ‘a watery *bier*.’

Russell and Dauncey are more fortunate; the latter on a game little mare, well-bred and stout as Whalebone; and the other on old Charlie, taking it evenly in their strides, and landing together on the right side, a bowshot clear of the pack; while Lord Jersey, Sir Henry Peyton, Captain Evans, and Tom Wingfield—men whom

nothing but the Styx itself could stop—are the only others well up, as the hounds, now all but mute and carrying a desperate head, are breaking the fence into the lower quarter of Gravenall Wood.

But the fox is sinking; and Will Long, acting as whip and huntsman in one (for Philip Payne, Stephen and Griff Lloyd have not yet crossed the Rubicon), knows it full well, as he dashes over the cover fence and rings out the death-knell in a strain of ecstatic delight.

‘Never before,’ said Russell, as he recently described the scene to an old friend, ‘never before had I witnessed so glorious a run; and you may well imagine the pride I felt on finding myself in such good company. Caligula never honoured his horse as I then honoured old Charlie! I could have hugged him on the spot! And as for Will Long, I looked upon him as something more than mortal—a demigod in disguise.’

The Christ Church drag, consisting recently of four and a half couple of hounds with a bag of aniseed or a red herring for their fox, had, I believe, no existence in those days—at all events, I never heard Russell allude to it; but if such had existed, he certainly would have been the last man to join so spurious and questionable a sport. The love of orthodox hunting; the instinct of the hound in its fullest development; the science, in fact, so ably taught by such men as Philip Payne, Stephen Goodall, and Mr. John Codrington, had already taken so strong a hold of his mind and that of his contemporaries, that they were little likely to swerve from the faith and fall into such a heresy.

The use of the hound for the purpose of hunting a red herring was certainly never contemplated by Somerville when he penned—

‘The chase I sing, hounds and their various breed,
And no less various use.’

No! the poet’s animated and fine verse applies only, as we know, to the chase of the stag, the fox, the otter, and the hare, those denizens of the stream and forest—the legitimate ‘beasts of venerie’ in all ages. In any pack of Russell’s, hunted by him during the last fifty years, the fate of a hound touching on such riot would have been quickly sealed; on returning to his kennel I can almost hear him say to old Will Rawle, his faithful and devoted henchman for forty years, ‘Will, that hound eats no more of my meal, mind that;’ and the culprit would thenceforth disappear from the scene.

In less than ten years, however, after Russell had taken his degree, steeplechasing, with its concomitant vice of heavy betting, became the popular amusement of the University; and about the same period the drag, established at Christ Church, provided an afternoon ‘grind’ across country for the men, who either were unable to cut college lectures or cared not a rush whether it was a fox or a red herring they rode after, so long as they had their ‘grind.’

The line of country chosen for the drag was generally a stiff one, and the pace frequently a cracker from first to last, consequently, the staying powers of every hack-hunter in Oxford were gauged to

a pound; and bitter enough were the complaints of the stable-keepers at the beaten and maimed condition in which their horses were often brought home after a day with the drag.

‘No, sir,’ said Squeaker Smith to a member of Christ Church, surnamed Hard-riding Dick, ‘No, sir, you aint a-going to have a horse of mine again in a hurry for that drag; I picked thorns enough to make a crow’s nest out of Woodman’s legs, the last time you rode him, and he never touched a grain of corn for a week afterwards. ’Tisn’t hunting, nor ’tisn’t hacking; but, to speak plainly, ’tis barbarous cruelty to a noble animal.’

Smith was quite right; and Russell, had he been present, would have highly commended the humanity of his decision.

Russell had been in residence some fourteen terms, and was now, with a view to his final examination *in literis humanioribus*, busily employed in preparing for the schools and furbishing up his old Tiverton armour, which, he was not slow to discover, had grown somewhat rusty by habitual disuse and the easy conditions of his college life. His degree being of paramount importance to him, the short period that now remained for getting up his books was naturally accompanied by the inevitable doubt and anxiety which even the ablest scholars are apt to feel at such a time.

It was on a glorious afternoon towards the end of May, when strolling round Magdalen meadow with Horace in hand but Beckford in his head, he emerged from the classic shade of Addison’s Walk, crossed the Cherwell in a punt, and passed over in the direction of Marston, hoping to devote an hour or two to study in the quiet meads of that hamlet, near the charming slopes of Elsfield, or in the deeper and more secluded haunts of Shotover Wood. But *Diis aliter visum*; before he had reached Marston a milkman met him with a terrier—such an animal as Russell had as yet only seen in his dreams; he halted, as Actæon might have done when he caught sight of Diana disporting in her bath; but, unlike that ill-fated hunter, he never budged from the spot till he had won the prize and secured it for his own. She was called Trump, and became the progenitress of that famous race of terriers which, from that day to the present, have been associated with Russell’s name at home and abroad—his able and keen coadjutors in the hunting-field. An oil-painting of Trump is still extant at Tordown; and as a copy, executed by a fair and talented artist is now in my possession, and is acknowledged by Russell to be not only an admirable likeness of the original, but equally good as a type of the race in general, I will try, however imperfectly, to describe the portrait as it now lies before me.

In the first place, the colour is white with just a patch of dark tan over each eye and ear, while a similar dot, not larger than a penny-piece, marks the root of the tail. The coat, which is thick, close, and a trifle wiry, is well calculated to protect the body from wet and cold, but has no affinity with the long, rough jacket of a Scotch terrier. The legs are straight as arrows, the feet perfect; the loins and conformation of the whole frame indicative of hardihood and

endurance ; while the size and height of the animal may be compared to that of a full-grown vixen fox.

‘ I seldom or ever see a real fox-terrier nowadays,’ said Russell recently to a friend who, *auspice Teucro*, was inspecting a dog show containing a hundred and fifty entries under that denomination ; ‘ they have so intermingled strange blood with the real article that, if he were not informed, it would puzzle Professor Bell himself to discover what race the so-called fox-terrier belongs to.’

‘ And pray, how is it managed ? ’ inquired the friend, eager to profit by Russell’s long experience in such matters. ‘ I can well remember Rubie’s and Tom French’s Dartmoor terriers, and have myself owned some of that sort worth their weight in gold. True terriers they were, but certainly differing as much from the present show dogs as the wild eglantine differs from a garden rose.’

‘ The process,’ replied Russell, ‘ is simply as follows : they begin with a smooth bitch terrier ; then, to obtain a finer skin, an Italian greyhound is selected for her mate. But as the ears of the produce are an eyesore to the connoisseur, a beagle is resorted to, and then little is seen of that unsightly defect in the next generation. Lastly, to complete the mixture, the bulldog is now called on to give the necessary courage ; and the composite animals, thus elaborated, become, after due selection, the sires and dams of the modern fox-terriers. This version of their origin,’ continued he, ‘ I received from a man well qualified to speak on the subject.’

The bulldog blood thus infused imparts courage, it is true, to the so-called terrier ; he is matchless at killing any number of rats in a given time ; will fight any dog of his weight in a Westminster pit ; draw a badger heavier than himself out of his long box, and turn up a tom-cat possessed even of ten lives, before poor pussy can utter a wail. But the ferocity of that blood is in reality ill suited—nay, is fatal to fox-hunting purposes ; for a terrier that goes to ground and fastens on his fox, as one so bred will do, is far more likely to spoil sport than promote it ; he goes in to kill, not to bolt the object of his attack.

Besides, such animals, if more than one slip into a fox earth, are too apt to forget the game and fight each other, the death of one being the not unknown result of such encounters. Hence, well may Russell be proud of the pure pedigree he has so long possessed and so carefully watched over. Tartars they are, and ever have been, beyond all doubt ; going up to their fox in any earth, facing him alternately with hard words and harder nips, until at length he is forced to quit his stronghold, and trust to the open for better security.

A fox thus bolted is rarely a pin the worse for the skirmish ; he has had fair play given him, and instead of being half strangled, is fit to flee for his life. The hounds, too, have their chance, and the field are not balked of their expected run.

Russell’s country is technically known as a hollow one ; that is, a country in which rocky fastnesses and earths, excavated by badgers, abound in every direction. Consequently, on every hunting day a

terrier or two invariably accompanied him to the field; and certainly no general ever depended with more trust on the services of an *aide-de-camp* than he on those of his terriers. If in chase they could not always live with the pack, still they stuck to the line, and were sure to be there or thereabouts when they were wanted, if the hounds threw up even for a minute.

‘I like them to throw their tongue freely when face to face with ‘their enemy,’ said Russell one day, as he stood listening to his famous dog Tip, marking energetically in a long drain some six feet below the surface; ‘you know then where they are, and what they’re ‘about.’

The late Earl Fitzhardinge, one of the finest sportsmen of his day, was wont to give a very similar reason for mounting his Whips on confirmed roarers.

‘I like to know where the beggars are,’ he would say; ‘for, with ‘the bagpipes going, I can hear, if I don’t see them, in the densest ‘cover.’

Entered early, and only at fox, Russell’s terriers were as steady from riot as the staunchest of his hounds; so that, running together with them and never passing over an earth without drawing it, they gave a fox, whether above ground or below it, but a poor chance of not being found, either by one or the other. A squeak from a terrier was the sure signal of a find, and there was not a hound in the pack that would not fly to it as eagerly as to Russell’s horn, or his own wild and marvellous scream.

This steadiness from riot was, of course, the result of early education on one object—the fox; nor did Russell consider it needful to train his terriers by progressive steps, according to the plan adopted by Dandie Dinmont.

‘A bonny terrier that, sir; and a fell chiel at the vermin, I warrant ‘him—that is, if he’s been weel entered, for it a’ lies in that.’

‘Really, sir,’ said Brown, ‘his education has been somewhat neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion.’

‘Ay, sir! that’s a pity, begging your pardon—it’s a great pity, that ‘—beast or body, education should aye be minded. I have six terriers ‘at home; forbye twa couple of slow hounds, five grews, and a ‘ween other dogs. There’s Auld Pepper and Auld Mustard, and ‘Young Pepper and Young Mustard, and Little Pepper and Little ‘Mustard. I had them a’ regularly entered, first wi’ rottens, then ‘wi’ stots or weasels, and then wi’ the tods and brocks; and now ‘they fear nothing that ever cam’ wi’ a hairy skin on’t.’

A hundred anecdotes might be related of the wondrous sagacity displayed in chase by Russell’s terriers; but as Tip’s name has been already mentioned, one of his many feats will suffice to show, not merely the large amount of instinctive faculty, but the almost reasoning power with which that dog was endowed. Russell himself told me the story, as, some thirty years ago, in going to cover, he drew my attention to a deep combe not far from Lidcote Hall, the seat of Sir Hugh and the birthplace of poor Amy Robsart.

‘Do you see,’ he said, ‘that dark patch of hanging gorse, hemmed in

‘on the northern side by yonder knoll? Well, I’ve seen many a good
‘run from that sheltered nook. On one occasion, however, I had found
‘a fox which, in spite of a trimming scent, contrived to beat us by
‘reaching Gray’s Holts and going to ground before we could catch
‘him. Now those earths are fathomless and interminable as the
‘Catacombs of St. Calixtus. They are so called “Gray” from the
‘old Devonshire name signifying a badger, a number of those animals
‘having long occupied that spot. Consequently such a fortress once
‘gained is not easily to be stormed, even by Tip or the stoutest foe.

‘Again, we found that fox a second time; and now, while the
‘hounds were in close pursuit and driving hard, to my infinite sur-
‘prise I saw Tip going off at full speed in quite a different direction.

‘“He’s off, sir, to Gray’s Holts; I know he is,” shouted Jack
‘Yelland, the whip, as he called my attention to the line of country
‘the dog was then taking.

‘That proved to be the case. The fox had scarcely been ten
‘minutes on foot when the dog, either by instinct or, as I believe, by
‘some power akin to reason, putting two and two together, came to
‘the conclusion that the real object of the fox was to gain Gray’s
‘Holts, although the hounds were by no means pointing in that
‘direction. It was exactly as if the dog had said to himself, “No,
‘“no! You’re the same fox, I know, that gave us the slip once
‘before; but you’re not going to play us that trick again.”

‘Tip’s deduction was accurately correct; for the fox, after a turn
‘or two in cover, put his nose directly for Gray’s Holts; hoping,
‘beyond a doubt, to gain that city of refuge once more, and then to
‘whisk his brush in the face of his foes. But in this manœuvre he
‘was fairly out-generalled by the dog’s tactics. Tip had taken the
‘short cut—the chord of the arc—and, as the hounds raced by at
‘some distance off, there I saw him,’ continued Russell, ‘dancing
‘about on Gray’s Holts, throwing his tongue frantically, and doing
‘his utmost, by noise and gesture, to scare away the fox from
‘approaching the earths.

‘Perfect success crowned the manœuvre: the fox, not daring to
‘face the lion in his path, gave the spot a wide berth; while the
‘hounds, carrying a fine head, passed on to the heather, and after
‘a clinking run killed him on the open moor.’

Tip scarcely ever missed a day for several seasons, and never
appeared fatigued, though he occasionally went from fifteen to
twenty miles to cover. He died at last from asthma in the Chorley
earths; Russell having dug up to him and the fox in half-an-hour;
but to his master’s great grief, the poor old dog was quite dead.

Russell looks upon his terriers as his fire-side friends—the *penates*
of his home; nor is he ever happier than when to some congenial
spirit he is recording the service they have done him in by-gone
days; and vast indeed is the store from which he draws so many
interesting facts connected with their history. But, as the number
of the terriers’ names and deeds is almost as long as the catalogue of
the Greek ships and heroes who went to the Trojan war, the reader

will scarcely thank me if I dwell too minutely on the countless acts of intelligence so many of them have been known to display, first and last.

One peculiarity of Tip's, however, must not be omitted: on a hunting morning no man on earth could catch him after he had once seen Russell with his top-boots on.

Nettle, too, a prodigy of courage and sagacity, would follow no one but her master; and not even him, except the hounds were at his heels; knowing full well that her services were only required in connection with the hunting-field.

Then, as a kind friend reminds me, there was the one-eyed Nelson, a genius in his way; and, in point of valour, a worthy namesake of England's immortal hero. Russell had run a fox to ground near Tetcott, the seat of Sir William Molesworth; but tiers of passages, one under the other, rendered the earth so perfect a honeycomb that the terriers were soon puzzled, nor did the diggers know what line to follow: there was scent everywhere. Nelson at length came out, and at some distance off, commenced digging eagerly at the greensward: 'Here's the fox,' said Russell, 'under Nelson's nose, or I'll forfeit my head.' The dog went in again, and marking hard and sharp, under that very spot, the men broke ground and speedily came upon the fox. Russell then, with his arm bared, drew him forth; and, setting him on his legs, treated his field to as merry a ten minutes over that wild country as man's heart could ever wish to enjoy.

NEOLOGY IN THE VETERINARY ART.

THE deplorable death of three valuable horses which belonged to the late Baron Mayer de Rothschild has induced many country squires and owners of horses to reflect whether the veterinary art has kept pace with the spirit of the age, or, indeed, whether it has made any progress whatever during the last half century; and the result of inquiries and of sober reflections has not been altogether creditable to the profession. With one single exception, there has not been a book written connected with the veterinary art during the last thirty years which would not have been almost a disgrace to an old washerwoman. The exception is the 'Illustrated Horse Doctor,' by the late Edward Mayhew, a gentleman

'Whose life was too short for friendship, not for fame,'

and whose work is a masterpiece for elegance and precision of language, but unfortunately it contains but little that was not previously known, and has not added materially to the stock of knowledge. Mr. Mayhew, for the most part, seemed to content himself with dressing anew old facts, and presenting them in an attractive garb, illustrated by numerous graphic, and in some few instances very humorous, woodcuts.

It is scarcely less than a reproach that the veterinary profession,

as a body—the country practitioners especially—concern themselves much more with the buying and selling of horses and screws, than they do with the advancement of their art. Indeed, most of them regard a good ‘deal’ as a far greater triumph, or a brighter feather in their cap, than they would an important discovery in science, or a useful improvement in their art.

Whilst horse-dealing and horse-coping are pursued with an eagerness and perseverance worthy of a much better cause, it is a deplorable fact that veterinary science and veterinary art, lamentably deficient though they be, are at a standstill. We can hardly conceive of a field which, if thoroughly cultivated, promises to bring forth fruit in such abundance and with such unmeasured fertility. When any art is in a state of degradation, every step onward is not a step in advance merely, but it is a step which brings greater credit to its discoverer than would a similar addition to the stock of knowledge in any branch of art not at a standstill like the veterinary art.

There is no art whose professors are so boisterous and so self-sufficient as are the Vets, and there is none in which they ought to be more abashed when they reflect how little they know, how very few are the triumphs of their skill, and what a very insignificant mite they contribute to the treasury of knowledge. The poleaxe is their sheet-anchor—their sovereign remedy, their all-in-all. Does an epidemic rage, they never attempt to grapple with it, and treat it in a scientific manner according to its nature or symptoms, but they give imperious orders for it to be ‘stamped out’ at once, and it is very humiliating to have to record the fact that the poleaxe is

‘———— the god they adore,
Their stedfast unchangeable friend.’

A hint that the life of a valuable horse or cow ought not to be sacrificed so unceremoniously, and without an attempt at saving it, is at once scouted with derision, and its author frowned down with contemptuous ridicule. These jubilant and self-sufficient professors know best; a large experience has taught them that there is but one remedy in such cases—the poleaxe or the bullet. Alas! we fear it is only too true that their experience has taught them that fatal fact; but what a sad experience it is. They have never tried any other plan, and they,

‘———— perch’d near science top,
Sit only watchful with their heavy wings,
To cuff down new-fledg’d talents that would rise
To nobler heights, and make the grove harmonious.’

We once heard a nobleman—the owner of an extensive stud of horses—make the remark that veterinary surgeons, as a body, were the most illiterate set of men in the kingdom, and we really believe there was not only much truth, but justice in the observation. If when they ‘leave college’ they know but little, it is very seldom indeed that any one of them tries to add to his stock of knowledge, or to keep even what little he has in repair by reading or resorting to conference with wiser heads than his own. Not many days ago we

had occasion to call upon a Vet who has a large—indeed a very large practice, which requires six horses to work it. We wanted the loan of a veterinary book for a few hours: to our astonishment he did not possess it. He showed us his library, which consisted of but three volumes—not one of them worth sixpence. They were very old editions of White's Farriery, Nimrod on the Summering of Hunters, and Morton's Pharmacy. He told us he never read them, or any other books; that he was, if anything at all, a 'pre-eminently *practical* 'man, and no theorist.' We much fear that he is only an ordinary representative of a very large class; a class sadly too numerous, and whose influence in some measure resembles that of the destroying angel, and who cry havoc without remorse; who deride or laugh to scorn that modest merit which in such a profession is somewhat of a satire, and which fares even worse than philosophy, which, according to the aphorism, is 'praised' though it 'starves.' Modest though sound acquirements in the veterinary art, though their possessors may undoubtedly starve, are, we fear, seldom praised. The noisy charlatans reap the harvest, and as was well said by Cowper,

'Whilst others toil with philosophic force,
Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course,
 Flings at your head convictions in the lump,
 And gains remote conclusions with a jump.'

In the present day they, more than any other class, realise the anathema of the poet of Megara—

*Αἰδώς μὲν γὰρ ὄλωλεν, ἀναιδείη δὲ καὶ ὕβρις
 Νικήσασα δίκην, γῆν κατὰ πᾶσαν ἔχει.*

The first intimation we had of the illness of Favonius was contained in the following paragraph, which appeared in the 'Daily News' of the 7th of August:—

'A mysterious epidemic, which has carried off Baron Rothschild's well-known horse Restitution, together with a valuable brood mare, threatens also the life of the famous Favonius. The disease, which suddenly appeared in the Crafton stables only a few days ago, appears to be some kind of fever, but both London and local veterinary surgeons have as yet been unable to ascertain the exact malady or to cope with it, and very little hope is entertained that Favonius will recover.'

It will appear from this paragraph that the disease was at first 'mysterious,' and it required the death of Favonius—perhaps the most valuable horse in the world—to clear up the mystery. But at what a fearful cost was the enlightenment purchased! In reality, was much light thrown upon the 'mystery' after all? The following letter from the stud-groom appeared in the papers on the 11th of August:—

'DEATHS OF FAVONIUS, RESTITUTION, AND TOURMALIN.—We have received the following letter from Mr. Charles Markham:—"Mentmore, August 7, 1877.—Sir,—I am sorry to inform you we have lately been most unfortunate with our stud, having lost three very valuable animals, namely, Tourmalin, Restitution, and Favonius. Tourmalin died on Tuesday, July 31; Restitution

on Thursday, August 2; and Favonius on Sunday, the 5th inst. Restitution and Favonius were both taken ill on the Saturday previous, and Tourmalin a few days before. Messrs. Mavor and Lepper have attended them, and pronounce the disease as low fever."

With all the respect due to Messrs. Mavor and Lepper, we submit that such a disease as typhoid fever is impossible in the horse; but it is the fashion nowadays to call every disease in the human subject 'typhoid fever,' and we suppose the veterinarians fall in with the fashion in a matter so trifling as this. We have searched through the pages of all the works on the veterinary art within our reach, and they are not a few, and we cannot discover even so much as the mention of such a disease as Typhoid Fever. We have looked in vain through the pages of 'Stonehenge;' of Darvill's 'Treatise on the Care and Treatment of the English Race Horse;' of Youatt 'On the Horse;' of White 'On the Veterinary Art,' a new edition by Spooner; Blaine's 'Outlines of the Veterinary Art,' a new edition by Mr. Steele, veterinary surgeon to the 12th Lancers; 'The Illustrated Horse Doctor,' by Mayhew; 'Horses and Stables,' by Colonel Fitzwygram; 'The Perfect Horse,' by Murray and Loring, for we can find no mention of such a disease. Perhaps Messrs. Mavor and Lepper, who do not appear to have distressed themselves hitherto by contributing to the literature of their profession, will favour the world with a description of the nature and symptoms of the alarming and mysterious malady to which the horses at Crafton succumbed. We know that in the human subject diseases are *named* in the most reckless manner. Nineteen out of every twenty cases of chronic disorders or ailments are set down at once to the liver; whilst of acute diseases, differing as widely as possible in their onslaught, progress, symptoms and termination as diseases well can do, are all set down to the fashionable ailment of the day—typhoid fever. The neologists set at defiance Lord Bacon's aphorism in which he declared that 'when men called things or diseases by their proper names, that they should then command them.' But Bacon seems to have lived in vain, and the haste displayed nowadays to jump at conclusions and to name diseases, regardless of their nature, causation, and condition, reminds us of the

'Fox who had a wound but didn't know where,
So he placed his hand on his stern and thought it was there.'

As we did not see Favonius during his illness, it would not be presumption merely, but sheer foolhardiness, to offer a dogmatic opinion as to the real nature of his disease. The following is a suggestion merely, and must go and be taken for just so much as it is worth, which is perhaps not very much, and no more.

We have seen several cases of horses who have been kept in high condition throughout the season being taken suddenly and alarmingly ill, with a quickened pulse and with a high temperature of body, arising, as we believe, from the want of sufficient exercise and a proper amount of ventilation in their stables. They are allowed

to luxuriate in their boxes, which in the summer season are seldom cleaned out, and never at all thoroughly. The consequence is that the urine and other excreta with which the litter is saturated is evaporated by the heat of their bodies and the heat of the weather; the horses breathe an atmosphere highly charged with ammoniacal vapour, and irritation of the fauces and air passages results. There is also a highly feverish condition of the body, and the symptoms more nearly resemble those of the condition which goes by the name of blood-poisoning than of typhoid fever. In typhoid fever the predominant symptom is stupor; in the disease we have alluded to, the animals are in anything but a state of stupor; on the contrary, they are highly excited, and almost wild with anguish.

In such cases as these, when the mucous membrane of the mouth and fauces is in an inflamed state, sometimes amounting to sloughing, the mischievous meddling of the doctors who will insist on thrusting horse-balls down the throats of the poor sufferers is more than reprehensible. Such remedies can do no good whatever, and the mode of their administration causes much mischief and inflicts intense suffering upon the animals. We once saw a brute of a Vet just on the point of administering a ball to a horse suffering in the way we have mentioned. We remonstrated against such an act of barbarity, but our remonstrance was of no avail. The wretch thrust his arm down the throat of the horse; the horse reeled about with intense agony, and when the brute withdrew his hand and arm they were covered with blood, mucous, and shreds of membrane which his violence had separated from the mouth and fauces. The poor horse died in great agony a few hours afterwards.

If medicines are to be given in such cases, they ought to be administered in a *liquid* state; and there is only one medicine (antimony) which can be of the slightest utility in such diseases, and we are sorry to say that the preparation of that mineral most in vogue with the horse-doctors is not only the least valuable as a remedy, but the most obnoxious in other ways. We allude to the sulphuret of antimony, which in small doses is almost inert, and in large ones mischievous. It ought to be replaced by the tartar emetic, or tartarized antimony, which is not only a most valuable remedy, but cheap enough in all conscience for frequent use. It has also another recommendation—it is all but tasteless; and as it is readily soluble it can be given in the water, which in such cases the animals ought to have given to them *ad libitum*, and which they will drink with avidity, as thirst is one of the predominant symptoms of the disorder. Abundance of pure water, with moderate doses of antimony, well-ventilated stables of a genial temperature, and the atmosphere rendered moist by means of steam or vapour from hot water—these are the weapons with which to combat such diseases as those of which we have been treating, and which are sadly too prevalent. These remedies, if rigidly adopted, would soon supersede the poleaxe and the bullet, and they would also be the means of saving many valuable horses whose lives are sacrificed annually by hundreds—nay, by thousands.

Within the last few months it has been our lot to be brought into contact with a number of practitioners of the veterinary art, and we have been astonished at their almost unanimous indifference to ventilation and other hygienic remedies which did not issue from the drug shop. We did not expect much, but most certainly we were not prepared for such stolid indifference. We met with only two who had seen the *Conversations and Recollections* of Mr. Thomas Coleman which have appeared from time to time in 'Baily,' and those two affected to treat Mr. Coleman's observations with disdain. We should have thought the recollections of a man of almost unexampled experience, of such great sagacity, and so keen an observer as Mr. Coleman, would have commended themselves even to the veterinary mind, but we are mistaken. If he had counselled a system of drugging or drenching, of horse-coping, firing, or poleaxing, his remarks would probably have met with respect and consequent adoption, but as he advocated humanity on the principles of a refined common sense he is not regarded as an 'authority.'

Since the preceding remarks were in type we have made a pilgrimage to Crafton, and inquired into the symptoms and manner of the deaths of the three famous horses which have given rise to the writing of this article. We were not surprised to learn that none of them succumbed to any epidemic disease whatever, but that the death of each arose from an entirely different cause. One of them died from disease and degeneration of the kidneys; the second from pleuro-pneumonia, attended with great anguish and excitement, so much so that before death he appeared almost raving mad, and ran savagely at the walls of his box. These, we need hardly say, are not the symptoms of low fever. The third horse died from irritation set up by a vesical calculus from which he had been a long sufferer. So much for the 'mysterious epidemic' of which our contemporaries made so much and knew so little. One of them even got maudlin with his sympathy, and hoped the horse would ultimately recover when he had been dead three days!

It is, however, but just to the veterinary surgeons who were in attendance to say that they never said or supposed the horses to be afflicted with low fever, of which the daily and other papers have made such fuss. Although we adhere to what we have said about the ignorance of veterinary surgeons, still, in this particular case, we think nothing was neglected by the veterinarians or by Charles Markham, and nothing could have saved two of the horses.

Early in the summer there had been a kind of epidemic disease amongst the horses and mares at Mentmore. About twenty of them were afflicted, but none of them very seriously, nor did any of them succumb to it. It was designated by a veterinary surgeon to be a sort of 'bronchial influenza,' whatever that may be; and was supposed to have been conveyed by one of the mares sent there.

'Sapiens is qui se ad causas accomodet omnes.'

J. H. S.

SCRAPS FROM OLD SUPPER TABLES.

'It's all along of the railways and telegraphs,' but 'merrie England' is 'merrie England' no more. There used to be in rural districts four grades of people:—1. The county people, which included the landed gentry and clergy; 2. The farmers; 3. The tradesmen, and 4. Handicraftsmen, which included the wheelwrights, blacksmiths, and that lot. I have not mentioned the agricultural labourer and the ploughboy, for I am afraid they hardly counted.

Ladies sketched the rustic cottages covered with woodbine, and people wrote songs about 'the Peasantry of England so merry and so 'free'; but in many parishes the labourers, especially the ploughboy 'who whistled o'er the lea,' were very little removed from animals as regarded intellectual amusements. There was one thing they could do, which was to make very good soldiers. They were not much educated, but believed hugely in the gallows as an institution, and warned bad boys that they would 'come to the gallows' for any crime, whether it was upsetting a milk-can or robbing an orchard, although the gallows as an institution only existed for murder.

Though I have a horror of agitators of every kind, because they point out grievances without suggesting a remedy, I cannot help thinking that in the 'merrie England' of the past there was occasionally an inconvenience or two which we do not get now: such as shockingly overcrowded cottages, filthy ditches running into wells, a putrid fever or two, and children brought up without any education, except what the parson might give them at Sunday school. In short, those who wore broadcloth had most of the fun, and that fun is much stopped in these days of railways and telegraphs, as caste has been much abolished, and the small village shop has become 'a store;' small farms are thrown into one, occupied by a tenant who has his ten or twenty thousand pounds, and farms scientifically, and uses steam machinery; the Manor House is occupied by some millionaire, vice the old squire, whose purse has run out; foot-paths are stopped up and game-preserving carried on to a vulgar extent; and the whole parish is so enlightened that the inhabitants are never thrown on their own resources for an evening's amusement, but take their pleasure independently.

Given a country cricket match very many years back, with a running match afterwards, and with a supper in the evening. Cricket matches have been described often enough; so let us suppose that the parson or the squire has given a lamb, as was often the case, towards the cricket supper, and that the supper is to be a village feast. Let us suppose that a friend or two from London are staying at the squire's—for instance, nephews or sons of the county member—and that the parson's son plays in the match, and that they all intimate their intention of coming to supper. Putting these suppositions together and accepting them as facts, we can imagine the big club-room at the Chequers, a long table making a T laid out for a party of

fifty or sixty, well spread with beef, mutton—especially boiled legs of mutton and trimmings—an immense piece of veal, well browned, with any amount of stuffing, flanked by a colossal ham, any quantity of vegetables, and alongside of every man's plate a black-handled knife (which would take a long time to commit a murder with) and steel fork (possibly two pronged), and a good lump of farmhouse bread, which alone would provide a meal for a hungry man.

Our big room at the Chequers was a noble room, with a fine gallery of pictures. There was a picture of the Princess Charlotte and her husband, in full Court dress, walking along a serpentine gravel path towards a castle, according to perspective about five feet high, and preceded by an Italian greyhound of twelve hands or thereabouts, with a blue ribbon round his neck. Abraham is represented as offering up Isaac in one corner, and a ram about the size of a Shetland pony is butting at the Patriarch. St. Paul, in a bright scarlet dressing-gown, is preaching, and Eutychus, who has fallen asleep during the sermon—a very reprehensible thing to do, especially considering who the preacher was—is painted in a bright blue dressing-gown, taking a header from the gallery straight on to the Apostle, who appears happily unconscious of his fate, and underneath are explanatory words—

‘And a certain young man when reclining his head
Fell asleep while Paul preached, and was taken up dead.’

On the opposite wall is a large woodcut of the Execution of the Cato Street Conspirators, with a gentleman in one corner holding out a head in one hand and a knife in the other. Then there is a portrait of the landlord—a portly man, with well-oiled hair and whiskers, represented with a brooch in his shirt frill, a long clay pipe, with red sealing-wax on it, in his mouth, held by a fat, broad hand, on the forefinger of which is a ring as big as a gooseberry. Observe the glass of grog on the table, and the accurate representation of the spoon and the sugar at the bottom of the glass. And opposite to the landlord is a portrait of the landlady, a stout person, in a red silk dress, set off by an enormous gold watch and chain; and I am sure, had the watch been a repeater, she must have shaken all over when it struck. There was food for the mind as well as for the body; and mind you, the two portraits were by our native plumber and glazier, who was also a portrait painter.

Just as we are ready, the parson looks in for a moment and says grace, and wishes the company a pleasant evening, and refuses all solicitations to stay, on the excuse of urgent business—the real fact being that he is afraid of being a wet blanket. The clatter of knives and forks begins, and again and again the sturdy guests attack the viands, from roast beef to veal and ham, and back again to boiled leg and trimmings.

‘Butcher’ (the *u* pronounced as *u* in *Duchess*), says Farmer Broadbeans, ‘I ne’er stuck my fork in a tenderer bit of beef than ‘this here.’

‘Well, Varmer, I am main pleased that you like she, for as I ‘was a driving that bullock home last Zaturday I thought to myself, “my boy, you will make a good lining for some of them cricketers “next week.”’

‘A bit moore, if you please, sir,’ says the blacksmith, to a carver who does not understand a blacksmith’s appetite; ‘and don’t you ‘be aveard of cutting it wi’ a heavy hand, for I be main hungry.’

Then comes a voice from the end of the table:—

‘I say, neighbour, I will stand a bottle of red poort wine if you ‘will pay for a bottle of white sherry wine.’

‘Done along to you, neighbour. Here, landlord, bring a bottle of ‘red poort and a bottle of white sherry wine.’

Oh! Mr. Baily, when merrie England was merrie England of the past, there were ostrich-stomached men who could digest the ‘red ‘poort wine’ at the Chequers. I think the breed has died out, for in these degenerate days our livers will not stand sound old port even, and we fall back on claret.

The cloth is removed after a second onslaught on pies, puddings, tarts, and huge blocks of very strong cheese, helped down with about half a large cucumber to each guest, eaten like an apple by many of them, rhind and all. The gentlemen present from the squire’s order a dozen of wine, for the good of the house, in the squire’s name, stacks of pipes are put on the table, and the business of the evening begins.

We can all imagine the usual loyal toasts, including the ‘Church,’ for which the Parish Clerk returns thanks, and is a little angry when the barber, who is not a frequent attendant on Sundays, pronounces a solemn ‘Amen’ as the speaker sits down; and the ‘Navy,’ for which ‘Captain Hawks,’ who owns two barges on the canal, is called upon, and says very gravely, ‘that if there should ever be an invasion ‘there is not a barge-owner in England who would not carry soldiers, ‘or munitions of war, or anything else.’

But our business never fairly began until the general public—the gamekeepers, coachmen, grooms, &c., from the great house, who had not dined, were admitted, and the singing began. We had songs full of love, and war, and hunting, proceeding out of the most unlikely mouths. Farmer Twenty-stone, who any one would suppose would sing in praise of roast beef and fat cattle, warbled in the smallest falsetto a liberal offer that ‘he’d give all the wealth in the ‘world fo-o-or Mai-r-y the ma-a-id of the mill;’ and the little asthmatic, deformed barber, who looked unable to launch a child’s boat, with much patriotism and imaginative bravery called on the company to ‘man the lifeboat.’

One of the young gentlemen, with a good baritone voice, sang a grand old song dear to the inimitable Evans, of Evans’s, Covent Garden—and who could sing the songs of what Mr. Thackeray called the old brandy-and-water school better than old Evans could?—‘Oh, if I ‘had a thousand a year, Gaffer Green,’—and brought down the house with the last verse, which requires a deal of nerve to sing

well, and which is usually sung in a somewhat higher key than the other verses, and the singer may put in a flourish or two, according to taste.

‘There’s a world that is better than this, Robin Rough!
 And I hope in my heart you’ll go there,
 Where the poor man’s as great though he had here no estate,
 Aye, as if he’d had a thousand a year,
 Robin Rough,
 Aye! as if he’d had a thousand a year.’

Possibly the applause put the landlord on his mettle to bring out his stock piece, which was a duet between one of the tradesmen and the postman,

‘Arcades ambo,
 Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.’

It was a hunting song, and the whole power is in the finish. This is worth a tableau.

Dram. personæ: The postman (the tenor) and the grocer (the second) on opposite sides of the table; the landlord standing behind the chairman, beating time with a pipe to a song sung in good time and with much feeling, though tainted with provincialisms. We all know the good old tune.

Postman. ‘When the ’untsman’

Grocer. ‘When the ’untsman’

Together. ‘When the ’untsman is winding horf ’is ’orn’

Landlord (gesticulating violently). ‘Take the time from me, Jack.’

Together (con spirito)—

‘When the ’untsman is winding horf his ’o-o-oorn’

‘When the ’untsman is wind-d-ding hor-rf ’is ’orn.’

And then, and not till the song was finished, the chorus was common property, and, led by the landlord, we all paid proper respect to the ‘Huntsman and his horn’ in full chorus.

But there were sentimental ditties in those days, sung with the broadest country accent; and as I have observed that people are not very particular now in practically adapting things, without any acknowledgment, *which others have written*, I will be more honest, and say that I borrow from Mr. Punch a ditty which I compiled for him from memory of similar ditties, and which appeared in a cricket supper scene in the ‘Hawthorn Correspondence,’ in Mr. P.’s noble periodical, twenty years ago. The ditty was put in the blacksmith’s mouth, and it was a blacksmith whom I heard sing it, or something like it, ever so long before that time.

‘’Twas in the merry month of May,
 The birds were zingun on the le-e-e-ea,
 When fust I see the lovely Molly
 Oonderneuth the moolberry tree-e.*

* As pronounced *passim* at the end of each cadence.

I axed her if she would be trew,
 Oh yes I will, says she to me :
 A bit of goold we broke in two
 Oonderneuth the moolberry tree.

'Twas on a dark December night,
 When Molly came across the moor,
 The znow cum down and hid the light,
 And Molly missed the cottage door.

We vound poor Molly cold and dead,
 A shockin' zight it were to see !
 We put a stone above her head,
 Oonderneuth the moolberry tree.

The maids wi' May-day garlands come,
 All out of love to she and me :
 And strew wi' flowers poor Molly's home,
 Oonderneuth the moolberry tree.'

But I am not sure that one of the Whips did not take the palm with an old hunting song, which I have never seen yet in print ; and I only wish I could impart the tune, which goes with a good swing and a chorus.

' The sun is arising all over the hill,
 And the ploughboy is whistling as he goes along the field,
 Tally ho ! hark away ! 'Tally ho ! hark away !
 Tally ho ! tally ho ! tally ho ! hark away !

There was a good deal in it about ' the blackbird whistling so ' sweetly on the spray,' and about ' little Davy with his musical ' horn,' each verse concluding with a ringing Tally ho ! chorus which made the old rafters shake again.

' Tom the Tinker ' was another quaint ditty which was dear to the gardener. I have heard scraps of it in many places, and I fancy it had some political meaning in the old days, as it is found in all districts in the South and West of England—especially in the hill districts—where the Royalists and Puritans fought. The song is a vehicle for introducing any number of characters into a tavern kept by one ' Joan ;' and however different the words of the song may be, ' Tom the Tinker,' ' Joan the Landlady,' and ' the valiant ' soldier ' are prominent characters—*ex. grat.*

' In come the valiant soldier,
 I never see a boldier,
 Wi' a virelock over his shouldier,
 And a long, broad swo-o-rd he drew :
 He throwed his swo-o-rd and his musket by,
 And vowed he'd drink the zellar dry,
 And Tom Tinker's health he'd ne'er deny,
 For Joan's ail were new, my brave boys,
 When Joan's ail were new.'

This song was commonly an excuse for a little personal joke, and our village wag, to the great amusement of the local constables, took the opportunity of congratulating the new inspector of police,

a very pompous man, whose name was Percher, on his appointment, in an impromptu *encore* verse—

‘ In come Inspector Percher,
And he was as sharp as a lurcher ;
He come there tew to be merry
Along o’ the jovial crew.
He said his duty were a bore ;
They gave him some drink, and he asked for more,
And he kissed the cook behind the do-or,
For Joan’s ail,’ &c. &c.

I often think that a collection of traditional ballads and carols from all parts of England would be amusing.

But besides these things, we could manage many of the grand old English songs remarkably well. It was a treat to hear our landlord sing ‘Tom Bowling,’ though he left out the *h* in ‘hulk,’ and styled himself a ‘sheer ‘ulk,’ and I would have backed the carpenter and one of our farmers in ‘Good night, all’s well’ against many professionals. The tax-gatherer, too, who always swore a truce at our merry meetings, was sure of a rapturous *encore* in the ‘Old English Gentleman,’ as, in the first place, he sang the song uncommonly well, and secondly, a large number of the party probably owed him money for rates and taxes, and of course they applauded accordingly.

But *par excellence* our sweep was the king of men ; a very well educated fellow indeed ; had been a village schoolmaster, cavalry soldier, mob orator, preacher, and a man who knew Shakespeare and the works of many good authors by heart. It was no good inviting him or not inviting him ; he meant coming in, and speaking too ; and speak he did, and rare well too, jumping up, *ipso motu*, and proposing the Captain of the eleven, the squire’s son, whom he had never seen before hardly, as the sweep had been away for years in India and elsewhere. He described the captain as the pride of the village, the first of his county, the fine young English gentleman, with hopen ‘eart and hopen ‘and ; ‘and, gentlemen,’ he continued, ‘whilst we are waiting in breathless hanxiety for the ‘onied words which will fall from his lips in thanking us for ‘honouring ourselves by ‘honouring ‘im, I will give you a recitation.’ Seizing a clean pipe from the table, he turned to a very fat-headed man, one of whose eyes had for a pupil a white ivory knob, like the button which one pushes in, in an electric bell, and, presenting the pipe to him in both hands, he burst out, to the utter amazement of the man whom he addressed :—‘Mother, dearest mother, ‘this gun, is it not beautiful ? I won the prize, mother,’ &c. &c. He gave us a great part of the first scene of the ‘Lady of Lyons,’ in which Claude Melnotte appears with a gun in his hand ; concluding with the garden scene in act 2 :—

‘Nay, dearest, nay—if thou would have me paint
The home to which, could love fulfil its vows,
‘This hand would lead thee, listen,’ &c. &c.

Heaven knows how long Mr. Chummy would have gone on, had not the one-eyed man dropped off to sleep and snored very audibly, for which he was immediately reprovèd for his want of manners by the orator, who called him 'a /uneducated 'og.'

The last I heard of the sweep was, that he had got three months for getting drunk and licking his mother : so you see he was a man of variegated character. Moreover he made a little mistake about a sovereign which he received from the young captain, whom he had so eulogised, shortly afterwards for the purpose of having it changed, but Mr. Chummy and the sovereign were seen no more.

Possibly at the conclusion of some of these banquets one or two might find themselves with 'their straddling stockings on' on their way home ; but drunkenness was the exception and not the rule ; and if any songs were a little broader than they ought to be, the voice of the company was generally dead against them.

Cui bono ? this dry, disjointed story about a supper.

Well, Mr. Baily ! This happens to be a cricket supper. It might just as well have been a village hunting supper, or any other supper held in honour of any popular village movement ; for the company and the proceedings were much the same at all such entertainments. Before the world was all tied together by railways and telegraphs, men and classes were more defined than they now are, and people had to make a holiday for themselves ; much good was done by all mixing together sometimes at the village inns ; and as few but near neighbours, men who lived within six or eight miles of each other, were engaged in rural amusements, there was never any hurry about going home : many rough edges were rubbed off by friendly contact, quarrels were made up, and goodfellowship established.

There are too many now upon whom prosperity has fallen who forget that there is a very thin partition between the small shop-keeper of thirty years ago and themselves ; their manners are not nearly so good, in many cases, as their humbler ancestors, and their vulgarity is much more apparent. The rich man, who from intuition shoots his peas into his mouth with his knife, either by the dagger-trick—swallowing his knife, and taking a lane of peas off it, and bringing it out clean without winking—or by whipping it across his lips without spilling a pea, rattles his sovereigns and talks about his 'orses, the 'untsman, and the 'ounds, is just the kind of man who would allow his son to go to Cremorne with any young scape-grace with a handle to his name, but would not allow him to do such a *vulgar* thing as to sit down with the village tradesmen and cricketers at a local merrymaking. These are the men who spend very little money in a place, but make a great show, getting everything they can cheap from London. Money is their god, and they cringe to any one with a title ; and, from over-anxiety not to do anything which they think vulgar, they establish themselves as the British snobs, and prove their vulgarity.

One fact is better than a dozen theories. It must be now more

than twenty years ago, for it was at the period when English girls took to straw hats once more, that I was invited to a strawberry party and tea and music, at the parsonage of a charming country village, where I rented a house during the summer months, and it was the first time that I had seen a collection of pretty girls in straw hats, so I remember the date.

It being a cricket match supper night, I could not get to the Parsonage till between nine and ten o'clock, as the villagers had made me chairman for the evening, and it would have been very bad manners to leave until the toasts had been drunk and the singing well inaugurated.

On remarking to the clergyman's wife, on my arrival, that I had done all I could, by means of warm bath, &c., to counteract the fumes of between thirty and forty pipes which were going at full blast at the Chequers, a very rich lady, who had recently come into the neighbourhood, and who was frightfully over-dressed, remarked, 'Have you been with all those low fellows at the public-house?'

And the parson *was* down on her and no mistake, and gave her to understand that the fact of a few gentlemen joining in the village matches and attending the cricketers' suppers had done more to—what he called—'Christianize' the cricket, and to teach his parishioners self-respect, than anything he knew, for he was certain that the gentleman whom he asked to his house would not be so ill-bred as to promote rioting and vulgarity in the village.

And now see how true his words were. We had a wind-up match in September, and on the Sunday the same parson said to one or two of us who promoted the cricket, 'We have our harvest service on Tuesday evening, and I hope that you and your households will come;' and he added, 'we shall have plenty of singing and a very short service.'

We told him that he had chosen an unlucky day, as the best match in the year was to be played on the Tuesday, and it was impossible to alter it, for the eleven against us were coming from a distance, and as the church stood on the village green where the cricket ground was, we were afraid that the service would be interrupted; whereupon he instantly changed the day of the harvest service to the Thursday. On the Thursday evening we were all playing cricket on the green, and the bells struck up for church half an hour before. On our suggesting that we should draw the stumps at once, as the parson had put off the service for our match, and that it would be fair 'to give the parson a turn,' a very large majority, who 'cared for none of such things as a rule,' went home and smartened themselves up, and *did* give the parson a turn, and went to the service.

If that parson had preached against cricket as a snare for encouraging drunkenness and idleness, as some shallow-pated men will insist on doing, his parish would have been unbearable, instead of being, as it was, a place of happiness and peace.

Mitcham, September 1877.

F. G.

CRICKET.

LAST year the impressions left at the close of August were of a month remarkable generally for long scoring. The Canterbury week had been rendered historical by reason of Mr. W. G. Grace's extraordinary innings of 344 for the Marylebone Club against Kent, and the cricket world generally chuckled with satisfaction at the thought that the greatest player of the age had at length surpassed Mr. William Ward's previously unprecedented score of 267. The sensational element that marked the last month of the cricket year of 1876 was absent in a great measure from that just over. August, generally the finest month for the cricketer, was this year false to its old traditions. Generally the weather was not settled, and hardly a match but was to some extent influenced by rain, so that the rate of scoring was not quite up to the average, though fairly good throughout. The first day of the month saw the completion of two matches—one at Sheffield between Gloucestershire and Yorkshire, the other between Kent and Hampshire at Canterbury. Circumstances widely different marked the two encounters, suggestive enough of the respective localities. Even a practice match at football will attract thousands at Sheffield, while at Canterbury, excepting only during the celebration of 'the Canterbury week,' a county cricket match will not draw a hundred spectators; and while upwards of twenty thousand witnessed the meeting between Gloucester and Yorkshire, it is stated on reliable authority that the match between the two southern counties was played to empty benches. The motive for selecting the St. Laurence ground as the scene for certain matches is obvious and praiseworthy enough, but at the same time such a lack of support is calculated to have a depressing effect, and the moral would seem to be that Canterbury is a very unsuitable place for Kentish cricket. What would have been the result of the contest at Sheffield had time only permitted it to be played out must be mere speculation. It was certainly left in a very perplexing condition, as after three full days the stumps had to be drawn with Yorkshire wanting 18 runs to win and only Pinder to go in. In such a state of affairs it is almost injustice to offer an opinion, but with only Pinder and Clayton to bat, no doubt the betting would have been strongly on the side of Gloucestershire. Yorkshiremen know well enough how to play an uphill game, but both Pinder and Clayton are hitters, and with such brilliant fielding as Gloucestershire can boast it would have been a surprise if one of the two batsmen had not fallen into Mr. W. G. Grace's trap. Throughout the match was of a kind to arouse the enthusiasm of the sport-loving Sheffielders. With the exception of G. F. Grace, who was the chief scorer with 51, none of the big guns of Gloucestershire came off in the first innings, and Yorkshire was lucky to head them by 51 runs—thanks chiefly to Andrew Greenwood, who went in first and was the last wicket down after a very patiently-played score of 90 out of 236.

Emmett and Ulyett bowled well in the second innings of Gloucestershire, so well that only Mr. W. G. Grace could get them away, and he made 84 out of a total of 189. The Yorkshiremen had done well to get Gloucestershire out twice for such scores as 185 and 189, but they had a toughish job at the finish, being left to make 139 runs in two hours and twenty-five minutes. Bates, a colt, who played against Middlesex early in the season and showed promising form as a slow round-arm bowler, made a very useful score of 36; but eight wickets were down for 97, and it was only the very opportune hitting of Hill, who made three 4's in succession from Mr. W. G. Grace, that enabled Yorkshire to save the match. Midwinter, the Australian cricketer who had come with a flourish of trumpets from Melbourne and had at first rather disappointed English critics, scored 28 (not out) and 13, and as this was more of his real form it seems likely that he will be very useful to Gloucestershire, in which county he was born, and in which it is said that he intends finally to settle. Kent did much what it pleased with the bowling of Hampshire at Canterbury, and indeed Mr. Ridley's surprising loss of all his old deadliness with the ball has altogether upset the calculations of Hampshire cricketers. In this match Kent scored 351 runs in its first innings, and Mr. Ridley only got one poor Kentish wicket at a cost of 52 runs from seventeen overs, a great contrast with the average of his bowling last year, and the recollections of his success in the return match with Kent in August 1876. Nine bowlers were tried for Hampshire, but the nature of the attack can be estimated when it is stated that Remnant (62) and Henty, two batsmen who are, as a general rule, much below this standard, put on 97 runs for the last wicket and that Henty carried out his bat for 53. Hampshire, though the eleven were first dismissed for 105, made a respectable second score of 285, though more than half the amount were contributed by Messrs. Duncan (75) and Booth (77). Hampshire thus lost its last match of the year, and it is a matter for regret that a season which promised so fairly should have proved so utterly disappointing. With Mr. Ridley again in his best form with the ball, with another fast bowler to help Tate, and with Messrs. Duncan, Ridley, Longman, Booth, Hargreaves, Jeffreys and others to bat, the county would make a good show, but the fielding would have to be very much better than it was this year to effect any change. Notts, singularly weak now that they have lost the aid of Alfred Shaw's stout arm, suffered a very severe defeat at the hands of Gloucestershire, whose eleven had journeyed on from Sheffield after their draw with Yorkshire the previous night. Gloucestershire began very badly, as five of their best wickets were down for 81, but Mr. W. O. Moberley, who carried out his bat for 101, and E. M. Grace, whose 89 showed that his right arm still retained its ancient vigour, effectually changed the aspect of affairs, and Nottingham was faced by a long score of 287. Time was when Notts would have smiled at such a task as this, but throughout the season the batting has been singularly uneven, and

latterly it has been inexplicably weak. Daft was able to secure 24 and 38, Oscroft 18 and 32, and Mr. Tolley 53 in the first innings, but Shrewsbury, Wild, Selby, and Barnes were out of all form, and Gloucestershire had an easy victory by an innings and 48 runs. It is not an easy thing to defeat Gloucestershire we will admit, but the batting of Notts must be in a very rotten state when the eleven are unable to score more than 124 and 115 against Gloucestershire bowling. Northern cricket this season has not in any way maintained the superiority that it once possessed beyond all doubt, and the young bowlers who have of late appeared in Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire have been very much below the old standard. Whether this is only a momentary stagnation in the supply of professional cricketers, or whether the game is undergoing a change, remains to be proved. *Eccce signum!* Sussex at the end of the same week was beaten by Lancashire by an innings and 31 runs, but it had all the worst of the luck. Lancashire had not its best eleven, as neither Messrs. Patterson nor Appleby could play, but it introduced a very likely youngster in Mr. A. G. Steel, the captain of the Marlborough eleven, who fairly won his spurs at the first trial, gaining the enviable distinction of chief scorer with a very well played innings of 87. All the first eight batsmen on the Lancashire side reached double figures, and indeed the Sussex bowling got it very hot, as James Lillywhite's fifty-five overs produced 120 runs and only one wicket, and Fillery, who took five wickets for 50 runs, was the only bowler who could take the slightest effect. William McIntyre, who is usually so deadly with the ball for Lancashire, was as unsuccessful as had been Lillywhite for Sussex, and it is worthy of remark that he only had one wicket, and this at a cost of 106 runs. Three of the Sussex eleven were run out—a bad sign—and Henry Phillips enjoyed the novel position of head scorer with 79, while Mr. R. M. Curteis played a good innings of 41, his best performance during the season. Sussex might at least have made a draw had the weather remained fine, as their first total was a very respectable one of 241, and they ought to have added a good many to the 104 runs required to save the innings. Heavy rain though handicapped them heavily at the finish, and McIntyre and Watson, who are neither of them very agreeable on a bad wicket, succeeded in disposing of the whole for 73.

The Canterbury week was fairly successful, though the weather was very unsettled throughout, sufficiently so to spoil completely the pleasure of the meeting. What can be the attractions at Canterbury to tempt first-class cricketers we have never been able to discover; but there must be some, and of a powerful kind, to judge by the players assembled to represent one or other of the sides in the first match of the week. For several reasons it was evident that the union of Kent and Gloucestershire against England which had been tried of late years had become distasteful, and it was stated openly last season that it would not be repeated. The restoration of Kent under Lord Harris's management suggested a return to the old

custom of playing Kent against All England with given men, and the proposal was readily accepted. Kent, with two given, against England, was the title of the match, and, all things considered, the two elevens were as strong as they could well have been expected to be. Mr. W. G. Grace was, of course, one of the given men; and had he been able to play, no doubt Alfred Shaw would have been the other. A better selection might, no doubt, have been made than Mr. Ridley, as either Ulyett or Mr. Lucas would have been better on this year's form, and Mr. Hornby, who does not affect Canterbury cricket though, would have been a very dangerous batsman against Kentish bowling. Kent was very strong; while England had almost its full strength, only excepting the absence of Messrs. Cotterill, Hornby, and Jupp. The scoring, as it always is at Canterbury, was high, and both the given men did their fair share with the bat, Mr. W. G. Grace making 50 and 58, and Mr. Ridley 31 and 9. Kent, though, fairly bore away the honours, as Mr. Frank Penn, who has been playing in his proper form for the county this year, made the only innings of three figures in the match (135); and Mr. Yardley, who reserves his big scores for Canterbury, obtained 47 and 61 with much of his old dash. Lockwood's 63 for England was in his usual painstaking, if not attractive, style; but on such a wicket, and against the bowling of Kent and Mr. W. G. Grace, the eleven ought certainly to have been worth a larger total than 209. At the finish, though the match was drawn, Kent had certainly the best of it, as with 363 to win, Lockwood and Mr. G. F. Grace, two of the most dangerous Englanders, had been got rid of for only 32 runs. Watson, the Lancashire slow-bowler, was brought all the way from Manchester to play for England; but he only had twenty overs in the match, and surely, on his Lancashire performances, he must be a better bowler than this would lead one to believe. The second match of the week, between Marylebone Club and Ground and Kent, was a very uninteresting affair, as the premier Club had a very mixed team, and on paper it looked any odds on Kent, as there was little chance of a repetition of Mr. W. G. Grace's big innings of the previous year. 'The Ground' was represented by Morley and Rylott; and as Mr. Mac-kinnon's 34 for the county was the highest score, the total (177) was not particularly large. Mr. W. G. Grace mercifully spared Kent, and was caught at point for a single; and at the end of the day eight wickets were down for 80, so that Kent had a little in hand. Very little, though, as events proved, as Messrs. Hay (36, not out) and Bray (27) added 58 during their stay, and the last three wickets—the match was twelve aside—put on 86, so that the innings exceeded that of Kent by 1 run. Kent began well, and were 30 runs without a wicket at luncheon time; but Messrs. W. G. Grace and Bray caused a fearful collapse after this, and the eleven wickets were all down for 76, Mr. Grace bowling 153 balls for 19 runs and six wickets. The result of the match, which M.C.C. and Ground won by ten wickets, was not a very creditable performance,

as with the exception of Mr. W. G. Grace, the batsmen on the side of the Club, were not a very dangerous party. A scratch match was got up, which appears in the papers as the Gentlemen of England and the Gentlemen of Kent, with thirteen aside, to eke out the Saturday, but for what object, or why it was designated by a title which, considering the composition of the two teams, must be considered as absurd, we are at a loss to conceive. The fielding was more than rustic, and, in fact, the match was nothing less than an inglorious finish to a week which, considering the weather, was far more successful than might have been expected. Surrey, while the Old Stagers were working the oracle at Canterbury, was having a week of it in less pretentious fashion at the Oval. It got rather well out of the first match against Sussex, as the rain, in all likelihood, saved the eleven from a defeat that seemed imminent. Sussex got the best of the wicket and the weather on the first day, and made a very creditable score of 230, of which the Captain's, the Rev. F. J. Greenfield, 95 was the principal proportion. The remainder of the match consisted of broken attempts by Surrey to get through two innings, but intermittent rain on the second day helped to get them out for 130, and a thunderstorm on the following day stopped the game altogether, with six Surrey wickets left, and 55 runs to save the innings. Southerton's bowling and the best of the wicket enabled Surrey to have better luck in the return match with Middlesex at the end of the week. Whether Middlesex acted wisely or not in going in when they won the toss it is not for us to decide; but the ground helped Southerton's bowling materially, and a rather strong batting eleven of Middlesex were all dismissed for 110. Two very useful scores of 93 by Mr. Read—not in his best form—and 84 by Mr. Lindsay, gave Surrey a long total of 267. Mr. I. D. Walker played a very fine innings of 95—the best we have seen from him for a long time; and at one period, when five wickets were down for 73, there was every chance of a draw. Had the tail only done its duty Middlesex could not have lost; but the last five wickets only added 34, and Surrey had an easy win by six wickets. Southerton's bowling was a great performance, as in the match he delivered 116 overs and two balls (seventy-five maidens) for 92 runs and fourteen wickets.

Yorkshire has of late fallen from its high estate, and indeed up to the time of writing the once omnipotent county has only won two matches out of all its long programme for 1877. It is not within our province to discuss the causes of the comparative decadence in Yorkshire cricket, but the effects have been very visible during the past month. The eleven, beyond all doubt, is much inferior to that of the days when Freeman and Emmett were in their full pride, and Yorkshire bowling represented something to terrify even the most skilful and least nervous batsman. Now that Hill's arm has got lower, he is as easy as possible, the sting of Emmett's delivery is to all intents and purposes gone, and it wants something more than an occasional success of Clayton, the chance of Ulyett's

bumping, the moderate slow-bowling of Eastwood and Lockwood, and the hybrid mixture of Armitage, at one time underhand at another round-arm, to take Yorkshire again to the front. It may be only a temporary falling off, but the sprightliness associated with Yorkshiremen was absent during this season, and their fielding, which was at one time the essence of smartness and dash, was at times mediocrity itself. The last month was not a lucky one by any means for the Yorkshire eleven, as out of five matches played in succession two were lost and three drawn, one completely in their favour, one rather against them, and one very evenly. The end of the Canterbury week saw the first defeat at Manchester, when Lancashire won the return match by 35 runs. Lancashire had collected its full strength, and indeed it would take Gloucestershire all its time to defeat the Lancastrian team on that occasion, and with Messrs. Hornby, Patterson, D. Q. Steel, Kershaw, Rowley, Royle, and Barlow to bat, Mr. Appleby, Watson, and Wm. McIntyre to bowl, a new and very promising wicket-keeper in a professional named Pilling, and a brilliant fielding side, it was small disgrace for Yorkshire to be beaten by such a narrow majority. Rain had completely spoiled the wicket, and the run-getting all round was not high, although Mr. Hornby managed to make 88 in the first innings, a very good score considering that the ball came along very slowly, and that the ground was not in the best possible condition. Armitage was the highest scorer on the Yorkshire side with 30 and 7; but it was essentially a bowlers' match, and Mr. Patterson for Lancashire and Clayton for Yorkshire had a good time of it, the former taking ten wickets at an average of 13 runs, and the latter twelve for 104 runs. The next match was the return with Middlesex at Sheffield, and here again rain interfered with the programme, and finally left it in a very interesting condition. The Hon. A. Lyttelton made his first appearance for Middlesex in this match, and Yorkshire, evidently out of compliment to its opponents, had for a novelty two amateurs on its side, Messrs. E. W. Hirst, the twelfth man at Oxford, and L. W. Wallgate, who seems to be a fair all-round player. Mr. A. J. Webbe (75), Hon. A. Lyttelton (47), and Mr. H. R. Webbe (46) did most of the scoring for Middlesex, and Ulyett, who, by-the-way, has rarely come off in his native town, for once gave the Sheffielders a taste of his hitting powers with a punishing innings of 76, the best he has ever played in the North. What would have been the result had the match been completed it is difficult to say, as Middlesex, after heavy rain, only got 125 in the second innings, and this would have left Yorkshire with 129 runs to win. The Yorkshiremen would have had all the worst of the wicket, and this was in a very bad state, so that the issue would most probably have depended on the success of Mr. Henderson's bowling, and as he succeeded or failed Middlesex would have won or lost. Gloucestershire had its revenge on Yorkshire at Clifton for the drawn game at Sheffield. Gloucestershire had

perhaps the strongest eleven it could boast, but the Yorkshiremen made a plucky fight on the off chance of a draw, which at one time seemed far from unlikely. The first innings of Yorkshire was a curiosity, as Lockwood (23) and Myers (22) made 45 out of 59 runs from the bat, and the last five batsmen, Eastwood, Armitage, Hill, Clayton, and Pinder all failed to score. Fortunately it was one of Emmett's days, or Gloucestershire would have had a merry time of it, but the left-handed bowler was for once on the sticks, and Mr. W. G. Grace (71) and Midwinter (68), who played really good cricket well worthy of his Colonial repute, alone made any stand. The Yorkshiremen pulled up well in their second innings, and punished the Gloucestershire bowling as it ought to be punished, but E. M. and G. F. Grace, two of the best batsmen we know to make runs against time, played tip and run with the Yorkshiremen at the finish, and gave the Cliftonians a taste of the quickest run-getting they are likely to see for some time, scoring 100 runs in a little over an hour, and winning the match for Gloucestershire by nine wickets. Following up this defeat the Yorkshiremen journeyed on to Derby to take revenge on the Derbyshire team; and the weather alone prevented a victory much needed by the Yorkshire eleven. Neither Mycroft nor Hickton could do any good in the bowling line for Derbyshire, and seven of the opposite eleven scored fairly, though Greenwood (75) and Eastwood (57) did most of the execution. Clayton and Emmett were unchanged in the first innings of Derbyshire, but Platts (90, not out) and Hickton (63) upset all calculations on the third day, and the pair literally pulled the match out of the fire, or at least changed into a drawn game what bade fair to be an easy victory for Yorkshire. How Platts could have carried out his bat for 90, and Hickton, who is a mere hitter, could have got 63, will no doubt puzzle cricketers altogether, and it either says little for the Yorkshire bowling and fielding or luck must have been on the side of the batsmen to an alarming extent. Yorkshire must have had a very easy victory had time only permitted, but they had no chance of going in a second time to get the 17 runs wanted to win, and so the match had to be drawn.

The last match in which Yorkshire figured was against Surrey at the Oval. Some extraordinary things have been done at different times by Surrey cricketers, and of sensations there have been plenty on the famous ground at Kennington; but it was reserved for this closing encounter to furnish the curiosity of the season. Yorkshire made a mistake in going in first on a heavy wicket, and were all out for 159. It was not a bad score under ordinary circumstances, but Mr. Read and Jupp, the first batsmen of Surrey, not only passed it, but made 206 runs before the first wicket fell. Those who dwell on the ancient glories of Surrey tell of the deeds of Jupp and Tom Humphrey, but their best performance was at Sheffield, and, oddly enough, against Yorkshire too, in 1864, when they made 159 runs. The 206 of Mr. Read and Jupp is, we believe, the

greatest feat recorded in a county match, and only once surpassed in a contest of importance, and that at the Oval in 1869, when Messrs. W. G. Grace and B. B. Cooper scored 283 runs for the first wicket in the match between Gentlemen and Players of the South. Mr. Read, an amateur, whose play is the more creditable considering that he has no practice against first-class bowling, except that which he gets in August for Surrey, made his 140 in a style that would have done credit to more pretentious batsmen; and when it is added that he only gave one hot catch when he had got 96, that Jupp only made one mistake in hitting a ball too smart for Emmett at short leg to hold, and that the two men had ten Yorkshire bowlers against them, some dead on the wicket, the nature of the achievement can be properly estimated. Surrey looked like making the largest innings of the county season, but the last nine wickets only added 94 runs, and when rain put an end to the game Yorkshire was left with 51 to save the innings and nine wickets to fall. Several other county matches remain to be treated, but space warns us that we must be brief. Surrey had a very easy victory over Sussex in the return match with Brighton, though the committee acted a little rashly in deciding to play without Southerton, whose bowling might have been much wanted had Sussex only been able to bat a little. As it was their display was the worst that we have seen for some time, and it only needs the remark that they could not score more than 40 and 128 against the bowling of Barratt, Jones, and Mr. Strachan on a good wicket to give an idea of the form. Sussex lost by an innings and 92 runs; and the following Tuesday saw the eleven subjected to a defeat almost as decisive at the hands of certainly not the best eleven of Lancashire. Charlwood (29 and 10) alone got double figures for Sussex each innings, and in the second Mr. Appleby bowled so effectively that none of the Sussex batsmen could stand up to him, and that he is still one of the best bowlers of the day has been proved by his performances this season. At the present time he is perhaps the only amateur worthy of the name of a fast bowler, and his analysis of eighty-six balls for 25 runs and nine wickets will rank as one of the very best of his achievements. The return match between Surrey and Kent at the Oval showed the two counties to be very evenly matched, as 854 runs were made for thirty-four wickets, and at the close Surrey were left with 107 runs to win and six wickets to fall, so that the issue would have been doubtful. Kent had better luck on the occasion of its second meeting with Lancashire at Maidstone. Lancashire had not its full strength, and the scoring was generally low, as the wicket played very badly throughout. Kent had 118 runs to win, and 3 runs were wanted when the last batsman came in, but Lord Harris, who has been more than once the salvation of Kent, again pulled his men through, and won a very creditable match by a wicket. The two remaining matches of the month were the return between Nottinghamshire and Gloucestershire at Cheltenham, and between Notts and Middlesex

at Nottingham. The play in the former requires little description, as the Nottingham eleven were altogether out of it, and only Shrewsbury (35 and 32) and Selby (19 and 30) showed moderate form. Gloucestershire won by an innings and 45 runs, and the only feature really noteworthy was the wonderful bowling of Mr. W. G. Grace, who in all took seventeen wickets for 92 runs, and on the third day finished up the second innings of Notts with seven wickets for 1 run. What a change in the condition of Nottingham cricket in one brief season! Last year Notts could challenge comparison with every county, but now its position has fallen nearly to the lowest rank. Middlesex would have given it a very decisive thrashing at Trent Bridge had not time prevented. The Hon. A. Lyttelton and A. J. Webbe each scored 100 out of a total of 400 for Middlesex, and when play was over on the third evening, Notts had one wicket to fall with 10 runs left to save the innings. A victory in this its last match would have compensated the Middlesex eleven for their ill success during the season, and it was certainly the hardest luck that they should have been robbed of such a well-deserved triumph.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE proceedings of the Royal Yacht Squadron commenced under the most unfavourable circumstances as to weather, at least from a sight-seeing point of view, and a persistent drizzle sent home many of the lookers-on. The opening match proved how great an improvement has been made in the Prince of Wales's fine schooner, the Hildegarde, since last season, as with a good sailing breeze, she managed to show the way to a fleet of very redoubtable opponents, consisting of schooners, Shark (Duke of Rutland), Ayacanora (Earl of Gosford); cutters, Kriemhilda (Count Batthyany), Vol-au-Vent (Colonel Markham), Lulworth (Mr. Adrian Hope), and a single yawl, Colonel Stirling's Raven. There was a strong south-west breeze, and during the morning Colonel Markham's clipper showed the way, Kriemhilda close up to her, with Raven and the Prince's ship next; but farther on, after Vol-au-Vent and Kriemhilda had been having a rare tussle, Hildegarde gained the lead, the Vol-au-Vent, in spite of its being quite a schooner's day, heading the rest of the party, the positions of which were continually changing, and a lull in the wind making it very slow work at intervals during the match. Towards the finish, when the breeze was strong and true, Ayacanora passed Shark and Kriemhilda, both of whom had been leading her a long distance, but nothing interfered with the leading couple, and the Prince of Wales had the satisfaction of winning Her Majesty's Cup with something to spare. Among the small boats Mr. Cox's crack twenty, Vanessa, and Mr. Quilter's Lily, won the prizes in their respective classes against numerous entries. Owing to the weather being so unfavourable, the display of fireworks was of course postponed. On the next day, the Yawl Match brought out a capital entry, including Mr. Groves' new venture the Bakaloum, but she was clearly not in perfect trim, and did nothing throughout the day, which proved a

benefit for Mr. Rowley's Latona, and 'she managed to do the Old Queen's course in the quickest time known, under 4 hours 9 minutes, Mr. Macleay's eccentrically shaped Jullanar being next best. The rest of the starters were Ada (Mr. H. Barclay), Fiona (Mr. E. Boutcher), Florinda (Mr. Jessop), and Surf (Mr. F. Williams). Owing to the squadron having very wisely adopted flying starts, the fleet were a good deal scattered getting away, Florinda, Fiona, and Latona leading the van. With the same wind as yesterday, but more of it, they rattled along at a great pace, Fiona holding the lead until some way past Egypt, when Latona went in front and kept there pretty much throughout the day, Ada and Jullanar also passing Fiona before long. This quartette remained in the same positions all through, Ada and Jullanar making a great race, of which the Ada had the best until near home, when Jullanar gained on her considerably, but could never get within time of the leader, which won by nearly two minutes and a half. The Town Cup was fortunate in getting another good sailing day and a nice topsail breeze, but of the seven entries only four put in an appearance, Kriemhilda, Vol-au-Vent, Neva (Mr. R. Borwick), and Britannia (Mr. W. C. Quilter). Colonel Markham's crack, getting cleverly away, led throughout the course—the New Queen's—Neva and Kriemhilda making a pretty race for a long time, until the latter getting gradually away, won the second prize easily, Vol-au-Vent of course taking the Town Cup. Just as she was finishing, the steam-yacht Dobbran got right in her way, involving a loss of some seconds, but fortunately she had plenty of time in hand, and the *contretemps* did not affect the result. The squadron's closing event, the Schooner Match, secured an entry of five big ships, the Hildegarde, Shark, Gulnare (Sir Lawrence Palk), Corinne (Mr. N. Wood), and Miranda (Mr. C. G. Lampson). With a nice west wind, Corinne showed the way, Miranda and Hildegarde next, and these three in turn contested the lead for a long spell, until Hildegarde dropped astern and remained third to the finish. Corinne proved the winner after a pretty day's sailing. The premier yacht club of England may fairly congratulate itself on the success of the meeting. The muster of yachts at the station, as well as of visitors on shore, was larger than ever, and if the unfortunate fireworks, postponed from Tuesday to Wednesday, did result in a 'fizzle,' it was the only one connected with the affair.

The Royal Victoria Yacht Club's opening day was devoted to schooners and cutters, and of each rig they had a fair entry, the one-stickers being especially well represented, Vol-au-Vent, Neva, Psyche (Mr. Garth), Norman (Major Ewing), Bloodhound (Marquis of Ailsa), and Britannia, all starting. With a nice south-east breeze, the Vol-au-Vent, getting off as usual smartly, put her nose in front, with Norman and Bloodhound in attendance. Before long she had worked well away, and Neva took a good lead of the rest of the fleet, amongst whom Norman and Bloodhound were having a grand tussle for third place, until the former got ahead. Later in the day the breeze died away most provokingly, and Britannia, which seemed to sail without wind, became third; but the match was confined to the two leaders, and as an almost perfect calm prevailed, the finish was a very slow affair, it being past midnight before it was concluded, when Vol-au-Vent, dribbling home a quarter of an hour ahead of Neva, gained the first, and Mr. Borwick the second prize. The Schooner Match had Australia (Mr. Hughes), Hildegarde, Corinne, and Miranda engaged; and of these the two last-mentioned had things to themselves, the light wind not being favourable either to the Prince's or Mr. Hughes' vessel. During the morning Miranda did the best, but in the

too 'stilly night' the *Corinne* had better luck in catching what little breeze there was, and eventually got home at four in the morning, nearly an hour ahead of her opponent, this couple taking the prizes—indeed, the others had given up long ago. The next day they fared better, and the match for the Town Cup proved a splendid one. The entries were: cutters—*Vol-au-Vent*, *Neva*, *Psyche*, and *Christine* (Mr. Weguelin); schooners—*Miranda* and *Corinne*; yawls—*Ada*, *Florinda*, *Jullanar*, *Fiona*, and *Raven*. *Vol-au-Vent* was again to the fore, *Raven* next, but with a fair westerly topsail breeze the bulk of the fleet kept well together, *Corinne*, *Miranda*, and *Florinda* getting into the front rank. Mr. Jessop, however, was out of luck, as *Ada*'s bowsprit ran right through *Florinda*'s mainsail, of course putting her out of the fun, while *Ada* was passed by the whole fleet. Had the vessels been going fast, a most serious accident would probably have occurred, but owing to their not having much way on, nothing worse than some damage to the bulwarks resulted. Towards the close, the match lay between *Vol-au-Vent*, *Miranda*, *Raven*, and *Jullanar*, and they finished in this order, the leader being well away from the rest; but close home *Miranda* and *Raven* bringing up a breeze with them, the latter came in well within her time and secured the prize. For the Club Yawl Match, *Latona*, *Ada*, *Florinda*, *Jullanar*, *Cuckoo* (Mr. H. Hall), *Fiona*, *Bakaloum*, *Raven*, and *Surf* started in a steady south-west wind. *Cuckoo* made the first move, and indeed led almost throughout the day. *Fiona* had the foot of *Florinda* for some time, and the little *Surf* sailed remarkably well in the summer breeze, while the weather did not suit the *Jullanar* at all, and *Raven* appeared equally at a disadvantage. Towards the close, *Florinda* gained the lead from *Cuckoo*, and was first home; but *Cuckoo* won the prize by a bare quarter of a minute, which, after sailing fifty miles, was pretty close work. For the Marquis of Exeter's (Commodore) prize to sail round the Island in cruising trim, nearly a score of all rigs were entered, but several of them did not appear. There was a fine westerly breeze, and the prominent vessels in the match were *Vol-au-Vent*, *Florinda*, *Latona*, *Jullanar*, *Corinne*, *Hildegard*, and *Myosotis* (Mr. McMaster). The two first held the lead, *Florinda* going ahead at first, until Colonel Markham's ship weathered her and was home first, winning the Cup, *Florinda* taking second prize. A match for yachts under 30 tons, won by the *Enriqueta* (Mr. W. G. Jameson), brought the Royal Victoria programme to a conclusion.

With the Metropolitan Regatta fully satisfying the needs of amateurs, and the Thames National catering for professional talent, and both undertakings managed with a regard to economy which might well be imitated at Henley and elsewhere, we can scarcely allege that the International was started, as newspaper prospectuses usually say, to supply a want long felt. However if the steamboat and railway interest, none of whom had ever been conspicuous for any excess of forwardness in supporting existing regattas, choose to get up a big affair of their own, who shall gainsay them, as they clearly have proved, to quote Mr. Macdermott's noisy ditty, 'They've got the ships, they've got the men, they've got the money too.' The first were, it may be alleged, laden with a somewhat unsavoury contingent of the rough order, but the authorities no doubt found their money as good as anybody else's. The International part of the title still remains a delusion, but we can scarcely be astonished at the absence of foreigners, most of whom know they have no chance, and the Yanks if they came could scarcely expect to hoozss and get at all the native talent, a trick they have been again doing among themselves; without which preliminary arrangement, they would be useful only to bet

against. We are surprised, however, at the Tyne sending so few representatives, and it speaks volumes for the prestige of the present Thames men, that Newcastle should not think it worth while to send a four to the Putney waters, where so often they have carried everything before them. We believe there was some idea of getting a crew together, but one of the quartette demanded more than his proportion of winnings, a proposal the beauty of which the others failed to appreciate, and the affair was given up, so that some scullers and a pair were the sole representatives of the formidable Tynesiders.

In the arrangement of the races the three elements, amateur, tradesmen, and watermen, were alternated, and amongst the principal events of the first day was the pair-oared race (amateurs), in which Hastie and Eyre ran away at the finish from Gulston and Smith. In the Fours with coxswains, the Dublin University Rowing Club landed easily from the second crews of Thames and London, a victory which, owing to the frequent presence of the Irishmen at Henley, was very well received, though it is the Boat club in contradistinction to the Rowing club of Dublin University which has been most persistent in its efforts at the Oxfordshire meeting. Trial heats of tradesmen's fours and sculls, and of watermen's junior sculls helped to make a full day's sport, which was concluded with a so-called ancient mariner's race for amateurs over sixty-five years of age. This unfortunately proved a walk-over for Mr. T. K. Holmes, though Mr. Bone, champion in 1850, had entered, and as there are some gentlemen duly qualified, notably Mr. Chapman and Sir Patrick Colquhoun, both ex-champions, and very hale and hearty, to be found within a short distance, it is to be hoped the event may next year produce a race. On the second day, the Ladies' Plate for Second Eights (amateurs) produced five entries, London beating Kensington and Thames in the first, and Ino doing West London in the second, both races being remarkably close, but the final, won by London, was rather a hollow affair. John Phelps, whose verdict of a dead-heat in this year's University match created a good deal of comment, distinguished himself by giving Kensington as the winners in the first heat, but the error of the decision was so manifest that it was overruled, the Kensington men themselves acquiescing in the justice of the alteration. The Londoners also secured, as might be expected, the Champion Fours, beating the Thames, who missed the services of Hastie, and besides did not steer nearly as well as their opponents. The Tradesmen's Sculls final proved a good thing for M. Gibson of Putney, though he was interfered with by C. Brightwell, who was somewhat vaguely described as of London. The Police Fours, for which silver cups were given, had five entries, and Tradesmen's Eights produced some pretty close racing, as did the heats for Handicap Sculls (watermen); but the expectations of the bulk of the spectators were mainly attracted to the professional Pairs, in which Boyd and Lumsden met Higgins and Thomas, and the Northerners were so strongly fancied that nearly 2 to 1 was laid on them. Lumsden proved, however, quite unequal to holding Boyd, and before Hammersmith (they rowed from Chiswick to Putney) the Londoners were clear, afterwards going right away and winning as they liked. The Tyne men started at a tremendous bat of forty-five to the minute, the Thames pair contenting themselves with a modest forty or thereabouts, and all through rowing slower than their opponents.

On the last day the weather was scarcely as tempting as it had been, but there was a large concourse of visitors. The Watermen's Junior Sculls, Putney to Chiswick, produced a close race between the veteran J. Anderson,

a northerner who now hails from Hammersmith, and J. Hawdon of Scotswood, who made a bad start, but got on terms with Anderson, the leader, at the Crab Tree, where odds were offered on him. He afterwards, however, fell away, and Anderson won by three lengths, the rest nowhere. The Bobbie's event concluded with a *fiasco*—Waterloo, the best crew, getting disqualified for not going under the centre arch of Barnes Bridge, and the Blackwall men taking the prizes. Among the Tradesmen's events the Alliance Club distinguished themselves by winning the Eights as well as the Fours; and the Watermen's Handicap Sculls fell to Hawdon, who so nearly collared old Jock Anderson in the Junior Sculls, and, this time, with 15 seconds start of him, won by a couple of lengths, after being persistently and purposely hampered by L. Gibson of Putney, who ought to be barred from rowing at the regatta. The Champion Fours, with £150 for first boat, had four entries, Putney to Chiswick, but the Hammersmith men, Thomas, Higgins, Blackman, and Green, soon showed their superiority, Putney and Richmond making a grand race for second place to past Hammersmith, where Putney being hampered by a barge, Richmond got away from them. The Champion Sculls, rowed down from Chiswick to Putney, between Boyd, Blackman, Higgins, and Tarryer, was an exciting affair, Boyd being favourite; but his backers had a bad time of it, the champion being disqualified for fouling Blackman: Higgins led at first, then Boyd showed in front, until Blackman drawing up, the champion fouled him. On getting to work again, Boyd led past Hammersmith, but at the Soapworks Blackman got on terms, and went ahead, keeping in front to the finish. Higgins also caught Boyd off the Crab Tree and took second place; indeed, so rowed-out was the champion that Tarryer headed him near home, but, at the last, Boyd made an effort and took third place, though being disqualified, as we have stated, Tarryer gained the money. It has never been any use analysing watermen's regatta doings with regard to past or future matches, but so singular a reversal of recent form—not merely in Boyd's case, but as between Blackman and Higgins—has been seldom witnessed. The Amateur Sculls, Putney to Hammersmith, proved, in its way, an equal surprise, as Grove was reckoned decidedly the best of the bunch, which included Hastie, White, Bainbridge, and Trower, whose chances would have been generally estimated in the order named. White, Bainbridge, and Hastie led in turn, but at half-a-mile White was again in front, and though hustled a bit by Hastie, washed Grove artistically until he drew away and won comfortably by over two lengths, Hastie beating Grove by nearly as much; so that the favourite, who has done very well this year, was not once in front. The Champion Eights (amateurs) proved an easy victory for the London men, who, as at Henley and the Metropolitan, thus won both the eight-oared races. Altogether the regatta produced some excellent sport. We doubt the policy of changing about the venue of the races, and fancy the plan hitherto adopted of deciding short races between Putney and Hammersmith, and extending the others to Chiswick, as more generally convenient, unless a race in heats is to be finished off on one flood-tide, when trials might be conveniently rowed from Putney to Hammersmith or Chiswick, and the final from Hammersmith to Barnes, or Chiswick to Mortlake. This, however, was not the case with this regatta; though as it is, after all, a matter of opinion, and the promoters do not ask the public for anything, they may surely do as they like with their own. A coat and badge for apprentices might be judiciously included in the programme, and perhaps, on similar grounds, junior sculls for amateurs and tradesmen, as, after all, it is the rising

generation, and not such men as Boyd, Thomas, Higgins, Gulston, Hastie, Smith, and Playford who want encouragement.

The Barnes and Mortlake Regatta, which has been carried on successfully for many years, brought together a fair concourse of junior oarsmen, but entries for the principal events were decidedly below the average, which goes to prove what we have often asserted, that there is a plethora of sport nowadays, and the remark applies equally well to spectators, who assembled in very small numbers. The Fours secured but one entry, and that not the crack crew of the season, the London men, but the Thames crew, who are probably second best, though Kingston did manage to slip them at Maidenhead; and it is surprising that the Surbiton Club, which has frequently shown to great advantage on this water, should not have put in an appearance, as they had a crew in work for their own regatta a week later. However, the Thames quartette were indulged with a row-over, and Eyre of the same crew won the Senior Sculls pretty easily. We cannot be surprised at the Thames pair, after making mince-meat of all their opponents this year, being left alone for this time, so Eyre and Hastie did another walk-over. The Junior Fours produced a grand race in the final heat between London and West London, the former having the better station, and besides being steered more truly, winning by about a third of a length. The Junior Sculls resulted in the victory of W. A. Chandler, L.R.C., who has made several persistent efforts to gain the title of senior sculler: on this occasion he was unwittingly assisted by Needham of the West London, who bored Robertson of the Thames, probably the best man in the race, quite out of his course. The Eight-oared race secured four entries, Bedford School being drawn against Ino, and Kensington against Grove Park. In the first heat, Ino were not at the post punctually, and Bedford, after waiting some time, were started by the umpire, who declined to stop any longer. Kensington then beat Grove Park pretty easily. In the final, Ino were, contrary to strict and proper rule, allowed to start, which made three eights in the race, too large a number for a fair race rowing down on this course, especially as the stake boats were moored very close to each other, as the result proved. Ino were on the outside or Surrey station, Bedford in the middle, and Kensington on the inside (Middlesex). Ino were soon outpaced, but before they tailed off, bored Bedford on to Kensington, and the boats were fouling for some distance, until Kensington got away, and though pressed by Bedford, who were scandalously steered all the way, won by a length and a half. Bedford protested on account of the foul, which was, however, disallowed by the umpire, whose decision we do not discuss, but why did not the committee adhere to their own regulations, and disqualify Ino for being unpunctual, rather than spoil the final heat by crowding three boats into it? Really, if injustice must be done to some one, from the authorities having arranged their programme carelessly, and omitted to allow sufficient time for competitors doubly engaged, it is better for one crew to suffer than that the race between the others should be spoiled. The rule, which appears amongst the conditions on most regatta cards, that 'the committee have the power' of doing exactly as they please, *i.e.*, of stultifying themselves by going counter to their own published regulations, is conveniently elastic, but one more honoured in the breach than the observance, and the latter is frequently calculated to make the executive appear ridiculous. In 1860, at Barnes, an umpire appointed by the committee started a West London crew for the Senior Fours, the other entries, London and Kingston, not appearing until

one was met halfway down the course; but the committee having assembled in solemn conclave, came to the sapient judgment that it was no start; at any rate they withheld the prizes, and ordered the crews to row again on another day, a command which for various reasons none of them obeyed, so neither the crew which had won, nor either of their opponents, took the prizes. In the present instance the winners were, if we include coxswains, perhaps the better crew, but the Bedford crew may reasonably complain that but for being placed in a position of unexpected difficulty their coxswain would not have developed such eccentricities in rudder pulling, and that the Ino, who strictly had no business there at all, were the origin of the fouling which hampered them and gave Kensington the lead.

Kingston Regatta, under the management of the Kingston Rowing Club, although not like Henley, Barnes, and the Metropolitan, an annual gathering, has generally, when local enterprise suffices to get it up at all, proved a good day's sport, and this year was no exception to the rule, thanks to the energy of Mr. Wintle, the club making entries for all the principal events, even the Pairs, for which Hastie and partner have this season shown themselves so far invincible. True, at Kingston, Hastie took Giles instead of his usual 'pal,' Eyre, but the change seemed to make but little difference, and Hastie appears to have, like Woodgate and Gulston in their best days, the faculty of rowing and winning pairs with any partner. The local club opposed Thames for the Fours, but were quite out-paced, though they won Junior Fours, in the first heat of which Molesey beat Ino. In the second Kingston led easily from Twickenham, who seem to get second for every public event they attempt; and in the final Kingston ran right away from the Molesey men. Pairs produced five entries, the Thames men beating Labat and Trower in the first, and Jones and Russell winning the second. In the final Hastie had his own way after a quarter of a mile. The Senior Sculls fell to Adams, beating Bucknill, who has had a shy at all sorts of races this year, from the Wingfield downwards. Robertson, who narrowly escaped winning Junior Sculls at Barnes, secured them here, and the Junior-Senior Eights produced a splendid race between Kingston, who had worked hard to beat Grove Park in the trial, and Kensington, who had rowed a bye. The home crew, however, did the trick, though neither boat was clear during the race, and considering that they had a race in them it was a good performance, as Kensington were winners of a similar race at Barnes the previous Saturday, though fortune had certainly favoured them a good deal there, both in the station and in their most dangerous opponents, the Bedford crew being hampered by the Ino. After so good a display of sport we hope the Kingston Regatta may return to what it was some years ago, an annual, in place of an occasional, fixture, as Surbiton is the residence of so many prosperous professional and commercial men, that there should be no lack of funds forthcoming for so excellent an object. Among provincial regattas, Bedford has on several occasions shown good form, the Thames Club, and before them the West London, having on several occasions sent excellent crews. This year the rowing was scarcely up to the average. The ubiquitous Chillingworth turned up in the Sculls, but was finally done by Lovell, a local; and the Thames Club had a four on, but were beaten by the Bedford Grammar School. Neither Hastie nor Slater were in the crew, which after its defeat was greeted with cries of 'Where's Mickey?' that being the familiar appellation of Slater, who was, rightly or wrongly, considered by some to

have been unjustly excluded from the crew. If this was so, his partisans were fully avenged by their defeat, which however, we may remark, was, like many others, owing to a pleasure boat getting in the way, just as they were collaring the locals close home.

The time-honoured wager for Doggett's Coat and Badge, and sundry money-prizes given by the Fishmonger's Company, came off as usual on the 1st of August, from London Bridge to the Swan at Chelsea, the trial heats having been decided a fortnight previous, between Putney and Hammersmith. The winner turned up in John Tarryer of Rotherhithe, who, judging by previous performances, was by far the best man engaged, as he has shown excellent form in private matches. Indeed his opponents must have had but a poor chance of the first prize, as Tarryer in a match with Bryan of Shadwell had done Putney to Mortlake in the fastest time on record—23 minutes 4 seconds—and during the past month has beaten his own fastest time, in another match with Bryan, doing the course in 22 minutes 52 seconds. These men have now met three times. First Bryan won, after alternate leads to Hammersmith, then Tarryer succeeded, in 23 minutes 4 seconds, and now he has again won in still faster time, thus scoring the rubber. Strange to say, on the last occasion, Bryan, who is a young fellow of immense power but little style, was made favourite at slight odds, though after half a mile it was 2 to 1 the other way, Tarryer leading almost from the start, and having matters comfortably arranged by Hammersmith, at least if, with an opponent of Bryan's power, any race could be reckoned safe until finished.

At last, after much correspondence, articles have been signed between Boyd and Higgins to row on the Thames for the Championship. The date fixed is the 8th of October, and as whichever man wins, his friends will probably send him to Australia to row Trickett, and in addition, Boyd if he wins will become possessor of a valuable challenge cup given by the 'Newcastle Chronicle,' unusual elements of interest are imported into the affair. Those irrepressible veterans Kelley and Sadler, too, are matched to try conclusions again between Putney and Mortlake early in November, and as Blackman is to meet Nicholson on the Tyne about the same time, there is no lack of future events to discuss.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—Seaside Scenes and Racing Retrospects.

THE King's Road is sweltering in the noontide blaze of an August sun. The racing mind—and there is a good deal of it about, particularly at the Old Ship—has dallied as long as it can over Brill's and breakfast, and is perplexed what to do with itself. The Ship, by-the-way, including 'Mr. Arthur,' Miss Bauer and 'Loui,' have been much perplexed what to do with the racing mind—a turbulent body that requires perpetual and simultaneous feeding, and, like Mrs. Gamp, something always ready to put its lips to when it feels inclined. That thirst which sets in with the Derby, and whose duration and continuance is so purely a question of weather, is very strong at the Ship, and indeed pretty generally pervades the King's Road. It is strong also at Preston, where the International Gun and Polo Club is holding a tournament of doves and ponies, and Mr. 'Reggi' Herbert's team and Captain

Yeldham's ditto are playing some very exciting and thirsty matches, to the delight of such *élite* as the Queen of Watering-places possesses at this time. The Pier is not so brilliant as usual; for, truth to say, though Brighton is wonderfully full, we miss many of the well-known faces and the undulating forms that used to grace it during the Goodwood period. The well-known faces, many of them, have had 'a knock,' it is said, that prevents them showing, and they are up in Glen Houlakin or Glen Farintosh, and some have gone to Fiji, and others to Bulgaria. And as there are so few well-known faces, this accounts (so our friend Pawkins, good man at all fashionable intelligence, tells us) for the absence of the undulating forms—the forms always following the faces, as is right and proper. Another suggestion Pawkins makes, which, for the honour of human nature, we will trust is not true, namely, that money, among such of the golden youth as are at present at Brighton, is tight, and he adds something about a carcase and eagles, by which we infer he means that the undulating forms are mercenary. Forbid it, Pawkins!

Brighton has been compared to Paris. It is a very false comparison, but we can understand what the people who use it mean. The do-nothing existence of one half the world—the lounging, languishing, liquoring-up occupation of the many, is nowhere more prominent than in the city on the banks of the Seine, and the Sussex watering-place. As on Paris Boulevards the occupation of every man and woman is pleasure, so it is on the King's Road. Except for an occasional beggar, the Boulevards are the embodiment of all that is gay and pleasant to the eye. No miserable people, no poor, none of the sick or sorry of the earth. The weary and heavy laden of the great city keep to the by-streets and ways. There is misery, of course, but unless some exceedingly ill-bred persons intrude it on your notice, you are unaware of it. So it is on the King's Road. There is another Brighton somewhere, into the back streets and slums of which the lilies of the K. R., the lilies that toil not, neither do they spin, never go. And their occupants never intrude on the lilies. You may walk from the Ship to Cliftonville, and nothing but auricomous hair, high-heeled boots or shoes, clinging skirts, and the stately presence of an occasional Hebrew, shall come between the wind and your nobility. How very nice it all is! In London, susceptible people are much disturbed by unseemly objects: in Brighton—so that they keep to the King's Road—they never are. Dear Brighton!

But people try to make themselves unhappy from pure wantonness, we suppose. 'There is sorrow on the sea,' said Jeremiah; and he must have had a bad (prophetic) time on some Lively Peggy or Spanking Sarah before he wrote that. There is great sorrow daily within sight of shore at Brighton. The racing mind, some portion of it, is much given to boating, the effects of which are regarded by it as wholesome, healthy and purifying. So, if the breeze is at all brisk, they gladly respond to the invitations of the ancient mariners on the beach, and embarking on board the Spanking Sarah, enjoy a couple of hours of 'sorrow on the sea.' The pertinacity with which they return to the self-imposed penance says much for their faith, and we trust it brings its reward. The Royal Aquarium, as Mr. Toole says, or sings, absorbs a good portion of the sporting world, too, and it is also satisfactory to know that it washes itself a good deal at Brighton. In fact so universal and frequent are the ablutions, that they give occasion to Pawkins, who is great at Scriptural allusions, to say something about the cleansing of the outside of the cup and platter—which is not nice on Pawkins's part. Then, is there not Mr. Toole at the Theatre, to delight us with his 'Spelling Bee'?—and is there not Mr. John Coney in-

viting us to make our little games, and leave with him such superfluous cash as Goodwood may have spared? Thy delights, dear Brighton, are indeed so numerous that we cannot find time to go through the list, especially as we must reserve space for what some people would consider the chiefest—thy three days' racing.

When the Brighton Race Club gave up the ghost, we presume the Race Committee thought they were doing a clever stroke of business when they appropriated the third day. It may be that they have, but yet we are not so sure on this point. Time may show that Brighton can hardly support three days at that time of year when south-country horses are generally run through, and there is a lull in the Racing world till Doncaster. Better would it have been if they had been content with their two, and then Lewes could have been brought forward a day, and that Saturday racing, that no one likes, would have been avoided. But it is no use suggesting to race committees or lessees that it is quality we want, and not quantity. They will persist in giving us the latter, to the destruction of the former, as long as money can be made by so doing. We got tired of our third day at Brighton, and the objections and wrangles did not improve matters. On the first day the sport was fair, but singularly unfortunate to backers, who lost some of their Goodwood gains. The good thing of the day was according to common belief the Emily filly in the Corporation Stakes, but she was beaten by Insulaire, that good-looking son of Dutch Skater, who was backward when he ran in the July, but improved enough here to win rather cleverly. It transpired after the race that Lord Stamford's filly had been coughing. Then Mousquetaire, the next best thing, could not make any fight of it under his heavy weight (10 st. 12 lb.) in the Marine Stakes, which was won by Caramel in the last stride or two, Templar, who looked all over a winner at one time, being beaten by a head. We all went to get our money back on Dalham in the Stakes, and had the pleasure of seeing him jump round, when the flag fell, and begin to kick. He condescended to start at last, but then would only go his own pace, so Webb pulled him up. He interfered with Sugarloaf, so both of them were out of it, and, after a good race with Woodlands, Harbinger credited the Stakes to Mr. Gretton—a turn of fortune for him, after a frightful run of ill-luck at Goodwood.

And as fortune comes in a shower sometimes, Alameda won the Cliftonville Stakes, beating Titania II. cleverly—another dreadful facer for backers—and this combined with the odds on Farnese being upset by Independent, and Dunmow being beaten by the Belgravia filly, sent us all back to Brighton very depressed. It was depressing weather, too, wet, windy, and cold. The evening amusements on the Pier were interrupted, the billings and cooings of Daphne, Chloe and their respective swains sadly interfered with. So some of us drowned it in the bowl, and others sought to drown it at Mr. Jack Coney's, but with not altogether happy results.

Wednesday was a better day in one sense, but not much to boast about in another. When a good thing did come off the price was short of course, and then the failure of Julius Cæsar in the Cup was a dreadful blow to a great many. Why he was made the great favourite he was it would be difficult to say. True he was third in the Derby, but he had never shown, with that exception, any capacity for a course more than a mile and a quarter. The second and third in the Derby often turn out such dreadful duffers—as witness, to call no other testimony, Rhidorroch this year—that it was somewhat surprising the clever people plunged on Julius Cæsar as they did. It was the stable, perhaps, that they plunged on, for as Hampton had carried

off the Goodwood trophy so easily, and Julius Cæsar had declined the contest, it was supposed that Mr. Gee, who had sent his horse to Goodwood and was rather disappointed, so said rumour, at not having had 'a cut in,' was to be consoled with the Brighton Cup. We doubt, however, if Robert Peck backed the horse for much, for there was no certainty as to his staying, while there was one in the race, Charon, who had shown his liking for a distance of ground more than once or twice. At one time it looked as if the race would be a failure, but the Duke of Hamilton ran a second string, and Rhidorroch put in an appearance at the last, and, moreover, some people were induced to back him, bad as he looked and badly as he had done. He was the first beaten, and Julius Cæsar, who appeared never able to go the pace, was done with when they got to the bottom of the hill, Charon coming away and winning in a canter. It was a very popular win, for the Duke of Hamilton is a true and keen sportsman, one who deserves encouragement, and who has certainly not had too much of it. Advance, after the prominent position he held in the Liverpool Cup, was of course bound to be a great favourite for the Hamilton Plate over the mile course. There was only Caramel to fear, but a mile is just a little more than she cares about, and when Advance came out of the dip with a lead, he had such a lot in hand that pursuit was useless and he cantered in. Some early birds, it was said, got 2 to 1 about him; his owner had to lay 11 to 10, 'which things are an allegory.' The poor owners! How fortunate it is that the Van Driver's trustees will not allow him to keep racehorses. He might be even as one of them.

We got rather tired of the third day, and that's a fact. The weather contributed to our *ennui*, no doubt, and then there were a lot of *contretemps* in the way of objections to mar the pleasure of the racing. The good things of the day were Quietude, Strathavon, and Red Gauntlet, and the two first having duly come off, we prepared ourselves for another nearly as good in Arlette for the Kempton Plate. The Duke of Hamilton's filly has, however, always kicked up a rumpus at the post in every race she has run, so nobody was surprised at her repeatedly breaking away here, and twice nearly running the course before she could be stopped. Mr. McGeorge, it appears, got tired of this, and warned Rossiter, who was on Arlette, that he would drop his flag without her if she broke away again. It would have been better perhaps if Blanton had sent some one with her to the post, as no boy seems able to hold her; but, however, Mr. McGeorge actually did drop his flag when Arlette, after one of her numerous breaks away, had not returned to the post. The consequence was she was left, and Daggers Drawn won rather easily from Last of the Mohicans. On this Blanton lodged an objection to the start on the ground that the flag fell before Arlette reached the post. The Stewards did not go into it, as they should have done, directly, but after a time heard the *pro* and *con* and overruled the objection. Many people thought that Mr. McGeorge had exceeded his powers in doing what he did. No doubt horses have been kept at the post by false starts, &c., for much longer time than they were on this occasion; but then the rules on the subject of starting appear to leave so much to the discretion and judgment of the starter, that this is no precedent. The rule says that 'The starter may give all such orders and take all such measures as are necessary for securing a fair start.' The rule does not limit him as to the time he is to keep his field at the post, nor does it say a word about refractory horses; in fact, the rule is only decided on one point—the starter must not make a flying start or start his horses before the post. It is to be wished that when the rules were revised,

those on starting had been made a little more explicit and clear, but we suppose a desire not to confine or cripple the action of an important official stayed the hands of our legislators. Some people contended that Mr. McGeorge should have kept his horses at the post for some indefinite time, an hour or more, and that he had no business to use a discretion in the matter. We must say that this is precisely what the rule appears to us to do, and so seemed the Stewards to be of opinion, for, as we have said, they disallowed Blanton's objection. On the heels of this came another. Placida, Dalham, Trappist, and Thunderstone meeting in the Rous Stakes promised us an interesting race, though a shade of odds on the Oaks winner appeared to make it a certainty for her. Dalham, after the temper he exhibited in the Stakes, was fought shy of by the public, though he was on his favourite distance and was wonderfully well in. To the surprise of most, Placida was beaten at the foot of the hill, and Dalham coming to the front, was followed by Thunderstone, the two joining issue halfway up and running home almost locked together, Dalham swerving in the last hundred yards or so, and unquestionably boring Thunderstone on to the rails, the Duke of Westminster's horse winning by a head. On returning to scale Morbey lodged an objection against the winner for foul riding, and though, in our opinion, Constable could not help it and was unable to prevent Dalham swerving, yet there was no doubt that by the horse doing so Thunderstone was hindered from making the effort he might; so Dalham was disqualified and the race given to Thunderstone, who ran a wonderfully game horse, and never flinched or evinced the slightest inclination to show the white feather under the boring process he was subjected to. We have never been great admirers of Mr. Alexander's big horse, but must confess he impressed us by his performance that day. We shall not be at all surprised to see him prove himself a Cup horse some day. He is evidently improving, and as his great frame wants time we shall probably not see him at his best until next year.

But we had not done with objections yet. After Ersilia had won the Brighton Club Stakes, though only by a head in front of Preciosa, the last race of the day, a Welter Handicap made up on the course, brought out four runners, and one would have thought that there was not much to quarrel about over them. However, so it was; for, at the bottom of the hill, Inglewood Ranger appeared to be winning in a canter, until Constable brought up Father Mathew, and the two went at it ding-dong, the latter winning by a head. On returning to scale, Goater lodged an objection to Father Mathew on the ground of a jostle; and on the Stewards going into it the next day at Lewes, they decided that Goater had proved his case, and awarded the race to Inglewood Ranger. Moreover, they cautioned Constable to be more careful for the future, without imputing any intentional action on his part to interfere with Mr. Savile's horse. We suppose the Stewards thought it their duty to give this caution; but at the same time, as every one knows, a better-conducted jockey, or one more straightforward or correct in his conduct, there is not on the Turf. Others might have been 'cautioned' with much more reason than Constable.

We did not see very much of Lewes, therefore our account must be brief; for writing about what we know little of is one of the most wearisome of occupations, besides being a fraud on our readers. Suffice it to say that Mousquetaire after spoiling the De Warrenne Handicap, won it, but not without a severe struggle with old Templar, who ran even better than he did at Brighton, when Caramel beat him by a head. Some people thought Mousquetaire won with a little to spare, but Archer was very glad to get home, we fancy, and, say what we will, a head is—supposing you have a bit up your

sleeve—drawing it a little too fine. Redwing showed us what a lot of good horses Lord Falmouth has got, for she won the rich Astley Stakes, beating Lady Lumley, Bab-at-the-Bowster filly, Dunmow, Insulaire, &c., in a common canter, and Red Gauntlet and Harbinger followed up their Brighton victories. It was a good day, the first, for backers, and yet by an irony of fate, we know several good men who went wrong. Why it was and is we cannot well explain, but the fact remains that when favourites win, some men, and men, too, of knowledge and experience, manage to miss them. We believe that with some people there is such a thing as 'ill-luck,' and that when lovely Thais sits beside them in the shape of Mousquetaires, Redwings, and Red Gauntlets, they will *not* take the goods the gods provide them. Why they do not, is one of the mysteries of racing, but that they do not is as certain as that we sit in the particular chair we are now doing. It is 'luck.' The second day of Lewes we know nothing about. Our readers have read all about it in the usual channels of information, and will have seen how Finis did not win, and how Rylstone did, the Lewes Handicap. We were among other scenes and pastures.

'There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.'

There is a counterpart to it in Kent—with the leave of Mr. Tennyson. No 'swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,' it is true, because, strictly speaking, there is no glen for anything to slope across, but ours is a vale of rich pastures and sedgy waters, of fields where cattle stand for Cooper to paint, of brooks that, like the Laureate's,

'Chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
And bubble into eddying bays,
And babble on the pebbles.'

A valley of many waters, indeed a 'many fountain'd Ida,' where there is beauty of all kinds, and into which, we trust, no 'evil-hearted Paris' brought grief and disappointment. And what did we do in our valley? Well—we played, not exactly Idalian games, but polo and lawn tennis; nor were our prizes exactly golden apples, but something that both brave and fair seemed to value as highly. It was a tournament, too, of beauty as well as polo, and the fair maids of Kent held the lists against all comers. They were hardly pressed once or twice, but their queen and hostess was a tower of strength, and, in the opinion of the judges, they remained at the close of the day mistresses of the field. They had squires of degree to do their bidding, and some of them did the bidding of the squires. How charming was it to see (and some, perchance, who read these pages will recall with pleasure the scene), when some half-score of fair maids, who had been duly attended to at the banquet board, merrily donned cuffs and aprons, or whatever could be found as substitutes, and in their turn waited dutifully on their squires! And what charming handmaidens they made, and how well they looked after any special favourite! *Ter quaterque beatus* was he. And there were other things, all equally pleasant, which cannot be written in this book. It was a day apart to be marked with the whitest of stones,—and there was a night too.

Back into the din and tumult of the world; back to shuntings and sidings—to crowded trains and roaring stations—to bad language in a harsh dialect—to unsavoury humanity whose aim and object seem the 'besting' each of

his neighbour. Back to the grimy, coaly north, to Stockton-on-Tees, where they know nothing about Italian valleys, and do not believe in Kent or hop gardens. 'English papers, captain!' said a south-country racing follower, at Stockton, with severe irony, handing us the 'D. T.' and the 'Sportsman' as he spoke. There is a feeling certainly of being out of England in some of these northern cities; and, delightful as broad Yorkshire is, and pleasant as are the ways of old Ebor, it is our hard lot chiefly to see the coaly and grimy aspect of the shire, and, except for old Ebor aforesaid, to associate it with smoke and tall chimneys, belching furnaces and desolation. There is a country-side in Yorkshire, of course; there are green lanes and secluded dells, quiet spots on its seaboard where you can enjoy nature without fiddling, and sit with Amaryllis in the shade without a thousand eyes looking on. There is Saltburn, for instance, before mentioned in these columns, but there, unfortunately, there is no Amaryllis; still, if you require absolute quiet and repose with no excitement beyond the table d'hôte at the Zetland and the staid tone that pervades its drawing-room, you may pass a week there pleasantly. Only the weather must be fine, which was not the case on the occasion of our visit this year. To be within sight of the far-resounding, and only to hear it, is tiresome. A 'sea fret' enveloped that portion of the coast of Yorkshire for some days, and Huntcliff looming through the mist was what we saw most mornings when we drew our curtains. So Saltburn was not quite as charming as last year. Its resources, to say the truth, are of an extremely mild kind, and, as we have just hinted, the society you meet there has few charms. We should say a small flirtation would be an impossibility, for there are no young women, and frisky matrons are unknown. A decent dullness is Saltburn's normal condition; and when to this is added bad weather, the situation becomes grave. Even Stockton Races are hailed as an agreeable change—and this fact speaks volumes.

Not that we have anything to say against them *qua* races. The sport this year was better than we had anticipated, though no great class of horse ran there. If we have but moderate horses in the south, there are unquestionably very moderate ones in the north. K. G. must be a bad one, and yet they say he can do all they ask him at home. Here he could not beat Jagellon, who, though he once did defeat Silvio, cannot be accounted as anything but a very moderate horse. That Northern Leger at Stockton has often been fruitful in surprises, and it kept up its character when Jagellon defeated K. G. by a neck. 'The spots' were in great force on the first day, Lord Zetland winning three races with Spinster, Canute, and Spiegelschiff. The first ought to have been backed, but was not—why, we hardly know, except that there was an impression she had lost her form. But she had form enough to beat Aragon, and a couple of plating two-year-olds in the Trial Stakes. Then Canute, a good-looking son of Speculum, and that good mare Mysotis, won the Cleveland Stakes, beating no great form it is true; and Speigelschiff made an example of her field in the Harry Fowler Plate, for which Grand Planeur was second. The journey between Saltburn and Stockton was, by-the-way, much easier of accomplishment than formerly, thanks to Lord Zetland's special, which he courteously permitted ourselves and some friends at the Zetland to use. The train drew up at a siding close to the course, and there we found it each day on the return journey, thus avoiding Stockton town and the roughs. The second day there was better weather, and Mr. Tom Green of Beverly had it a good deal to himself with some of these useful animals he contrives to pick up. Aragon, Aurelia, Gwendoline, &c. The best thing of the afternoon, however—so everybody thought—was Margarita, in the

Garbutt Welter, and she got beaten—and well beaten too—by Datura. The Hardwicke Stakes did not go to Whitewall with Flashman (by-the-way, who names Mr. Bowes's horses?) as anticipated. He was said to have been well tried with Twine the Plaiden, but he found the T. Y. C. too far for him, and was beaten by a colt by Adamas out of Remnant, who is probably another member of the moderate division. The Katherine Logie colt showed some improvement on his previous running at Liverpool, &c., when he beat Necklace in the Lambton Plate, and the win of Jagellon we have already referred to. Mrs. Pond ran badly in the race, and the favourite Mavis is clearly no stayer. We got rather tired of the sport by the time the third day arrived, and don't think we could have stood a fourth, for there really was nothing to interest us in the slightest degree. Flashman ran again in the Zetland Biennial, the five furlongs of which would, it was thought, suit him better than the T. Y. C., but he was beaten by Hazelnut by a head. He was not particularly well ridden—but some of the jockeys in the north are like the horses they ride, moderate. The Cup was declared by the knowing people to be real goods for Umbria, who was supposed to have been specially reserved for this trophy. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the northern horses, or tactics, to know if this is true; but, however, Umbria was backed for pounds, shillings and pence—Twine the Plaiden, who looked remarkably well, being also strongly supported. Umbria ran shockingly, was first beaten, and Twine the Plaiden came in nearly alone. Garterless, who was second to Canute in the Cleveland Stakes on the first day, won the Elton Juvenile easily enough, and Kirtling got beaten in the Hunter's Stakes by Anacreon—whereupon Mr. Barnes, who rode Kirtling, treated us to an objection, and a very frivolous one to boot, a charge of foul riding. No doubt Mr. Barnes was chagrined at being beaten, for it did look a very good thing for the horse, but he should have thought twice before he objected. The Stewards overruled it at once: and while they were going into the matter, and Mr. Johnson had been summoned before them to bear testimony, the horses were at the post for the Grand Stand Stakes, and Major Dixon—time being up—of course started them. The consequence was that directly Gwendoline, to the delight of her numerous backers, cantered in, there arose a cry of 'Where is the Judge?' Mr. Johnson was not in the box: he was still with the Stewards. Here was a pretty thing for Gwendoline's backers—but of course it was no race, and the horses again went to the post, being joined on this occasion by Macksicar, a filly who had weighed out previously, but had taken such a time about it, that she only emerged from the paddock to see the horses in the false start, or rather false race, coming up the course. Now she joined them a fresh horse, but in our opinion she ought not to have been allowed to go to the post. There is great laxity everywhere, we are sorry to say, in the weighing-room, and jockeys weigh out long past the hour they ought. In this instance, Macksicar was proceeding to the post a little *past* the time the race was set for, and we were not late either. However, no one objected, and Macksicar won in a canter, but if Mr. F. Bates had been so inclined, he had valid grounds for an objection. This little affair did not tend to the harmony of the afternoon, and though Perkin Warbeck won the Middlesborough Handicap, yet still we thought of our Gwendoline. Perhaps Mr. Beaumont thought of her too, but we also think he knew of Macksicar.

The Zetland did not detain us long in its chaste embraces. The weather was too horrible, and as the burden of a popular song does not apply to Saltburn manners and customs, we shook the 'fret' from our garments, and made

tracks for old Ebor. We left some friends behind, for one of whom Saltburn, we have reason to believe, relaxed its rigid rule,—but this is by the way. Dear old Ebor was clothed in the same watery dress as Saltburn, but it was more bearable within the walls than by the sad sea waves. There were familiar faces in the Club, a sort of Regent Street flavour about Stonegate and Coney Street, and Harker's was dissipated. The Greys were in barracks, and there were the same faultless little figures flitting about the Minster, at the hour of prayer, that we always expect to see at York. The only unfamiliar thing was the new station, which is a terrible place, requiring a deal of doing. It seemed to us a little over-grand and ambitious, more than York wants, but we suppose the directors know best. It is more than some of the officials know, for on coming away from York, we were coolly told by a young man in the parcel office, that there was no such train as the one (the 9.15) we were going to travel by. His ignorance and audacity fairly took our breath away, but we spared him on account of his youth, and did not report him to Mr. Cockshott. But let him beware.

It is a trite observation now that we don't get the good sport at York we used to have. Ten or twelve years ago what fields there were, when the Great Ebor and the Great Yorkshire were events that men talked about, beforehand and after the result. Somehow the August meetings of the last few years, enjoyable as they have been regarded in the light of social reunions, have hardly been racing successes. Why this is we hardly know, for there is plenty of money, and there used to be plenty of horses, but in this respect Yorkshire is not what it once was. The fields on Knavesmire were not bad, but somehow there was a flatness about the whole affair, only relieved by one or two good finishes and a genuine Great Yorkshire surprise. Lady Golightly was the worst favourite of the lot in the Yorkshire Oaks, Muscatel and Helena. It is true that at first Lord Falmouth's mare, who had much improved in appearance since Goodwood, was as good a favourite as Muscatel, but people were shy of backing her, and she retreated to 5 to 2. But the mare is evidently coming back to her form, and meeting two non-stayers she won in a canter. Muscatel looked well half a mile from home, and was pulling Bruckshaw out of the saddle, but directly she had done pulling she had done racing. The Convivial was booked to Lord Falmouth by general consent with Redwing, but she found a nut too hard to crack in the well-bred Fair Lyonesse of Mr. Cartwright's, to whom she was giving 10 lbs. It was a splendid race from the distance, Fair Lyonesse having a little the best of it, when Archer called on Redwing, and after an exciting finish, Mr. Johnson could not separate them. They agreed to divide, however, and Redwing walked over. If it does take a little from the latter's reputation, it must be remembered that 10 lbs. is a good deal to concede to a smart filly such as Mr. Cartwright's probably is. She was said not to be as fit as she might have been made, and if that is the case her performance is more meritorious. There was a surprise in store for the Heath House stable in the Lonsdale Plate, which Kitty Sprightly, heretofore considered a half-miler, won very easily. The Bradgate Park went also to Mat's stable with Good Thing, so there was quite a plethora of success, which Mat was not there to see, he being at home looking after Silvio. But no doubt it was agreeable getting the telegrams. Strathmore won the North of England Biennial from Wood Anemone, but in very slovenly style, and Queen Mary had some difficulty in beating the very moderate Prince of Orange in the Produce Stakes.

Wednesday, the Great Ebor day, was one to be remembered. We have had

bad Legers, and bad Derbys, and we have seen Knavesmire pretty holding, but we don't recall such a downpour and such a sea of mud and water as fell to our lot that afternoon. Still there was no falling-off in the attendance, not one man, woman, or child the less, we feel convinced, despite the weather. That wonderful Yorkshire crowd which will go through so much where a race is concerned, particularly a race which they regard as ranking next to the Leger and the Doncaster Cup. So there they were standing well up to their ankles in water, soaked through the great majority of them, for umbrellas were useless. And of course this state of things settled Hampton's fate and the fate of his backers. Be he as good a horse as there was in training, it was too much to ask him to do, to go through this mud with 9 st. 3 lbs. on his back; Glendale too was out of it, for he was known not to like heavy going, so the question was what would win. Clearly one of the light-weights, and Il Gladiatore, who had been the firmest in the market the previous night at Harker's, seemed likely to be the one. He was 'a whistler' though, and this did not look a day for a horse with an infirmity of that sort. Escort for an hour before the race was in great demand, and came to 7 to 1. He is a moderate horse, but was favourably in, and his stable were confident he would like the ground. Mrs. Pond was backed by the clever people. It was known she could stay if her boy Collins could only stay as well, a doubtful point. Hampton was at 9 to 4 when the flag fell, and backers might have got 10 to 4 if they had wanted, but his case seemed more hopeless every moment. Still the horse was very well, his field very moderate, and his backers did not quite despair. Escort made running at as good a pace as the ground would permit, and Mrs. Pond and Il Gladiatore were pretty close to him. About four furlongs from home Escort retired, and Mrs. Pond and Il Gladiatore were left in command. It was at this point that Hampton came to the front, and for a moment or two revived his backers' hopes; but he dropped back, and the two light-weights came on clear of their horses, Mrs. Pond with the lead, which Il Gladiatore wrested from her opposite the Stand and won cleverly by a neck. Little Collins tired to nothing on Mrs. Pond, or it might have been a very near thing indeed, perhaps the judge's fiat reversed. Previous to this, Strathfleet had shown herself a good mare by the way in which she beat Fair Lyonesse in the Filly Sapling Stakes, and Sunray won the Ebor St. Leger, Sugarloaf to the surprise of most people running badly. It is to be borne in mind, however, that much of the running at York on the two last days ought to be looked upon with great suspicion. We mean that in all probability it was not true running, and people who read 'the book' alone, may come to grief in the future if they go by it. That improving horse the Hawthorn Bloom colt, one of the handsomest two-year-olds out, won the Prince of Wales Stakes very easily. He was amiss at Goodwood, but now looked a different horse, and King Val, the Brighton winner, was never in the race with him.

The skies cleared on Thursday, but the ground was in much the same condition—perhaps, if anything, a little more holding. The Colt Sapling Stakes introduced to us a beautiful Rosicrucian in Beauclerc, who had previously won at Redcar, a very true-shaped colt with all the quality of his sire about him. He beat Cavour, who the day before had won the Biennial, like a racehorse, coming out when Bruckshaw called upon him, and winning in a canter. He was bred by Mr. W. l'Anson, and was sold to Mr. Perkins at Doncaster for 1,050 guineas. He probably is as good as he looks, and in him and the Hawthorn Bloom colt, the north has something to do battle with next year. Hampton, as might have been expected, was an

absentee from the Cup, which was a match between Skylark and Thorn, the former receiving 3 lbs. Odds were laid on Skylark at the opening of the betting; but Thorn, who was reported as very well, was in such favour that even money was taken at the close. On paper there did not seem much in it, but in reality Skylark had it all his own way, and could have left Thorn at any moment. Lord Falmouth's horse won very easily, and we expect Mr. Batt's good horse has seen his best day. The Gimcrack Stakes was noteworthy for the *début* of Mr. James Lowther, as an owner of a racehorse, and for his very popular win. We believe the colours of the Hon. Member for York have been seen at the Swinton Club and some hunt meetings, but this was the first time they had gladdened the eyes of his constituents. At the next meeting of the Gimcrack Club the health of the winner will, we feel sure, be drunk with more than ordinary enthusiasm, and we trust he has in King Olaf, who is well named, as he is by Kingcraft out of the Rover's Daughter, one as good as he deserves to have. The Great Yorkshire, that race so fruitful in surprises, added yet another to the list. In the first place, we hardly expected half-a-dozen runners, but Constantine and First Spring put in an appearance, and Lady Golightly—who was, we believe, under orders for Newmarket after she won the Oaks—came to the post, Mat Dawson begging Lord Falmouth to run her again, seeing she had already run well. Sleipnir, however, had proved himself so much the best of the two at home that Lord Falmouth, contrary to his usual custom, declared to win with him, and Archer being offered his choice unhesitatingly chose him. Sleipnir indeed was intended to be about the best thing of the meeting, and though his public form was nothing very grand—third to Glen Arthur and Strathmore at Ascot—yet the public laid laid 6 to 5 on him eagerly. We suppose it was the old story, the ground (by-the-way, our readers must be as tired of the word as we are), for Sleipnir never seemed able to go, and Lady Golightly coming to the front round the bend easily disposed of Sunray and Albert Edward, and won in a canter. There was then such a rush to be on her for the Leger. People said it would be a case of Achievement over again, and hastened to take 1,000 to 80; such a good judge as Colonel Forester writing it down to that figure for some money. Lord Falmouth was, we have reason to know, much astonished at the result, and, without wishing to detract from Lady Golightly's win, we may remark that she beat nothing, supposing that Sleipnir could not act on the soft ground. We have the greatest respect, in common with most racing men, for Colonel Forester's judgment, and he says Lady Golightly will win the Leger. We can't quite follow him, but we may remark that in the pages of 'Our Van' for the month of May, we ventured on a prophecy, three parts in jest and the remaining part in earnest, that Lady Golightly would win the Derby. If Colonel Forester is right, we were only a little premature.

For the rest, York was rather dull we thought: but with such weather as prevailed, we may perhaps be excused for so thinking. There was less 'go' about the place than usual, less doing in every way. Then we missed many familiar faces. Sir George Wombwell, Sir George Armytage. Mr. Henry Darley, Sir John Astley, Mr. Fitzroy, Captain Batchelor, Mr. Chaplin, &c. &c. There was some Leger betting, Mr. Steel delivering some heavy shots against Chamant, and Plunger being evidently the coming horse. A good deal of mystery enveloped both, and what they were really doing in the way of work was a much-debated point. We are not going to venture on a Leger prophecy this time. Much too difficult ground to go lightly over: we must leave to the plungers the solution of the mystery.

Our remarks in last month's magazine on the subject of the Goodwood handicapping were fully justified by the results of the racing. The veriest tyro in Turf matters could not possibly have read through the handicap for the Stewards' Cup, without being aware that a weight had been apportioned to Mousquetaire fully 21 lbs. below that to which his running on the same course entitled him. Much rubbish has been written on the subject of forestalling owners, but we contend that with really good handicaps forestalling would disappear. The takers of 10 to 1 about Mousquetaire knew well enough that they were in reality backing a double event, viz., the ability of the horse to win, and the intention of his owner to run him. With such backers we do not sympathise, because they acted with their eyes open; nor have we any right to find fault with Mousquetaire's owner if he preferred 'no bread' to the half loaf that he might have enjoyed had he seen fit to send him to the post. But we contend that the whole mischief is upon the shoulders of the handicapper. Had he given Mousquetaire 8 st. 5 lbs. instead of 7 st. 5 lbs., the owner would have been allowed to back him at a fair price, and he would have won in a canter. As it is, no one is satisfied, and the cry has been repeatedly raised that until we have our handicaps properly made, the Turf cannot be deemed to be in a healthy state.

One interesting event of the cricket season was the Oxford and Cambridge Jubilee dinner on the 27th June, at the hotel in Cannon Street, suggested by the Rev. C. Bere in the 'Field,' called a Jubilee, because fifty years are completed since the two elevens first met in 1827, though the annual series dates only from 1836. This great day that promises to excite thousands a yearly treat of play, picnics, and pretty girls, has a truly ecclesiastical origin. The Rev. Canon Ryle, who has flooded the world with the best of tracts, and the Rev. James Pycroft, whose 'Twenty years,' &c., is as much the best thing of the sort about the Church as his 'Cricket Field' is about cricket, mustered in 1836 an Oxford eleven to meet men known to fame, Charles Taylor, F. Ponsonby, and Broughton, at Lord's. Seven of the Oxford, and but for the recent demise of one, Lord Canterbury, seven of the Cambridge, it is believed, would still survive. There survive also four of the eleven of fifty years since with Bishop Wordsworth and Rev. J. Papillon. The said jubilee dinner was a success, with 160 players of the past, and Mr. Chitty, Q.C., as Chairman, ranged at table by the respective years of their play. The Rev. F. Wright and his son represented, respectively, the years 1829 and 1866.

Visitors at Brighton this year will observe that the Stanford Estate, the finest marine site in England, is rapidly covering with mansions. Brighton hitherto has been too lodging-house-upholsterer monopolised, such eligible houses as there were. Now one mansion is rising for one of the house of Barclay, and another for one of the house of Gurney, while all the sea front, with garden terrace and lawn, is extending to Cliftonville. At the same time, avoiding the vulgarity of common rinks, the Hove rink, both out doors and in, with an elegant pavilion near the cricket ground, provides skating, lawn tennis, and a fashionable *rendezvous* for ladies and gentlemen 'proper'—'No others need apply.' This is as it should be. So exhilarating an amusement, pity 'tis should be vulgarised and tabooed.

We have heard more than once lately of great wonders being worked at the Granville Hotel, St. Lawrence-on-Sea. The ruling spirit of the undertaking, Mr. Davis, is evidently the right man in the right place, and we congratulate him upon the happy result of his good taste and enterprise. What

was but a short time back little better than a howling wilderness, has been transformed, like a scene in a pantomime, into a smiling garden, its promenade, extending along the whole length of the cliff, being second to none in the kingdom. In other respects the climax of luxury has indeed been achieved; and the idea of a continental residence can now be realised to one's heart's content. With sunny skies and soft sea breezes playing round us, what more pleasant retreat than the Granville. Stay, we had forgotten the courteous and obliging Master of the Horse, Mr. G. Wattson, who is always at his post, and ever ready to promote the enjoyment of visitors to the Isle of Thanet.

We are requested to state that Oliver Reeves, having terminated his engagement in France, is open to an engagement as private trainer. Apply, Oliver Reeves, East Street, Epsom, Surrey.

In common with a great many more people, we were under the impression that the stolen picture of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire was the only one of its kind in existence, and of priceless value. Strange to say, the real original picture of the Duchess has now turned up, and may be visited at the Gallery, 26 Savile Row, where the history of this portrait, as well as the duplicate picture which was lost, will be satisfactorily explained.

From the time Lord Falmouth won his first Derby with Kingcraft his popularity has gone on increasing, but when he carried off the honours this year with Silvio, this second triumph was even more warmly acknowledged than the first. With the aid of Harry Hall, Mr. Baily has had an admirable portrait of Silvio produced in the same style as previous Derby winners. As a *souvenir* of the great race of the year the picture is well worth preserving.

The present management of the Haymarket Theatre, in the absence of Mr. Buckstone, have not been particularly fortunate in the selection of 'Brass,' the new piece just brought out there. The humour is excessively strained, and what little plot there is is utterly devoid of interest. Mr. G. H. Rowe, in the principal part, does his best to infuse some vitality into the play, but to very little purpose. His talents are certainly more conspicuous as an actor than as an author.

We have been indulging in a new novel, 'Though Broken, Brave.' This is not the first attempt of the author, but we have not time to follow him step by step through the plot of the present story. All we need say is, he has done his work thoroughly well, and shows considerable knowledge of human nature. We can honestly recommend the book to our readers.

The show of horses in Kildare Street on the 21st of August was quite up to the average of Dublin shows in former years, both as to number and quality. There was indeed a great deal of rubbish, but there was also a number of very useful animals, especial of the lighter sort. Besides the nags for agricultural purposes, there were 498 horses of various descriptions exhibited, which were divided into twenty-two classes. The class for hunters equal to 15 stone and upwards, produced a triumph for the county Limerick. The winner, a powerful black gelding, was bought by Mr. John Gubbins two years ago at Cahirmee fair, and has since been constantly hunted by his hard-riding owner with the Limerick Staghounds. Mr. Sweeny's chestnut horse by William the Conqueror, showing a vast amount of quality for so strong a horse, was placed second, and a great welting chestnut by Mallet, belonging to Mr. Flynn, was third: the latter was purchased by Mr. Darby of Rugby for 400 guineas. In the class for hunters between 13 st. 7 lbs. and 15 st., as estimated by our Irish friends, but which according

to our English notions would not be considered to be up to so much weight by a stone, seventy-six horses competed, and amongst them were several of considerable merit. This prize went to Roscommon, being awarded to Capt. Balfé's chestnut gelding Rocket, five years old, by Fairy Saint.

Decidedly the best class in the show was that for light-weight hunters, in which there were ninety-seven entries. Amongst so many deserving ones the judges had a difficult task to pick out the best, but they ultimately went for Mr. Sweeny's brown gelding Nailor, five years old, by The Lawyer, Roscommon being again in the ascendant. There were not wanting persons round the ring who dissented from this decision, and would have given the preference to Mr. Hone's black gelding by Blood Royal, but all cannot be pleased. We do not intend to go through the various lots of young stock that were brought there, but we should be sorry to pass over without any mention a nice thick four-year-old filly by Janitor out of a thorough-bred mare, or a great up-standing three-year-old colt by Rouge Sanglier, likely to make a grand weight-carrying hunter, which were out and out the best in their respective classes.

The prices asked for horses on the judging day were so extravagant that but few sales were effected, and those that came under our notice were at prices all but prohibitory. An offer by an agent of the Empress of Austria of 400 guineas for a black horse, which was only a light-weight horse, was refused!

It is with much pleasure that we notice the publication of Mr. R. E. Egerton-Warburton's 'Hunting Songs.' Out of every ten men who can ride or run with hounds, we doubt whether there is one who can describe the sport in prose—certainly not one in a hundred who can do so in readable rhyme. Under these circumstances it is refreshing to turn to such poems as 'Farmer Dobbin,' 'Farwood,' or 'Old Oulton Lowe' for a record of facts that will live long after the sportsmen therein mentioned have passed away. Still more valuable to those of the old school of foxhunters will be the records of the Tarporley Hunt, and the song of the same name written in 1833, with its refrain of 'Quæsitum meritis,' will in our opinion bear comparison with anything from the pen of either Whyte-Melville, or Bromley Davenport; and we admit that this is 'praise indeed.'

The yearling sales at Doncaster promise to be unusually large, and Mr. Tattersall and Mr. Pain will have their hands full on the four days. Among the numerous lots we have a good account of Lord Bateman's seven by The Palmer, Prince Charlie, Moulsey, &c. Court Beauty, a chestnut filly by Prince Charlie out of Miss Livingstone (Blenheim's dam) ought to race if there is anything in breeding, and she will be found not to bely her name. A chestnut colt by The Palmer out of Delilah, and one by Lecturer from Belle Sauvage, are also we hear very promising. Moulsey, also, is to be offered for sale. He was a wonderfully good horse in his day, and good too at all distances.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Edward Studd, at Tedworth House a few weeks ago, recalls the time when he returned to this country after some years' passed in the lucrative occupation of a coffee planter in Ceylon, and immediately began to take an interest in hunting and steeple-chasing. How well we remember that splendid meeting of the Grand National Hunt at Burton Lazarus in the heart of the modern Quorn, where we first saw Mr. Studd's colours, and when they won on Cooksborough, ridden by Frank Loton. The row about the fiver for ex.'s, and the subsequent disqualification of Cooksborough—hard lines as it was for Mr. Studd

—are matters of history. However, soon after this he won the same prize with Shengarry; but it was in 1866 that he made his mark, when he won the Liverpool with Salamander, a 50 to 1 outsider, with which he gave the ring such a dressing as they never forgot—the sight of Mr. Studd's colours for the future, on anything, no matter what it was, being quite sufficient to make a favourite of him. Then he had a row with the Epsom Grand Stand proprietors, to which we owe the high-level course; and then he 'took religion,' as they say in Ireland. Moody and Sankey had the credit of his conversion, which was doubtless sincere. For the last few years he may be said to have given up the world, and he passed his time in endeavours to turn others to his peculiar views.

We saw in the 'Times' lately the death of Charles Cooper Henderson, the well-known painter of coaching and road scenes, whose pictures at the late exhibition in Bond Street were the gems of the collection. His loss is to be much regretted. It is not too much to say that what Mr. Apperley's (Nimrod's) pen did for the road, was equally well done by Mr. Henderson's brush. For spirit and truth of detail he was unrivalled, and his pictures now will have a double value and be counted as treasures in every sportsman's home.

The colours of Sir Williamson Booth have so rarely of late years been seen on the turf, that to the rising generation they are probably unknown. The news of his death, which took place after a brief illness at his seat, Paxton Park, Huntingdonshire, on the 26th ult., will recall to older racing men his winning the Cesarewitch with Artless in 1859. He never had many horses, and of late years directed his leisure more to farming and fattening stock than to sporting pursuits. He was a pretty regular exhibitor at Islington, and had his share, we believe, of prizes. For some years a Newmarket *habitué*, the Rutland saw him for the last time in 1873, and, if our memory serves, the last appearance of his colours was at Reading the same year on Marlow, a horse that afterwards became the property of his relative, the late Mr. Vane. Kind-hearted and hospitable, liking nothing better than to see Paxton filled with guests, he will be much missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Mr. William Gaskell, whose death we noticed in the last 'Van,' was a great ally of Squire Osbaldeston. During the time that the latter hunted the Pytchley country they kept house together at Pitsford, near Northampton. Upon one occasion, when out with the hounds, the Squire used very strong language to his friend, so much so that Mr. Gaskell said that he should remove his horses to Grantham. When Mr. Gaskell got back to Pitsford he found a scrap of paper upon the table with these words written upon it, 'If you are of the same mind as you were this morning, I suppose I had better not come to dinner.—G. O.' Mr. Gaskell wrote upon the back, 'If you are in the same temper as you were this morning I think you had better not.—W. G.' The Squire came to dinner nevertheless, and they were as good friends as ever.

Constantly as we all pass the Cocoa Tree, in St. James's Street, probably few of us think that it is one of the oldest clubs, or rather 'chocolate houses' or 'coffee houses' as they were called one hundred and fifty years ago, in London. White's was, we believe, in existence then, and there were the St. James's, the Smyrna, and the British. What connection there was between the beverage and the principles we know not, but the Tory's drank chocolate, and the Whigs were addicted to coffee, and the Cocoa Tree was the headquarters of high Toryism, where they drank the health of 'the king over the

'water' oftener than they did that of King George. The Cocoa Tree became a club as far back as 1746, but it long retained and does still retain a good many of the features of the old chocolate house. Its members no longer talk treason, nor does one man win a hundred thousand from another at a sitting, as Horace Walpole records, but we believe it is a very sociable body, and it is great at billiards. The Secretary of the Cocoa Tree, Captain North Daniel, has compiled some interesting particulars respecting this relic of old days.

It has been said that English journalism is getting Americanised, that is to say that attacks on character, a prying curiosity into the details of men and women's private lives, and unblushing personalities are found to pay by journals of a high class. That the tone of journalism has changed within the last quarter of a century, it would be idle to deny, and that there are some grounds for the allegation above mentioned would be difficult to contradict. Indeed within the last fortnight, everybody who cares for the character of the English press must have been scandalised and disgusted by an article in a London weekly paper, written in the first person avowedly by the proprietor and editor, of such a nature as to throw into the shade the most scurrilous attack on private character that ever appeared in the most 'rowdy' of American newspapers. The truth or falsehood of the article in question is not the point, though, seeing the quarter from whence it emanates, we should have little difficulty in appraising it at its proper value; but that a man of a certain status, clever though unscrupulous, should have so prostituted his pen, and taken advantage of his position to pour forth a flood of vituperation on a gentleman with whom he had had a quarrel, such as Bernard Gregory in the columns of the 'Satirist' never used, is a slur and reflection on English journalism that seems to call for some protest. We do not think so much of the intense vulgarity of the whole affair, the bringing of a lady's name into the unseemly row, &c., because that is the writer's business, and he acts according to his lights. But when he uses a paper of which he is the responsible editor and proprietor, as a vehicle for coarse rancorous abuse of some one he hates or is hostile to, he seeks to lower the character of journalism, and to make some of the mud with which he so freely bespatters others cling to it. But we trust the world will justly judge between it and him.

We rarely prophesy, but are tempted to deviate from this rule, as we have received a hint from our old Kisser friend to say a good word for Plunger. So we venture to herald the son of Adventurer as the winner of the Leger of 1877.

BAILY'S

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OCTOBER, 1877.

VOL. XXXI.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

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1877.

DIARY FOR OCTOBER, 1877.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	M	Streatham, Kelso, and Market Rasen Races.
2	Tu	Nottingham, Kelso, Godstone and Tichborne Down Races.
3	W	Nottingham and Edinburgh Races. Stranraer Coursing Meeting.
4	Th	Sir Thos. B. Lennard's Annual unreserved Sale of Hunters at Belhus near Rainham. Leicester and Hampton Autumn Races.
5	F	Leicester and Hampton Races. Tunbridge Wells Agricultural
6	S	Reading Hop Fair. [Show.
7	S	NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
8	M	Newmarket Second October Meeting. Middle Salop Coursing Meeting.
9	Tu	Newmarket Races. Mid-Annandale and Beckhampton Coursing Meetings.
10	W	Newmarket and Chesterfield Races. Weyhill Fair.
11	Th	Newmarket Races.
12	F	Newmarket, Bromley, and Thirsk Races.
13	S	
14	S	TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
15	M	[Coursing Meeting.
16	Tu	Croydon, Coventry, and Newcastle Races. South of England
17	W	Croydon, Coventry, and Newcastle Races. [Coursing Meeting.
18	Th	Bromley and Sandown Park Races. South Essex Club
19	F	Sandown Park, Northallerton, and Bromley Races.
20	S	Northallerton Races. Hereford Fair.
21	S	TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
22	M	Newmarket Houghton Race Meeting. [Meeting.
23	Tu	Newmarket Races. South Lancashire and Lichfield Coursing
24	W	Newmarket Races. Ripon Coursing Meeting.
25	Th	Newmarket and Cheltenham Races. Sussex Club Coursing
26	F	Newmarket Races. [Meeting.
27		Newmarket Races.
28	S	TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
29	M	[Meeting.
30	Tu	Worcester and Brighton Races. Border Union Coursing
31	W	Worcester and Lincoln Races. South Lincolnshire Coursing Meeting.



Quintin

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

07

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

THE subject of our present memoir was born in the year 1841, and is son of the 13th Earl of Huntingdon, who married Elizabeth Power, daughter of Richard Power, Esq., of Clashmore, County Waterford. He succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1875; and is J.P. and D.L. for the County Waterford, and J.P. for the King's County.

As a boy Lord Hastings showed early signs of delicacy, owing to which cause his early education was intrusted to the hands of private tutors, he afterwards matriculating at Christ Church, Oxford.

In 1867 he married Anne Wilmot, daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. J. C. Westenra, of Sharavogue, King's County, and then returned to reside at White Church, in his native county of Waterford, where he hunted a pack of harriers for that and the following year, then changing to the pursuit of fox, and continuing to show his friends and followers admirable sport in those parts till the year 1871; Lord Waterford then hunting for one year this portion of the country in conjunction with his own, after which Sir J. Nugent Humble took the horn, and has since held the command. An opportunity now presenting itself to hunt the Ormond and King's County Hunt, Lord Hastings came to live in Sharavogue, the seat of his father-in-law, and in 1872 commenced operations in this region, where for very many years Colonel Westenra, and also his father, Lord Rossmore, had maintained their hunting establishments in that condition which placed them at the top of the Irish tree during their respective terms of office. Till 1875 he continued to hunt the Ormond and King's County countries three days a week, but he then gave the Ormond portion to Mr. William French, still continuing to hunt the King's country as a two-day-a-week country, and this he does with a 'lady pack,'

a level, handsome, and lively lot, well known for their agility, and of about a twenty-two inch average. Since 'the Earl' came first to the country, the sport he has always shown has been unquestionably second to none, and popular as he was at starting with all classes and denominations in the different grades of society, his genial manner and open-handed liberality have long since secured the greatest affection for himself and his fair consort; the latter having an additional claim, if one was needed, to that affection, the memory of her much lamented father. Besides being an ardent lover of the chase, his lordship is a staunch patron and supporter of sport in all its legitimate branches, and as a coachman there are few men more at home behind a team of horses, at all local gatherings his coach and a full coach load being sure finds.

He is third peer of the realm, and a Conservative in politics; and perhaps, though far it may be looking into futurity, it is not beyond the limits of possibility that from the olive branches now rapidly springing up around him, a male scion may yet represent in the House of Commons that county for which his maternal grandfather for many sessions did honourable and faithful service to his constituents.

A TURF ACROSTIC.

1. Too long the gay banner was folded away,
The foremost to flaunt in a racing foray,
Ever over the Border upheld with acclaim :
2. Now proudly it flies, from the Newmarket 'cords'
To the far plains of Scotland; and well it accords
With the fairy-like colours that shine in my name.

1. Whether it covers the heart of oak,
Or the back of a four-year-old lately broke,
Inclined to be larky and shy in it :
The best we can wish to hero and horse,
Is, living to bear it without remorse,
Or, nobly dying, to die in it.
2. Of my syllable *first*, be the racer told
The less the better at two years old,
And the same, perchance, of my *second* :
My *whole*, prime qualification and rare,
When it comes to racing, of early care
The happy result may be reckoned.

3. If the way be long, if the wind be cold,
Let its welcome cover your limbs enfold,
And cherish the shivering knees ;
You'll be bound to confess, on the blasted Heath,
As you sit wrapped up to the skin of your teeth—
There's warmth in an Irish *frieze*.
4. The war cloud rolls from a startled glen,
And 'blare of bugles, clamour of men,'
Drown cries of the dead and dying :
But routed foes from yonder ridge
Turn eyes of grief to the famous bridge,
Where the Eagle's proudly flying.
5. Were ever a creature of hateful mien,
'Twere surely the shadow that knocks unseen,
Like death, at the spendthrift's wicket ;
The 'kind of a beggar' you can't refuse,
Nor muzzle, by way of a good excuse,
With a mild 'mendicity ticket.'
6. 'Tis heavy as lead, yet quick as thought ;
'Tis full of life, yet readily caught
For the gardener's inquisition ;
Of living, slowest among the slow,
Of things inanimate, made to go,
The model of expedition.
7. What is it?—only a shattered spar,
Spoil of the sea's everlasting war,
That the victor wave uplifting,
In wanton mockery of its woe,
Resistless tosses to and fro,
To the distant breakers drifting.
8. What are the 'chances of War' to him,
Careless whether he sink or swim
In its red advancing waters ;
When the glorious barrier, backward roll'd
On hinges of gold, shows wealth untold,
And visions of Eden's daughters ?
9. Bright region, not of the earth, whose air
Youth burns to breathe, ere age and care
His bosom have disenchanted ;
There tranced by Fiction's shadowy spell
We roamed at will, till Fancy fell
By sober Fact supplanted.

10. For the infant dying as soon as born,
 For the flower uprooted in life's young morn,"
 For the fading youth or maiden ;
 For the strong man withered in early bloom,
 For the patriarch passed to a welcome tomb
 With sorrow heavy laden.
11. A javelin's cast from the leagur'd wall,
 He summoned the burghers stout and tall
 With a blast from his trumpet slender :
 But scornfully backward the challenge they flung,
 And bastion, citadel, parapet rung
 With the answer of ' No surrender.'

AMPHION.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

CHAPTER IV.

' Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.'—VIRG.

HAVING resided the necessary number of terms required by the University, Russell now entered the Schools for his final examination, declaring, as he crossed the awful Quadrangle, that he felt at that moment ' very like Atlas, with a world of weight on his shoulders.' However that might be, the stock of erudition he had acquired at Tiverton stood him again in good stead, and enabled him, with a very small amount of previous preparation, to sustain the ordeal bravely. His ambition did not prompt him to go up for honours, nor did his name appear in the class list ; but, having satisfied the examiners and obtained his *testamur*, he turned his back on the Bodleian Library with a grateful and joyous heart.

That night, in accordance with an old University custom, the happy event was celebrated with a supper—a banquet worthy of Amphitryon ; and if, during the orgies that followed, the toast of fox-hunting, given with nine times nine and three cheers more, did not effectually wake up the Dons, not only of Exeter, but of Lincoln and Jesus, like Silenus of old, they must each have swallowed a magnum of port, or they never could have slept through such a din.

Once more, before he quits the University, but this time with a light and elastic step, if not ' with pride in his port,' he crosses that same Quadrangle, where

' Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head,'

to put on his Bachelor's gown ; and being soon afterwards nominated by the Rev. W. B. Stawell to the curacy of George Nympton—a rural parish, with a sparse population, near South Molton—he was ordained a deacon in 1819, and priest in the following year.

George Pelham, then Bishop of Exeter, performed the ceremony, in the Chapel Royal, London, where, notwithstanding the long double journeys by coach, and the expenses incidental thereto—a serious tax on a salary of 60*l.* a year—the young candidate was summoned to attend on each occasion.

‘The railway between Exeter and London has been a great boon to me,’ said the late Bishop of Exeter to his son, Charles Phillpotts, ‘for by it, not only do I save time, but I can now travel to town with the utmost comfort for a 5*l.* note, whereas formerly, by sleeping a night in Bath, and posting it the whole way, it cost me 50*l.*, and much fatigue on every journey.’

That still more primitive Churchman, the judicious Hooker, must have fared far worse than either of his clerical brethren, when he undertook a journey on foot from Oxford to Exeter, taking Salisbury on his way, to see his friend and patron, the good Bishop Jewel. The story is so quaintly told by that genial old fisherman, Izaak Walton, that not to quote the passage *verbatim* would be an injustice to the reader:—

‘At the bishop’s parting with him, the bishop gave him good counsel and his benediction, but forgot to give him money, which, when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him; and at Richard’s return, the bishop said to him, “Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease;” and presently delivered into his hand a walking staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, “Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse; be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop’s benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college; and so, God bless you, good Richard.”’

That Russell entered on the work of the ministry with a due sense of the sacred office and his own responsibility, will no doubt be charitably questioned by many, who have only heard of his fame in the hunting field. But, if an ever-earnest readiness to visit the sick and world-weary; to administer consolation to all who needed it; to relieve the wants of his poorer brethren, however poor himself; to preach God’s Word with the fervour, if not the eloquence, of a Bourdaloue; to plead in many a neighbouring pulpit, whenever invited to do so, the cause of hospitals and other charitable institutions, the funds of which never failed to derive substantial aid from his advocacy during a period of fifty years—if such things be of good report, and carry any weight, no human being can say of him—though he would be the first to say it of himself—that his mission as a Christian minister had been altogether that of an unprofitable servant.

It was only on the 14th of last July (1877) that Mr. Russell, now verging on his 82nd year, received a letter from the Rev. A. E. Seymour, the present vicar of Barnstaple, in which he invites him to come over and help him with a charity sermon, adding, 'Mr. Wallas (the late vicar) tells me you preached for the Blue-Coat School in this town fifty years ago, and thinks you would be willing to do so again next September. This I hope may be the case, and I know that many of my parishioners are hoping so too.'

Mr. Wallas also informs him that 'the receipts on that occasion were more than they have ever been since, except when, once, the late Bishop Phillpotts preached, and then his lordship's collection only exceeded yours by a few shillings.'

That gifted bishop, it will be remembered, was second to no man of his day, in point of powerful reasoning and persuasive eloquence; he had, too, the advantage of being a bishop—a dignitary formerly so seldom seen in those parts, that the country-people, according to Grose, in their eagerness to catch sight of him, left their milk-pans on the fire till the cream was 'smitched,' or perhaps burned; and hence the proverb, 'The bishop has put his foot in it.'

But to return to the subject of this memoir. Whatever Russell's shortcomings may have been, they at least must not be attributed to a neglect of the ordinary duties expected from a clergyman; for these, according to the light God has been pleased to give him, he has ever steadfastly endeavoured to fulfil; and so far, where is the man who can say more?

The public, doubtless, no longer extend to the clergy addicted to field sports the same toleration they were wont to show them in former times. Those times have indeed undergone a change; but, with latitudinarianism, if not infidelity, rampant on one side, and Ritualism on the other, sapping the very foundations of our Protestant Church, and creating a widespread, menacing cry for its disestablishment, it may well be doubted if either the cause of pure religion, or the social welfare of the country is likely to be benefited by such a change.

For instance, there are clergymen amongst us in the present day notoriously taking the pay of one Church and doing the work of another. Members, are they, of a secret society—Jesuits, it may be, in disguise—who, with 'The Priest in Absolution' in one hand, and a manual 'for the young' in the other, are inculcating the necessity of confession on children at the tender age of six or six and a half years; thus soiling the infant mind with the foulest suggestions, outraging the first instincts of English nature, and, as the Archbishop of Canterbury said, 'conspiring' against the doctrine, the discipline, and the practice of our Reformed Church.

'If a house be divided against itself,' we are told by Divine authority, 'it cannot stand'; neither shall the Church of England stand, as an Established Church, founded though she be on the 'Rock of Ages,' unless some vigorous measure be taken to check and repair effectually the internal schism thus rending her walls. A canker it is—to change

the metaphor—which, if the body would be saved, must be cut out speedily; and if the bishops deal too mildly with the dangerous sore, Parliament will assuredly step in and undertake the operation with a sharp knife and a rougher hand.

The hunting parson is, at least, no ‘conspirator’; and if he stand true to the colours under which he enlisted, conscientiously endeavouring to do his duty so far as light is given him to do it, who shall cast a stone at him for accepting the exhilarating and innocent recreation which Nature has given him a taste for, and which the charms of the country invite him to enjoy?

The truth is, the spirit of the Pharisee is too apt to warp not only our judgment but our charity; that of the writer, it may be, on the subject of enforced confession, and certainly that of the public on the hunting parson. It is a common fault with men, as Butler quaintly says, to

‘Compound for sins, they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.’

Gay, too, a poet whose gentle, kind spirit was rather that of the publican than the other, borrowing the very words of our Saviour, points out this propensity of man’s nature, in one of his best fables:

‘In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.’

If hunting in itself be no sin, then it is an innocent pastime; and if so, why, if their sacred duties be duly fulfilled, should clergymen be denied its enjoyment? Is it not an act of tyranny and asceticism to say to them—‘You are free to boat, shoot, fish, play cricket or ‘lawn-tennis, and ride—but not with hounds—no, that is a recreation ‘you shall not share with your fellow-men’?

But the French proverb, which says, *Qui s’excuse s’accuse*, must not be forgotten; and Russell himself would be the last to admit the need of apology on such a point. He would say what an old country clergyman, who had been scurrilously attacked for his love of the chase, said before him: ‘I only wish my hours of ‘recreation had all been spent as happily and as innocently as in the ‘hunting field; but point out to me the moral turpitude of hunting, ‘and I’ll never follow a hound again.’

To be planted as a curate on 60*l.* a year at George Nympton, and to vegetate like a cabbage among a scanty population, engaged chiefly in agricultural labour; to pass his days without one out-of-door occupation beyond that of paying an occasional visit to a suffering cottager or a busy farmer; to endure the solitude of an Eremité, compared with the lively, social scene he had so recently quitted, was a state of existence so little in accordance with the stirring aspirations of Russell’s mind, that the want of ‘something to ‘do’ became almost a torture to him.

Against books requiring close study his whole nature rebelled;

they had too long been his bane both at school and at college; and rather than be forced to read, he would almost have endured the pains of purgatory.

The God of Nature would surely never have given him that innate love for a sylvan life which possessed him even on entering the world, nor would He have blessed him with those eagle wings which have enabled him so long to enjoy it, if he had been intended for a recluse or a mere bookworm; for, as well might the spots of the bearded pard be expunged, as that instinct blotted out from Russell's nature.

Horace, amid the marble columns of Rome, though decorated with trees and evergreen shrubs intended to represent the country, still yearns after Lucretilis, his little farm in the Sabine hills, and exclaims—

‘Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.’

So with Russell; no change of circumstances, from a blue coat to a black one; from the freedom of a lay life to the restrictions of a clerical one; nothing short of a divine power could subdue that inborn tendency so strong within him; that love of hunting which grew with his growth, and gathered strength with his increasing years.

He had been but a short time in harness at George Nympton, when he was required by his rector, who was also curate of South Molton, to undertake the weekly duty of that parish besides that of his own. With this request he readily complied; and settling at South Molton, that being a convenient centre for his double work, he fulfilled the duties of both parishes for a considerable period; and this, too, with no little amount of additional labour, but without additional pay.

Nevertheless, had the sphere of his duty been quadrupled, the parochial work alone would still have been utterly insufficient to supply a man of Russell's powers with full occupation of body and mind. The early habits of his life, his wondrous energy, his muscular frame, the strength and endurance of which no fatigue seemed capable of subduing; and above all, that innate fire—his love, or to call it by its right name, his passion for the chase—combined irresistibly to suggest a stronger exercise than any he could find from the due fulfilment of parochial labour, however great that might be. So to hounds he turned—the summit to him of earthly enjoyment and manly recreation.

To hunt the otter, of all beasts of venerie the least known and the most inscrutable, was his first effort; and, for that purpose, a scratch lot of five or six couple of hounds were soon gathered from his neighbouring friends.

If, in adopting that particular recreation, his object were to keep his muscles in strong play, and at the same time to delight his eye with the beauties of Nature, so profusely lavished on the meads, the moors, and the combes of that picturesque country, he could scarcely have made a better choice. But, in all likelihood, the low condition

of his exchequer, coupled with that innate impulse which prompted him to long for the company of the hounds at all seasons of the year, had far more to do with it than a craving for mere bodily exercise or a love of scenery.

The hounds, it has been said, were a 'scratch lot,' and Russell, even then a somewhat experienced amateur, must have felt as little proud of them as Jack Falstaff did of the ragged scarecrows before whom he marched so unwillingly into the town of Coventry. However, if they had only fulfilled the adage of 'handsome is that 'handsome does,' he certainly would have been the last man to find fault with any amount of mere outward defects in size, shape, or comeliness of form.

But not so; there was scarcely a hound amongst them that would touch a trail; not one that would come to a mark and give him the slightest clue to the whereabouts of the hidden game; indeed, both his patience and energy were well-nigh exhausted by the continuous difficulty of holding them on a stream. Wander away they would, into every brake and cover on his line of march; and if perchance a fox or a hare could be raked up, from that moment farewell to the rioters and the chance of aquatic sport for the rest of the day.

'I walked three thousand miles,' said Russell (the country-people must have taken him for Van Wodenblock), 'without finding an otter; and although I must have passed over scores, I might as well have searched for a moose-deer.'

In failing, however, to make the acquaintance of that animal, his long tramps in quest of him did not, in one respect, prove altogether profitless; for then it was he acquired that rare knowledge of his country which ever since has remained, like an Ordnance map, imprinted on his memory. In after years, on many a starless night, with many a long mile between him and his kennels, through ravines dark as Erebus, through fords flooded by storms, over the pathless moor, by bog, fell, and precipice, that knowledge has done him good service, bringing him always, like the instinct of the carrier pigeon, safely to his home.

In clinging to the course of the rivers—a point of the first necessity in drawing for an otter—the scenery that met Russell's eye on every side must have mitigated, to some little extent, the daily chagrin he could not help feeling at not being able to find the game to blood his hounds. The farmers, too, that followed him, not getting their sport, would be sure to express their incredulity in the very existence of the animal; and the assurance that 'they had never 'seed no sich varmint up their bottoms' must have frequently grated on his ears during that long and profitless walk of three thousand miles.

Still, he was walking through an Arcadia. The meads, full of flowers, rivalling 'the mosaic of a Swiss meadow'; the woods and slopes, wild as fancy ever painted them; the hill-tops, clad with heather, bracken, and golden furze; the combes, luxuriant with a variety of ferns of exquisite form and beauty, the Queenly Osmunda being

among the number ; and, to crown all, even the bogs and brooks, mantling with the forget-me-not, which, by its soft, turquoise hue, might lead one to imagine their whole surface was studded with those precious stones.

Then there was the water-ousel, now dipping, and now running in search of its food, even while submerged, among the pebbles and sands of the silvery streams ; and more beautiful still, the lustrous kingfisher, glancing past him like a living emerald on lightning wings.

These were treats of Nature which proved a perpetual feast to Russell's eye ; but, though never considered either a *gourmand* or a *gourmet*, his appetite remained still unsatisfied ; the *pièce de résistance* was wanting, and until that was supplied he would be certain to regard the *menu* as still an imperfect one. The lack of perseverance, however, as may be conjectured from

‘ ——— the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,’

over which he had already trudged with so much labour and so little success, could not be counted as one of his failings. The word ‘ beaten ’ was not to be found in his vocabulary ; like Robert Bruce, the oftener he was defeated, the stronger grew his will to conquer ; and although, as Barbour relates, that monarch was so hotly pursued by John of Lorn, his inveterate foe, till the echoes of Scotland did actually

‘ ——— ring
With the bloodhounds that bayed for her fugitive king ;’

still the Bruce persevered, and did conquer in the end.

So did Russell ; but in a far more peaceful way. The change in the tide of his affairs took place thus : Mr. John Morth Woolcombe of Ashbury, near Hatherleigh, kept at that time a fine pack of hounds, averaging 23 inches at the shoulder—foxhounds, in fact, they were, as high bred as those of Meynell ; although it was his pleasure to pursue with them the timid hare only.

Russell, happening to meet with a farmer who kept hounds in the neighbourhood of Hatherleigh, and hunted indiscriminately fox, hare, and otter, discovered from him that a hound called Racer, drafted from Mr. Woolcombe's pack, had fallen into his hands ; and, moreover, that he was either too fast or too mute for his own old-fashioned cry.

Now, thought Russell, here's my opportunity ; Racer must at least know what an otter is, so I'll buy him, if I can.

‘ Will you sell the hound ? ’ inquired he in an off-hand way.

‘ Certainly,’ said the farmer, ‘ with all my heart ; but I must first ask Mr. Woolcombe's permission to do so.’

That permission being readily granted, Russell paid the farmer a guinea, the price he asked for him ; and well pleased with his bargain, he brought the hound back with him to South Molton. It turned out afterwards, however, that Racer had only once before tasted the

scent of an otter ; still he loved it dearly, and to this day Russell declares he was the best otter-hound he ever saw.

Now Racer, as Russell soon found, combined in himself the two-fold qualities especially required in an otter-hound ; for though mute before the otter was found, he was nevertheless a good trail-hound, and a sound, persevering marker ; the very animal needed to guide and instruct the unscientific corps under Russell's command. So from that day, the scratch lot began to understand what manner of beast it was they were required to hunt.

Their education may be thus described : As soon as Racer hits upon a trail, though he does not speak, his action indicates his love of it so strongly that the rest of the pack no longer stray from the stream ; then, as the scent improves under the shade of some dark, overhanging alder, here and there a hound chimes in and backs him up ; till at length, attracted by the eager and persistent mark of their pilot, tearing at the otter's door and announcing him 'at home,' one and all unite in a wild chorus ; and thus by degrees, after a few such lessons, followed by an occasional find and kill, Russell has the satisfaction of seeing the whole lot changed into a working and useful pack of otter-hounds.

Hitherto, Russell had himself only seen one otter killed, and that was by Mr. Cooke of Upplowman, near Tiverton ; but, after Racer became his property, he scored the death of thirty-five right off the reel ; a boon for which every son of Zebedee in that county must have been duly grateful.

During the six years he kept these otter-hounds in South Molton, none of which were ever kennelled, but found each a welcome home before the fire of an inhabitant, twenty couple at least passed through his hands, not one of which could ever be induced to touch the scent of an otter.

It is quite clear, however, that Russell did not at first know what age and experience have since taught him, namely, that the scent of the otter is not one to which hounds, of their own accord, will naturally stoop ; but he might well have guessed it by the result of that fruitless leg-labour to which he patiently resigned himself for so long a time.

It is a curious fact that the veriest cur, the first time he crosses the line of a deer, will drop his nose and carry the scent as instinctively as a blind puppy will hunt for the teat of its dam. It requires, too, as every one knows, but little persuasion to induce hounds to enter at fox and hare ; simply because those animals are their natural prey. But not so with the otter, the scent of which, until he is trained to it, appears to have little or no attraction for the nose of a young hound. Indeed, let a whole pack, however well trained, find an old otter in moderately strong water, and if left entirely to themselves, and man's hand and eye give them no aid, the chances of a kill, except by accident, will in every case be dead against the hounds.

It may fairly be inferred, therefore, from the unreadiness of hounds in first taking to the scent, as well as from the all but

insuperable difficulty of killing the animal without supplementary aid, that Nature never intended the otter to be an object of prey for hounds; and that, in fact, the sport is to them an artificial one from beginning to end.

Nevertheless the otter is a really wild beast; his efforts to escape, when put down, are marvellously clever; the hounds become very fond of the scent, and the sport he shows, if given fair play, no pen can adequately describe. But it lasts only for a season of four short months, and it will be asked what, by way of recreation and congenial exercise, did Russell find to do during the other eight of the year?

The answer will, of course, be anticipated. He hunted whenever he had the chance of doing so. At that time, and for many years afterwards, a rare pack of hounds were kept in the neighbourhood by the Rev. John Froude, of Knowstone, a man better known, perhaps, in the western counties for his utter disregard of episcopal, and, indeed, of all human authority, than even for the celebrity of his hounds. With him and his pack, then, Russell managed to hunt on every available occasion; enjoying to his heart's content both the sport and hospitality which Froude never failed to show him, and tiding over the winter season in a very happy way.

A fine, wild country was that in which the Vicar of Knowstone took his pastime; but especially that portion extending towards East and West Anstey and Molland Down; a land of heath, bracken, and furze, with moors 'immeasurably spread' in every direction. Knowstone and South Molton, where Russell then lived, are, more or less, about ten miles apart; but as now, so then, whenever the hounds met, whether on his side of the country or on the other, neither the most inclement weather nor the longest distance to cover seemed ever to cause him a moment's hesitation. With them he *would* be, in spite of all difficulties, not the least of which were the sorry hacks 'the *res angusta domi*' too often compelled him to bestride.

But let him now speak for himself. In a letter recently addressed to an old friend, he says:—

'My headquarters at that time were at South Molton; and I hunted as many days in every week as my duties would permit with John Froude, the well-known vicar of Knowstone, with whom I was then on very intimate terms.

'His hounds were something out of the common; bred from the old staghounds—light in their colour, and sharp as needles—plenty of tongue, but would drive like furies. I have never seen a better or more killing pack in all my long life. He couldn't bear to see a hound put his nose on the ground and "twiddle his tail." "Hang the brute," he would say to the owner of the hounds, "and get those that can wind their game when they are thrown off."

'Froude was himself a first-rate sportsman; but always acted on the principle of "kill 'un, if you can; you'll never see 'un again."

'I saw him once shoot a hare sitting near a farmhouse where his

‘hounds met on the following day ; and where, of course, they did not find. He hunted on three days of the week, and shot on the others, when he could walk most men off their legs. I never saw him with a rod and line in his hand ; but he was very expert with nets on land or in water. He was the most original man I ever met with. He had an old liver-coloured spaniel called Crack, a wide ranger, but under perfect command. He used to say he could hunt the parish with that dog from the top of the church tower. You could hear his view-halloo for miles ; and his hounds absolutely flew to him when they heard it. Let me add, his hospitality knew no bounds.’

This last tribute to Mr. Froude’s memory will remind many a West-countryman of a story which, among the hundred and one related of him, described the reception he is said to have given to his Diocesan, the late Lord Bishop of Exeter. Week after week the ‘Western Times’ had been publishing articles of the most scurrilous description, headed ‘Knowstone again’ ; the burden of which reflected on Froude’s mode of life and the lawless acts perpetrated in that parish. These, of course, never failed to reach the bishop’s eye ; consequently the stout-hearted prelate, always a friend to be depended on when his clergy were, as he thought, unfairly assailed, summoned Mr. Froude to appear at the palace, and explain the grave charges thus publicly brought against him.

But neither did Froude obey the summons, nor would he give the bishop a chance of wiggling him by attending his visitations ; so, like Mahomet and the mountain, the bishop determined to go to him, a course which, short of legal proceedings, was the only one now open to him.

Accordingly, on a bitter winter’s morning, the bishop, conveyed by a post-chaise from Tiverton, arrived at Knowstone Vicarage, and having inquired if Mr. Froude were at home, was told he was, on hearing which he entered the house.

After a short delay in the cold guest-chamber, the bishop was shown into another apartment, where sat Mr. Froude before a comfortable fire, his head muffled in flannel and his voice apparently as hoarse as that of a carrion crow.

‘I’ve come to see you, Mr. Froude,’ commenced the bishop, ‘to inquire if ——’

‘Oh yes, my lord ; ’tis cold work, sure enough, travelling over our moors ; but do ee take a glass of hot brandy-and-water, ’twill keep off the shivers when nought else will.’

Then, in spite of the bishop’s protestations that he needed no alcohol, especially in the morning, Froude rang the bell and ordered a glass of brandy-and-water to be mixed forthwith, ‘hot and strong for the bishop.’

Again his lordship positively declined the stimulant, and endeavoured to explain the object of his visit ; but Froude, apparently not hearing a word he had uttered, cut him short by saying, ‘It’s my only doctor, my lord, is a drop of brandy ; and if I had but

‘taken it when I got my chill I shouldn’t now be as I be, deaf as a haddock, and nursing this fire like an old woman.’

The bishop would hear no more ; but, making him a grave bow, took his leave, entered his carriage, and returned whence he came. In ten minutes from that time, so goes the story, Froude was seen to mount his horse and trot away in company with his hounds.

‘I cannot tell how the truth may be ;
I say the tale as ’twas said to me.’

Russell, however, who knows Froude’s sayings and doings better than any man living, and is wont, like Yorick, ‘to set the table on a ‘roar’ when throwing his tongue on that lively subject, maintains that if the bishop had invaded Froude’s domain a dozen times the result would have been precisely the same ; but that he only went once to Knowstone, and then, being admitted for a few minutes, beat a hasty retreat, and escaped from the house much faster than he entered it.

This is the story as Russell tells it :—

‘The bishop at length was determined to have an interview with Froude, and as his lordship was staying at the time with, I believe, that pattern of a country gentleman, Tom Carew of Colli-priest, he ordered a pair of horses from Cannon and started for Knowstone with that object in view.

‘By some intuition, however, peculiar to himself, Froude suspected that such an event might occur, and at once set to work to frustrate the bishop’s design. He stationed a signalman within hail of his house, on the only road leading to it from Tiverton, giving him orders, if he saw a chaise and pair travelling towards the vicarage, to hasten thither and sound the alarm.

‘Accordingly, when the bishop did appear, Froude and his household were not only apprised of his approach, but duly prepared for his reception.

‘“Can I see Mr. Froude?” inquired his lordship in that mild, measured tone which he habitually adopted when he meant to carry his point. “Be good enough to say the Bishop of Exeter wishes to have a few words with him.”

‘“Please to walk in, my lord,” replied the old housekeeper, Jane, who had gone to the door, and would have gone to the stake to serve her master. “Mr. Froude is at home, but is up abed wi’ some ailment or other.”

‘“Nothing serious, I hope?” said the bishop, taking a seat in the state apartment ; “and if so, I dare say he would not object to see me at his bedside.”

‘Jane paused for a moment, and then, with some hesitation, replied, “Perhaps not, my lord ; leastwise, if you beant afeered o’ going there. ’Tis a faver o’ some soart, but I can’t mind what the doctor call’th it.”

‘The bishop cocked his ear and looked uneasy. “A fever, did you say ? Rheumatic, perhaps, from exposure to wet ?”

“No, no; I’ve got that myself bad enough. ’Tis something a deal worse, I reckon.”

“Not scarlet fever, I hope?”

“The housekeeper shook her head despondingly. “Worse than that, my lord.”

“Typhus?” inquired the bishop, no longer able to hide his look of alarm.

“Iss, that’s it; seem’th to me that’s what the doctor ca’d it. “’Tis a whisht job, fai.”

The bishop clutched his hat, and with little ceremony took his departure; and although he announced his intention of repeating his visit at a more convenient season, he never again set foot in the parish of Knowstone.

‘When the bishop had fairly disappeared,’ Russell adds, ‘Froude put on his long gaiters and went out hunting for the rest of the day.’

‘I told ee so, Jack; I know’d he come,’ he said to Russell the first time he met him after that event. ‘But there, he’s never likely to come again; the air of Knowstone’s too keen for him, I reckon.’

Though an athlete in intellect, the bishop, according to Russell, was no match for Froude in those minor tactics, the success of which depended on manœuvre and finesse; in that line he could have beaten Machiavelli himself.

Russell’s anecdotes of Froude would fill a volume; but to produce a tithe of them in these pages would be to give the latter undue prominence in the present memoir. Besides, however pointed anecdotes may be if told by a racy tongue like Russell’s, still, when written, they are very apt to meet the reader’s eye with a lifeless and blunted effect.

One more, however, I will venture to give: Froude had taken a curate—a gentleman called Roche—to assist him in the Sunday and weekly services required both at Knowstone and Molland, of which two parishes he was the vicar. Roche was very poor; so, to eke out his scanty means, he was wont to earn an occasional extra guinea by helping, here and there, an absent or invalid brother clergyman in the neighbourhood. On one occasion, being disengaged at home, he had taken the evening service at South Molton church, and happening to meet Froude on the following day, the latter said to him—

‘So I hear you’ve been preaching at South Molton, Mr. Roche; is that trew?’

‘Oh! yes, I have,’ he answered timidly; ‘but, if you disapprove, Mr. Froude, I won’t go there again.’

‘Thee needn’t trouble theeself,’ replied Froude curtly; ‘if they’ve heered thee once, they’ll never want to hear thee again.’

There can be little doubt that the friendship and example of a man like the vicar of Knowstone did not only influence Russell at the very outset of his professional career, but, in all likelihood, biassed the whole course of his after life. To a young man socially

inclined and fond of hunting the attraction of Froude's company must have been simply irresistible; for he was witty, original, hospitable; and, moreover, exercised a kind of mysterious power, such as men of strong will are known to possess, over those with whom he associated. Above all, he had a crack pack of hounds, and was himself, as Russell describes him, a 'first-rate sportsman.'

This rare quality, had he possessed no other fascination, would have been alone sufficient to charm Russell's heart; ay, and to lead him, as it did from that day forth, into a willing and life-long captivity.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

BEFORE me is lying an original Survey of England in the time of Charles the Second, intituled 'A Complete Survey of the Roads of England and Wales, compiled by James Ogilvy, Esq., Map-maker to Charles the Second, and printed for Abel Swail at the sign of 'the Unicorn in Paternoster Row.' It is one of my most valuable books and is beautifully got up, and for practical purposes I expect it gives a fair representation of England at the commencement of the last century, as the road-makers only sprang up towards the middle of the century, after the Prince Charlie rebellion. Many of the roads must have been mere tracks, as in some places directions are given that the country is impassable in winter, and the traveller must keep to the right or left as the case may be, and must keep on the high ground, bearing by point of compass for a given distance from some landmark, such as a bridge, church, or inn. And sometimes there is a cheerful announcement that the chance of accommodation in certain districts is very precarious, and no doubt but that the announcement of 'Good entertainment for man and horse and 'lock-up coach-houses,' which we of middle age have frequently seen painted up, had a significance of its own.

From time immemorial inns have been landmarks, dating from St. Paul, in one of whose journeys the Three Taverns—for which a facetious undergraduate substituted the Three Jolly Postboys in his examination paper, and thereby got rusticated—was a landmark; and in these days, if the names of the old coaching houses of later days, such as the Golden Cross, the Elephant and Castle, the Peacock at Islington, &c., were changed, the change would cause much inconvenience.

In Fielding's and Smollett's novels we find a deal of old road and inn gossip, which gives us a good idea of what our forefathers were like in manners; and in the admirable collection of coaching pictures which were exhibited this year in Bond Street there was one of a flying coach, which probably did about its thirty miles a day. Travelling was travelling in those days—people were thrown together for days at a time, they ate and drank, and quarrelled and made friends, and

told long stories, and had adventures with highwaymen and escapes by field and flood.

I am very fond of the old novels of a century and a half ago; and although they have to be kept in a place by themselves, I firmly believe that there is more real morality in them than in half the books of the present day, and certainly not a tithe of the poison which is a disgrace to some of the daily papers, or rather I should say to the public who demand the publication of every horrible trial and police case, to the particulars of which our forefathers would have shut their eyes and ears. The writers called a spade a spade, but they lashed vice and meanness without fear or favour. In one of these old novels, 'Joseph Andrews,' Joseph, after being cruelly ill-used by highwaymen, was stripped to his shirt, and Miss Graveairs, a maiden lady, who—like stuck-up people of the present day who apologize for being in a second-class carriage, but who say they use it because it is cooler than a first—gives the company to understand that she is above riding in a coach, protests against Joseph Andrews being put into the vehicle. The passengers take different sides, when the post-boy who is riding the leader, and who we are informed was the only one who had any Christian charity except Parson Adams, and who was ultimately transported for life for robbing a hen-roost, swore a great oath, for which he was rebuked by the passengers, that he would rather ride in his shirt-sleeves all his life than see a fellow-creature in so miserable a condition, whereupon he took off his great-coat, which was his only upper garment except his shirt, and gave it to Joseph Andrews. The coach then proceeds a little way and is stopped by the same highwayman who had robbed Joseph Andrews, who presents his pistol at the window and demands the passengers' money or their lives; whereupon the passengers produce all they have, and Miss Graveairs in the hurry delivers up a silver bottle which held about half a pint, which the highwayman clapped to his mouth and declared the contents to be the finest Nantz; whereupon Miss Graveairs explains to the company that it must have been a mistake of her maid's, and that she thought it was Hungary water.

In another scene we find Joseph Andrews taken to an inn, and he was supposed to be dying. Parson Barnabas is sent for. First the parson has a dish of tea—a great luxury in those days—with the landlady and a bowl of punch with the landlord before going upstairs, and is described as proceeding to prayer with all the expedition he was master of, some company then waiting for him below, where the ingredients for the punch were all in readiness, but no one could squeeze the oranges for the punch till he came. Parson Adams, the moral character, arrives afterwards, and he and Mr. Barnabas become acquainted and discourse on sermons, and Barnabas remarks that he has to prepare a funeral sermon in memory of a gentleman who has left him a guinea for so doing, and Adams offers to lend him a sermon, whereon Barnabas says that he must trust to a common sermon and rely on his memory to say something handsome about

him, as the deceased was unfortunately a little too much addicted to liquor, and publicly kept a mistress.

Turning to Smollett, and accompanying Strap and Roderick Random in their journey from Newcastle to London by waggon, we find them stepping boldly out, for the waggon has only been gone two days. They arrive at an alehouse and overhear a conversation between the landlady and a highwayman, who complains bitterly that the coachman had allowed some other highwayman to rob his coach first, but is appeased by the landlady, who suggests that the coachman might have been under a mistake.

We bear Strap and Roderick Random company, and arrive at another inn, where two farmers, an exciseman, and a young curate in a rusty cassock are playing at cards, and to them enters the rector, who tells the curate to hold his horse whilst he smokes a pipe and drinks a bottle of ale. The rector informs the company that he has been to see Squire Bumpkin, who has drunk himself into a fever at the last assizes, but trusts that he will get over it. The rector declines to dine with them, although most humbly asked to do so by the curate, who, when the rector turns his back, abuses him soundly, and tells the company that he receives but a beggarly twenty pounds a year for doing two services and riding twenty miles every Sunday.

In due time they join the waggon, and find at one inn that some gentlemen have confiscated the dinner set out for the passengers in the waggon; whereupon Joey the waggoner rushes in with a pitchfork and rescues it again. And so with many adventures the two travellers complete their journey from Newcastle to London in ten days.

These must have been curious times to have lived in, but depend upon it the descriptions of them are accurate, as whether the old novelists made their puppets bad or good, they were obliged, in order so sell their books, to make them move and talk like the people of the period. But in those days before roads and canals were, districts were circumscribed, and except at wakes and fairs people had little communication with each other. Those were the times when the Squire, who was a county magistrate, did pretty much as he pleased; when there were no newspapers to speak of, and no public opinion; when the judges travelled the circuits in dread of highwaymen, and lands were uninclosed, and juries of country people who suffered from cattle and sheep stealing found prisoners guilty in double quick time, and cart-loads of poor wretches were hurried off to 'hang fair' after every assizes. My grandfather told me that when he was a boy he saw twenty-one people hung in one morning. We picture to ourselves the rustics of a century or so ago dancing to sound of pipe and tabor under the spreading oak, but depend upon it that many more danced on the gallows than under the greenwood tree.

As a specimen of magisterial lore: Parson Adams and his companions being brought before a justice, that dignitary, who had returned from a fox-chase, and who had not finished his dinner, ordered the prisoners to be taken into the stable, whither they were attended by the servants and the people of the neighbourhood. On

being searched, a manuscript *Æschylus*, transcribed by his own hand, is found on Adams, which the magistrate's clerk describes as a dangerous document written in cipher. The magistrate and his party cannot make out what the paper is, until the parson comes and says it is Greek.

'What is your name?' asked the magistrate.

'I maintain,' says Parson Adams, referring to the book, 'it is *Æschylus*.'

'Then,' says the magistrate, 'make out Mr. *Æschylus* his mittimus; I will teach him to banter me with a false name.'

Turn we to a hunting scene, temp. Geo. II., and let us put Mr. Gwynne into the box and take his charming story 'A School for Fathers.' Squire Warren, a bachelor sixty years of age, appears on the scene mounted on an invaluable bay. He is described as six feet in his stockings, fleshy without being fat; square-shouldered, short-necked, and strongly jointed, with a grave but good-tempered countenance, hazel eyes, shaggy eyebrows, and a red weather-beaten complexion, strongly contrasting with a snow-white stock and tight white periwig. He is accompanied by a dozen fox-hunters clad in scarlet, leather boots, and black velvet caps, armed with long hunting whips, and each man mounted on a hunter such as (as the author asserts) was seen in the eighteenth century, and now no longer to be seen. Around the huntsman's body wound the melodious old horn, and the tired hounds paced soberly on, and men and horses showed signs of a hard day's work. And remember the hour was between 12 and 1 P.M. By the side of him rides his nephew, a young fellow of between nineteen and twenty, as stalwart as the Squire, good at field sports, but dull at anything else.

At the crack of the Squire's whip the heavy gates of Dedham Park are thrown open, and the hounds proceed to the kennel and the guests to the hall. A blazing fire sets off the dark oak wainscots, and a table is set out with snow-white damask and shining plate and glass, and the sideboard is covered with tankards, large home-made loaves, cold meat and pickles, and a goodly array of bottles; and a fat butler appears with a huge dish and cover, and other servants bring other huge dishes. The Squire having hospitably said, 'Gentlemen, I hope you have a stomach,' the guests, eight in number, sit down to roast veal, roast leg of mutton, a boiled turkey, and a large ham, with plum-pudding, apple-pies, custards, and cheese to follow; and when appetite is a little appeased the run comes on the tapis, and every inch of the ground is gone over again.

After dinner a small table is put between every two guests, who are sitting round the roaring fire. Before the Squire is a lordly bowl of punch, and on each table are placed port, claret, pipes, and a silver tobacco-box. By six o'clock the guests have departed, and the old Squire takes off his wig and hangs it on his chair, and goes to sleep, whilst Jack takes another glass or two and pats the two or three superannuated hounds, who are free of the rug.

The writer contrasts the hunters of those days, who lived for

hunting and nothing else, with some of those who run down by rail now, have a run, and smoke a few doubtful cigars, and return with splashed tops, spattered pinks, and woe-begone countenances.

There is another scene where the old Squire gives a farewell banquet before his nephew's return to London, and the old gentleman informs his guests that not a man must leave the room till he has done his best; 'there are beds for you all, and a clean floor for those who can't reach them.'

Ah, well! I should like to have stayed with that old Squire for a week, barring the getting drunk, in which there is never any fun; but a 'fair skinful'—as it is vulgarly called—of the old Squire's strong beer and port would not have come amiss.

I have no doubt but that the hunting was better, though slower probably, in the olden time, when there were plenty of natural wild foxes and the country was uninclosed, and wire fences had never been dreamt of even, and those few who followed the sport were masters of it. There were no fellows riding over hounds, or heading the fox, or talking slang about things of which they knew nothing, as is so often the case in these days in every kind of field sport, the chief offenders being little nobodies who get their names mixed up with some sport for posiuon or profit.

In the old days of eating and drinking our ancestors must all have had the gout at middle age, and they could not have had much of ladies' society. The reward of Squire Western—one of the principal characters in 'Tom Jones'—in his declining life, was to have 'a parlour and ante-chamber to himself where he gets 'drunk with whom he pleases, and his daughter is ready to play 'to him whenever he desires it.' As a kind of set-off to his character, 'he spends most of his time in the nursery, where he 'declares that the prattling of his little granddaughter is sweeter 'music than the finest cry of dogs in England.'

Now let us go to a cricket match in the days of the old Hambledon Club, in the last quarter of the century, and hear what Nyren says about it:—

'There was high feasting held on Broad Halfpenny during the 'solemnity (I like that word 'solemnity') of one of our great 'matches. Oh! it was a heart-stirring sight to witness the multitude forming a complete and dense circle round that noble green. 'Half the county would be present and all their hearts with us. 'Little Hambledon pitted against All England was a proud thing for 'the Hampshire men. Defeat was glory in such a struggle. Victory, 'indeed, made us only a little lower than the angels. How those 'fine brawn-faced fellows of farmers would drink to our success! 'And then what stuff they had to drink! Punch! not your '“Ponche à la Romaine,” or your “Ponche à la Groseille,” or your 'modern cat-lap punch—punch bedevilled; but good unsophisticated 'John Bull Punch—stark—that would stand on end; punch that 'would make a cat speak—sixpence a bottle! We had not sixty 'millions of interest to pay in those days.

' The ale, too—not the modern horror under the same name, that drives as many men melancholy mad as the hypocrites do ; not the beastliness of these days, that will make a fellow's inside like a shaking bog, and as rotten ; but barley-corn such as would put the souls of three butchers into one weaver. Ale that would flare like turpentine—genuine Boniface. This immortal viand, for it was more than liquor, was vended at twopence a pint. The immeasurable villainy of our vintners would, with the march of intellect (if ever they could get such a brewing), drive a pint of it out into two gallons. Then the quantity the fellows would eat ! Two or three of them would strike dismay into a round of beef. They could no more have "pecked" in that style than they could have flown, had the infernal black stream (that type of Acheron) which soddens the carcase of a Londoner been the fertilizer of their day. Then would this company, consisting most likely of some thousands, remain patiently, and anxiously watching every turn of fate in the game, as if the event had been the meeting of two armies to decide their liberty. And whenever a Hambleton man made a good hit worth four or five runs, you would hear the deep mouths of the whole multitude baying away in pure Hampshire, "go hard," "go hard" ; "tich and turn," "tich and turn." * * * *

' Like true Englishmen, they would give an enemy fair play. How strongly are these scenes of fifty years ago painted in my memory ! and the smell of that ale comes upon me as freshly as the new May flowers.'

Here is a programme of a fête when George III. was king, and was staying at Weymouth, towards the end of the last century, which I extract from the 'Court News,' which announces that the royal family were present :—

' All persons of jovial, friendly, and loyal disposition, are invited to be present at and to partake of the undermentioned county sports, which, with others to be declared upon the grounds, are intended if the weather be fine to be exhibited at Marden Castle, near Dorchester, this day, Sept. 20th, at 11 o'clock in the morning, in honor of the birthday of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Wurtenbergh.

' To be played for at cricket, a round of beef. Each man of the winning set to have a ribband.

' A cheese to be rolled down the hill. Prize whoever stops it.

' A silver cup to be run for by ponies, the best of three heats.

' A pound of tobacco to be grinned for.

' A barrel of beer to be rolled down the hill. Prize to whoever stops it.

' A Michaelmas goose to be dived for.

' A good hat to be cudgelled for.

' Half a guinea for the best ass, in three heats.

' A handsome hat for the boy most expert in catching a roll dipped in treacle, and suspended from a string.

' A leg of mutton and a gallon of porter to the winner of a race of 100 yds. in sacks.

' A good hat to be wrestled for.

' Half a guinea to the rider of the ass who wins the best of three heats by coming in last.

' A pig prize to whoever catches him by the tail.'

And in the same paper is this extraordinary announcement :—

‘The keepers of several news rooms in Fleet Street have been fined 5*l.* for lending newspapers for hire.’

I had a glimpse into the past century by means of oral evidence from some few old people who have long since passed away, and whose stories of manners and customs in the days of their youth and in those of their forefathers tally with the descriptions in works of fiction. I knew one old lady who died in 1862, and who was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, and I was at her funeral. I dined with her at a large party on her ninety-third birthday, a few months before her death, when she was as sound in intellect, and as bright and lively as most people of fifty years of age. She gave me an account of seeing, from the roof of her father’s house in the City, Newgate burnt down in the Gordon riots (so graphically described by Charles Dickens in ‘*Barnaby Rudge*’), and of her introduction to Dr. Johnson when a girl of eight years old, when the great lexicographer came to get her father, John Woodfall, the printer of Junius’ Letters, to sign the petition against the poor clergyman being hanged at Tyburn, and the Doctor patted her on the head, and said she was ‘a comely lass.’ The poor clergyman was Dr. Dodd, who was executed just a century ago. I heard also from another old lady, who lived to ninety-one, and whose husband owned a park in Kent, a great deal about town and country life in the last century, when she was a girl, and the accounts tally pretty accurately as regards the goings on in the olden time, towards the close of last century and beginning of this. The last witness’s father was in Parliament, and she told me that their house in London was marked by the Gordon rioters for burning, and the household were all armed. She said that the ladies never expected to see the gentlemen when there was a large dinner and they meant to make a night of it, and their being carried up to bed was an ordinary occurrence. The old lady told me that times were so bad and taxes so heavy that all classes on the seaboard of England sympathised with the smugglers, and that her husband, who was a militia officer and, I believe, but cannot swear, J. P., let the smugglers have the key of his park, and kept planks concealed for them for the purpose of making a bridge across a narrow, deep part of the river (still called ‘the smuggler’s pass,’ near which I have caught many a fish), which ran through the park near the foot of a thick wood, and that on one occasion, when he heard that one of the servants had levied blackmail on them, and had demanded a keg of hollands, he discharged the whole household unless the culprit was delivered up; and when the smugglers came again he made the man who took it return the keg with an ample apology for breach of hospitality.

The dear old lady, who was very well read and highly accomplished, and who was the kindest old creature in the world, used to be very enthusiastic about the manliness of gentlemen in her generation, who would ride fifty or a hundred miles in all weathers to see Humphrey and Mendoza fight, or to attend the county races or a grand

cock-fight, at which the best company in the county would be present.

Reverting to smuggling, I have the manuscript diary of a Deal smuggler, commencing in 1791, which was given to me by an old Deal pilot, who died last year, and with whom I smoked many and many a pipe at Deal, and from it the reader can form some idea of 'the good old times,' and of the company who had the run of the park for smuggling purposes.

'The Archbishop of Canterbury ceam to deal and consecrated a piece of groun at uper deal and a piece near the Hospital and Bar-racks and confirmed the people at deal chapel.'

See how handy the cemetery came in, for two years later I read :—

'Four men was executed on Bord of the Beaulieu in the Downs for mutine the 1 day of august and was birried in the new groun belonging to the Hospital the same day.'

Now let us see a little of the author's calling.

There are many records of carrying out anchors and cables, for which my friend got plenty of money, sometimes as much as 25*l*.; but he had his losses in smuggling :—

'1791, I went to Calies for part of 80 tubs of gin and lost 67 of them April 7th and lost *£*5. 5. a man.'

'I sent to Dunkirk for part of 56 bags of tobacco and lost 44 bags out of them lost *£*5. 5. a man.'

Here he is in luck :—

'Brought 6 bails of cloth and ankerchers and muslin and sheared *£*9 a man.'

I am afraid my friend was running French prisoners across the water, a very lucrative though dangerous trade.

'Our galley stole 1st June and too French men stole it and carried to Calies. 1796.'

A little farther on is a memorandum :—

'We had the galley's oars and sails &c come home from Calies and they left galley behind in the care of Thomas Spiers.'

I conclude that Mr. T. Spiers was the other side of the water to bring her back.

Here are two instances of the progress of civilisation :—

'The new Floting light laid on the North Sand 24th day of August 1795.'

And a little farther on, in 1797 :—

'The new Turnpike road from Dover to Deal began in September to come close to Deal Castle, 1797.'

But I have a better witness still, one John Nightingale, who died in 1863, and who rode the leaders of one of the heavy six-horse Portsmouth coaches in 1785, when a boy of eleven years old. The poor old boy carried about boards for a theatre at eighteen-pence a day, and had half-a-crown a week from the parish, and there were three to keep—himself, an invalid daughter, and her child. His granddaughter used to come to my house in London for what

is usually called 'broken victuals.' He came himself one day, and seeing a large cartoon of travelling sketches which were prepared for a village lecture on 'travelling in the olden time,' he pointed to a picture of one of the old six-horse coaches of the date of 1780; he remarked that he commenced life by running away from home and going to an inn yard, when one of the helpers got him promoted to the post of riding a leader to the heavy Portsmouth six-horse coach, from which, at eighteen years of age, he became a post-boy, and was so all his life until coaching and posting became things of the past. He only had two situations, one of which was at Hounslow and the other at Bagshot. The old man's photograph is before me at this moment, and it was taken when he was nearer ninety than eighty. He talked bravely about the guineas which he used to handle in days gone by, when his house posted for the Court at Windsor. He was always ready to ride the double stage; and he said one of the most profitable things was taking the officers of the Guards from the gambling-houses in London to Windsor for early parade, many of them as drunk as they could be, and throwing money about like water; or riding special posting when George IV. was living in private in Windsor Park. And very funny anecdotes he told me about George IV. and the Duke of York and their friends; but *de mortuis*, &c. He said he knew most of the highwaymen of Hounslow and the Bagshot district, and that they often tried to get at him. His belief was that many of the robberies were done by the post-boys' connivance; but that he was never in them. Carter and Haines, and galloping Dick, whose real name was never known, he specially spoke about. They were all hanged—Carter and Haines together, and gibbeted afterwards on Hounslow Heath, until George III. 'had them taken down, as 'they smelt bad,' and George III. did not like driving past them. He had been shot at more than once for refusing to stop; but his opinion was that when highwaymen fired at a post-boy they never meant mischief, but only wanted to frighten him, as if they killed one the rest could split upon them.

Some years ago a very old woman who was in our village was talking to a sister of mine, and said, 'My girl is coming to see me to-morrow—there, I oughtn't to call her my girl, for she is seventy 'year old.'

'Then you had two husbands?' was the question.

'Lord love ye, yes! My first husband was a highwayman, and 'was hung for robbing the mail.'

'Hung?'

'Ay!' said the woman, sticking up for the honour of her family, 'and gibbeted too!'

As another instance of the matter-of-course way of doing business in the olden time, an old Wiltshire shepherd pointed out to a brother of mine a place on the downs where a highwayman was hung, on the borders of Wilts and Hants. 'It was quite a pretty sight,' said the old man, 'for the sheriffs and javelin men came a-horseback, and

‘they all stopped at the Everleigh Arms for refreshment, as they had travelled a long way.’

‘Did the man who was going to be hanged have anything?’

‘Lord, yes, as much strong beer as he liked, and we drank to his health, and then they hung he and buried un under the gallows.’

Talking to the old post-boy was like talking to a man from the dead. I used to get him up of a Sunday afternoon and put him into an easy-chair in front of the fire and give him a pipe—post-boy’s length—and a little gin-and-water, and he would wander on and talk away about men and manners of seventy-five years back as if the thing had occurred yesterday. The old man said that he could seldom afford tobacco then, although his daughter, who had smoked first for neuralgia, enjoyed a pipe as much as he did. Can any one imagine any greater pleasure than giving him a packet of tobacco now and then?

Ah well! the poor old man’s pipe has long since been put out, and the race of road men is extinct almost. To show the mutability of human affairs, the old boy told me that John Piers and his brother Tom, the very kings of stage-coachmen, both came to worse grief than himself when the railways came, and that the first-named was found dying in a workhouse, and that the latter was without a shilling when some kind-hearted old friend got him on to an omnibus.

The year 1805 is a little outside the last century, but I have another witness, old John Bowyer, the last of the B eleven, who lives within three hundred yards from where I am writing this, and who is in his eighty-eighth year, with an intellect and memory unimpaired. The B eleven, composed of cricketers whose names began with B, was organised by Lord Frederick Beauclerc, and Mr. Budd, who played first at Lord’s in 1802, and who died a short time back, was the only one alive except Bowyer. My old witness played his first match on Mitcham Green when fifteen years of age, six months before Trafalgar, when Lord Nelson, who used to live at Merton, close by, was with Lady Hamilton in a carriage. Bowyer says that his Lordship wanted to know all about the game, and remarked that it was like a battle, but he missed the noise and smoke. The old man played first at Lord’s in 1810, and used to walk up—twelve miles—play all day, and walk back, and was never sick or sorry. Fancy asking one of our present players to do the same. He played against Bill Beldham—who he still swears was the best all round he ever saw—Fennex, Lambert, Walker, and several more of the old Hambledon, and he is a rare good judge of cricket now.

Well, I think this yarn is spun out. Whether we are happier than our forefathers or not, Heaven only knows. One thing is quite certain, which is that the poor ought to be happier, for according to all accounts they must have had a very hard time of it—they were badly fed and badly clothed, and without education mostly.

As regards the upper classes, this world is completely changed.

Many old family properties have passed into the hands of wealthy mercantile men, and lords' sons are going into trade. The mechanics do pretty much as they please, and are sometimes kind enough to be quite civil to their employers; and under the presidency of Mr. Arch the agricultural labourers have turned round too, and if they succeed in their attempt to upset the Church, then goodbye to England. I don't say this strictly from a religious point of view, as the Church will float under another flag, but I am as sure as I hold this pen that, take it altogether, if the village system of the parson and his flock is abolished the English character will go with it. The parson, at all events, is the head of the parish, and, as a rule, has been the poor man's friend, and to him and his family the poor seldom appealed in vain, and any parson who turns a deaf ear most justly incurs odium and contempt from all classes. Doubtless to some extent we are suffering for the sins of the three-bottle men of the past who lived and drank with the farmers and did a slovenly service once a week; and many of the squabbles and quarrelling in Church matters have arisen out of the wish of over-zealous, narrow-minded, egotistical men to do too much in places where nothing, or next to nothing, was done thirty or forty years ago, and I say it below my breath that if their brains in many instances are to be gauged by their sermons, there is pretty clear evidence of absence of common sense. We, many of us, can well remember the days when the clarionet and the bassoon, and the terrible stomach-ache bass-viol would come to church on Sunday afternoon, sometimes none the better for beer, and perform 'a hanthem,' and when the clerk would give notice of a 'westry for Tuesday next, when the churchwardens would count the sparrows' heads and pay the bird-money;*' and when the farmers would talk over the markets in the churchyard and saunter in about the Litany. There is a story of the old blacksmith who played the bass-viol, and the anthem being 'Who is the King of Glory?' the blacksmith's fingers were itching to come with a crash and a chorus, but the clarionet and the alto and the tenor kept on, as he thought, too long. At last, losing his patience, he shouted to a friend, 'Hand me over the resin, Bill, and I will let you know who the King is in a moment.' I remember in our church, years ago, a farmer came in in the middle of the Litany, and tapping me on the shoulder, he said, 'I say, there is a puss (as they call a hare in West of England coursing counties) lying under the churchyard wall, and when this is over I will get my old black bitch and have a run with she.' These are all things of the past now.

No doubt a century hence people will think us as barbarous as we think people of the last century, but I believe that with all its faults the world was more real in old days in many things than now, and that the wholesale adulteration which is perpetrated, and 'customs of trade,' and sharp practice of fraudulent companies, of which we read constantly, would have been called by very different

* The farmers used to pay so much a dozen for sparrows' heads, and charge the money to the rates!

names and dealt with in a very off-hand and summary manner by our forefathers, who had a knack of nailing a fellow's ear to the pump or putting him in the pillory; and that, amongst the lower orders, had people on the slightest provocation drawn a knife and stuck their fellow-men as they do now daily—which crime I take the liberty of calling by its proper name, 'wilful murder'—they would have gone in the cart to Tyburn, and I only wish they were so treated now.

Mitcham, October 1877.

F. G.

AD MONTEM.

A REMINISCENCE.

'Give me a Montem with all its tomfoolery—I had almost said before a 'coronation—and even without the aids of a Périgord pie and a bottle of claret at 'the Windmill.'—*Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, vol. i., pp. 197 and 198.

MANY a veteran's eye will brighten up as he reads the familiar words which head the present article, many a recollection of happy days passed within the shadows of what Gray sung as

'Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade'

will arise to memory. Freaks and frolics around that Mons Sacer that had descended from the ages of darkness, when monks and priests were the only representatives of learning, but which were abolished ere some who have now reached middle age can well remember, will pass in review like the visions in 'Macbeth.' Other thoughts, too, will haply arise with them, as with us, when we take what may prove to be a farewell ramble round the well-known spot, for Botham's, of which Salthill is part and parcel, has passed the auctioneer's hammer, run the gauntlet of Tokenhouse Yard, and what its fate may be the outside public have as yet to learn. Perchance the place so charged with old and happy memories may be pulled down, become a madhouse or an hospital, the Mons Sacer itself figure under an ornamental shrubbery in a snug citizen's villa garden, and every old association be swept away before the march of time and some speculative builder. We feel sure that many a reader of 'Baily' will thank us for devoting a few pages to the theme. Tradition will take us back a long way as we look at the old red-brick mansion, its front now in the glorious summer weather covered with the bloom of the Westeria, which, like a giant of the forest, spreads its shade before it, and the gay scarlet geraniums and nasturtiums climbing each pillar of the verandah to meet it. The proprietor, who was born in the old house, and there breathed his last in the first month of the present year, inherited it from his father, and proud he must have been of such an inheritance! How much farther it went back in the family, deponent sayeth not; but how great

the change that came over the spirit of the place in that one life! It is almost incredible, spread out though it was five years beyond the allotted span of man. Here he must have seen the good king 'Farmer George' come to open the season at Salthill with his buckhounds, and what a contrast to a modern meet must it not have been. Then all order and decorum, in fact we may say state, for this chase was reserved for the especial amusement of the king. We can see it all in our mind's eye: the garden opposite, with its fine old trees draped in the tints of autumn, the expectant crowd, Sharp, the huntsman, with his grand pack of lemon and white staghounds around him—such hounds as the present generation know not, for the last of them were sold at Tattersall's and went abroad in 1828, though at the day we write of there were three packs in England, the Royal Buckhounds, Colonel Mellish's, who hunted wild deer in Epping and Hainault forests, and the Devon and Somerset on Exmoor, and, we believe, a few packs in Ireland. Grand hounds they were, and, in spite of what people now say, could go the pace when there was a scent. The yeoman pricklers in their scarlet and gold liveries are there; and last, not least, we see the kind-hearted, if wrong-headed, old king come up and mount his clever fifteen-hand hunter; then the whole move off, and are lost to view, even, perchance, as the place itself soon shall be, for

'Moons wane, and races wither to the tomb.'

Yet another vision rises, and scarlet must be still our theme, though the king is departed and his old style of hounds, horses, and men are gone with him. The fourth George has changed all that, and the familiar meet sees Charles Davis, the neatest of horsemen and most gentlemanly of huntsmen, trot up on Hermit, The Traverser, or some other flyer that could hold his own across Leicestershire itself, and from fifteen to eighteen couples of foxhounds round him, light-headed, fine-drawn, and fast as greyhounds. There are none of the old sort now, with their heavy ears and voices like the peal of an organ, for a Chesterfield, a Bessborough, or an Errol reigns. But what a field is there! D'Orsay, you may be sure, Sir George Wombwell, the late Duke of Beaufort, Lord Alvanley, Lord Adolphus Fitz-Clarence, Lord Forester, Lord Cardigan, Lord Pembroke, Lord Clanricarde, Harvey Ashton, Col. Anson, Capt. Tollemache, Johnny Bushe, Col. Bulby, Learmouth, Crofts, *et hoc genus omne*. You must gallop and jump if you would see the best of them when the deer is taken. Neither must we forget Rob Roy, a celebrated Salthill character in Davis's time, who was pretty well sure to fill the Reading hostelrys with tired horses and hungry men, when turned out. Once more our vision changes, and Frank Goodall is there; what an alteration in those who come to meet him—publicans, butchers, hell-keepers or worse, pretty horse-breakers, and such a miscellaneous crowd as London and easy railway accommodation now send to meet the Queen's. The late Mr. Botham had few hunting men at his house of late years; he cared but little save to

see old and well-known customers, and, after the changes he must have lived through, who can wonder at it? Fancy the men who were there in his prime, and the men who would send horses on there now! We will, in mercy to our readers, drop the veil, and not let our mind revert to what a Salthill meet is in the present day. Let us rather linger for a while longer with the old king and Queen Charlotte, adding largely to the fund that Montem saw collected, or giving the boys what no doubt was irreverently termed a good blow-out within those walls, even if her Majesty did object to the kicking operation down the hill—nay, all their successors have honoured the institution with their presence, down to our gracious Queen. Here, also, in the beginning of the century, came ‘The ‘Four Horse Club,’ which was established one year after the B.D.C., or Benson Driving Club, under the auspices of a very scientific coachman, Mr. Charles Buxton, inventor of the Buxton bit. Some of the other members were: Lord Hawke (whose head terret was a *spécialité*); Sir Felix Agar, who drove his coach for a wager with Mr. Ackers, another member, in and out of Tattersall’s yard and around the fox in *a trot*; had either horse dropped into a walk the wager would have been lost, and it is wonderful that they did not. The bet was a dinner to a large party, and Mr. Ackers had to pay. Sir Bellingham Graham, Sir Godfrey Webster, Mr. Martin Hawke, Mr. M’Quin, Mr. H. Butler, Capt. Murray, Mr. Sherrard, Major Pellew, Lord Clinton, Mr. Paul Methuen, Sir J. Johnstone, Mr. Harrison, Sir J. Broughton, Sir C. Bamfylde, Mr. Osbaldeston, who drove a canary-coloured coach, Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Stephen Atkinson. Their first meeting was held in April 1808, and they met every first and third Thursday in May and June at the house of their president in Cavendish Square, and drove to Salthill to dinner alternately at the Windmill and the Castle, and each house took in the horses that the other could not accommodate. Mr. Buxton, if present, always presided at the dinner-table, and Sir John Rogers acted as vice. If these members were absent, Lord Hawke and his brother, Mr. Martin Hawke, acted for them. No strangers were admitted. Luncheon for thirty was always laid out at the Packhorse, Turnham Green, with cider cup made with hock and borage; and the same at the Magpies at Hounslow Heath, eight miles farther down the road. Here, also, the horses were watered, but they ran the ground to Salthill and back the next day without being taken out of their harness—the distance twenty-four miles from Cavendish Square. The number of teams was generally a dozen, and each dragsman had an honorary member on his bench. The club ceased to exist somewhere about 1826, or thirty years before the present Four-in-Hand Club came into existence. But it is time we got inside the house, and tried its hospitality while we may, and we venture to say that it would be impossible to find anywhere a better illustration still extant of the inn of the old coaching and posting days, when people really took their case in

their inn, and, if they paid somewhat dearly for it, had comfort ; when your inn was your home for the time being, and all connected with it took an interest in your comfort ; when it was possible to get a bottle of good wine and a well-cooked dinner. Such was the Windmill, more familiarly known as Botham's ; and what a contrast, in every sense of the word, to the caravansaries which in the present day do duty as hotels, where the manager, as a rule, thinks it a condescension to speak to you ; the barmaid (we beg pardon, young lady who is reading a novel in the bar) answers any question addressed to her with a languid air of surprise that you could have the audacity to bother her with anything of such little importance as matters concerning yourself, and you get bad wine at a high price and a dinner composed of mongrel kind of dishes, neither French nor English, but probably combining the worst features of both.

Every coach and every post-chaise which left London early by the Bath Road breakfasted at Salthill, either at the Windmill, or a little way farther on, at the Castle, on the opposite side of the road, which has now for years been a private house. Besides the coach changes—and from seventy to eighty stopped here—it is said, we believe, that seventy pairs of post-horses were kept in the stables, and no less than one hundred cows to supply the establishment with milk. Perchance the pump was not used so much in those days. Although the coaches have now left the road for many years, the posting business lingered for a time, and the proprietor, loving his inheritance, as well he might, bravely kept on the old inn, supported by many who had known the place in its palmy days. It is strange to wander through the great house (they could make up thirty-five beds) and look into rooms still containing the furniture with which the late proprietor commenced life—old prints which, if they could speak, would have strange tales to tell. In a word, any one knowing the *then* could revive it in the *now* were he to revisit the place. He would be puzzled to find any other alteration indoors save the ominous stillness. Breakfasts and dinners were bustling affairs in those old coaching and posting days. But let us revisit the yard, and what a sad change we find. Here the enormous amount of stabling is mostly in ruins. Where seventy pairs of posters stood, one horse, and one alone, is found to do the present fly-work of the establishment. Wandering through the old yard, we came upon a coach-house wherein stood five carriages, which had evidently not been moved for many years. So quaint was their build, they would puzzle and delight the antiquary ; and what a story Charles Dickens would have woven from them ! There, no doubt, they will stay until the day (perhaps ere this is bound within the green cover it may be over) when they see the light once more beneath the auctioneer's hammer. In another coach-house was about two waggon-loads of old posting harness, with some postboys' jackets, covered with dust and in every stage of decay. Ascending a staircase, we entered the sleeping-rooms allotted to the postilions ; there in rows were the low bedsteads, the canvas

moth-eaten, an old lantern lying probably just where it had been thrown after use for the last time years before, and the rooms, save for dust and decay, the same as their occupants left them for ever. Yet more strongly were we to be reminded of old times, for in the stables was a team of coach-horses—a rare good team, too—every one just the sort of horse that fifty years ago we should have expected to open the stable door upon ; and a pair of carriage-horses, both belonging to vehicles which had come from London, each bound for their destination farther west. Then what memories were recalled when, later on, we saw that same team start from the inn door ; it was something to do a sexagenarian's heart good—the coach of the old-fashioned sort, one that looked like what we were taught to consider a coach years ago, and not of the modern order, which is now styled a drag ; something with a business, workmanlike look about it, as there was about the servant who brought it round, and by the way he took his place behind as it moved off we at once set him down as a professional ; we fancy, had the turn-out stood in the bygone days with others at the door, it would have passed unnoticed as a member of the same large family. Now it was refreshing to look upon it and form a mental comparison with those we so often see in the Park and elsewhere. We prefer a coach to a drag any day ; but then we plead guilty to having entered the realms of Fogydom.

A comparatively young man took possession of the bench, with a lady by his side, and another with a gentleman was on the gammon board ; he drove quietly off, walking his horses (a bay mare at off, and white-legged chestnut gelding, all over a hunter, at near lead, a long, low, dark chestnut-gelding at off wheel, and white-legged bay at near) into their collars ; and wishing him godspeed, and a continuation of the ways he was so prudently pursuing—ways which spoke of prudent counsel followed, for he must indeed have been well advised—a turn of the road hid him from our view. Soon after the carriage appeared at the door and departed, and the owner must have been, like ourselves, revisiting a place with which probably he was familiar in his youth. And pleasant it was to note that the manageress and waiter stood at the door on each occasion to speed the parting guest.

Our ramble is not yet done, for across the road is the grand old garden to explore, with its velvet turf, pleasant walks, trees ancient of days, and, above all, that summer-house where many a name famous in the world's history is carved or written, and which the Eton boys would never suffer Botham to touch, beyond having it re-thatched. It would have taken an age to write all the names of note therein inscribed ; and we must admit that, beyond Rous and Wombwell, we searched in vain for those of celebrity in the sporting world. Above all did we look for John Musters and Assheton Smith, the heroes of that Homeric battle which will be remembered while fox-hunting lasts in England, as the hardest ever fought at Eton, and to which Mr. Smith to his latest years used to attribute his want of good looks, by saying ' That fellow Jack Musters spoilt all my beauty

'at Eton.' In one sense, no doubt, both were ugly customers; and we have heard, but cannot answer for the truth of it, that the descendant of one of the combatants gave this sound advice to his son on first going to a public school: 'Now, the first boy that bullies you, never mind how big he is, hit him as hard as you can straight between the eyes.' We say sound advice with a purpose, as the good old custom of hitting quick and hitting hard, to keep bullies in their place, seems dying out amongst us as a nation. Charles James Fox, Arthur Wellesley, and George Canning are all names of note here; but who knows how many a comparatively speaking 'village Hampden's' name, who, only locally known, has done material and earnest good to his country, is to be found in that old summer-house? Let us get back again. The cry, 'Salt! Salt!' is heard no more, nor have its echoes roused the birds from these old trees since 1847, when Montem, after having been for years abridged and cut down, was finally abolished. Once more to the road, and as we wander back, verily

' While musing on companions gone,
We doubly find ourselves alone.'

And taking, as we suppose, a farewell look at the old house where we believe we ate the last meal served before the hammer fell which separated it from the name of Botham, and leaving many a happy, many a sad, memory behind us, we wandered on our journey. Still the day-dreams were not all done, and we yet pictured the same passing and re-passing of coaches on that highway to the west; the post-chaise driven in hot haste; the private carriages doing easy stages, with the sense of dignity that pertained to their inmates. The York House coach, with Jack Sprawson or Jem Adlam on the box, one of the last that lingered on the West road, and only stopped in 1838 or 1839. These men drove as far as Marlborough (seventy-two miles), and old Edwards took the ground from that place to Bath. He reached Marlborough in time for breakfast, and then waited and took the down one back; they dined at the Pelican, Speenhamland, kept by Botham's brother, where there was even more stabling and a larger posting business than at the Windmill; and out of town breakfasted at Salthill. They left both ends at 7 A.M., and did the hundred and seven miles in ten hours and a half, the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, and Gloster Hotel, Piccadilly, being the London points of departure. Sprawson was a very neat workman, and of the present school Ben Hubble most reminds us of him—Adlam was always so intent on his betting. The present Duke of Beaufort must often have been here when in *statu pupulari* with Jack Sprawson, for he learnt to drive on the York House coach with him, and has his private coach painted the same colours, brown with yellow under-carriage, as all who have noticed the meets of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs will remember. Jack to this day speaks in the warmest terms of his pupil, and the kindness he has received from him. There was also a double

coach on this road to Reading, called the Reading Telegraph, and they used to pass each other at Salthill. Charles Ward, in 'Hints on Driving,' tells a good story of this road; he says: 'I recollect another singular circumstance occasioned by a fog. There were eight mails passed through Hounslow—the Bristol, Bath, Gloucester and Stroud took the right-hand road from Hounslow, the Exeter, Yeovil, Poole, and Quicksilver Devonport (which was the one I was driving) went the straight road towards Staines. We always saluted each other when passing with "Good night, Bill," "Dick," or "Harry," as the case might be. I was once passing a mail, mine being the faster, and gave my wonted salute (a coachman named Downs was driving the Stroud mail), he instantly recognised my voice, and said "Charlie! what are you doing on my road?" It was he, however, who had made the mistake—he had taken the Staines instead of the Slough road out of Hounslow. We both pulled up immediately; he had to turn round and go back, which was a feat attended with much difficulty in such a fog. Had it not been for our usual salute he would not have discovered his mistake before arriving at Staines. The mishap was about as bad as getting into a wrong train. I merely mention the circumstance to show that it was no joke driving a night mail in those days.' Our reverie was disturbed by a solitary cart, and we involuntarily exclaimed, 'This is change indeed!' to which the chawbacon, thinking probably we had lost our way, shouted out, 'Where do you want to go?' We had speculated as to what such an eligible situation, within a mile of Eton, with Windsor across the bridge, only twenty-one miles from Hyde Park Corner, with an easy road to drive and space for stabling for any number of horses (as much of that now standing might easily be renovated), a capital house, the Queen's, Sir R. B. Harvey's harriers, the Old Berkeley, and the Draghounds all within reach (hunting and coaching always go together), might not do as a clubhouse, or something of that sort; but above all, what a grand asylum for decayed coachmen and guards it would make, could the suggestion for their welfare which Mr. A. G. Scott had lately so earnestly and ably pleaded be carried out, and what a halo the associations of the place would shed around their declining years—cogitating, in fact, any and every way that might save it from destruction, when the interruption came and sent us sadly homeward.

Since the above was written, we have heard that Salthill is not to be desecrated, or the old house pulled down, as Mr. Charsley, the Registrar of Eton College, has purchased it, and Salthill will be retained in its integrity. All honour to him, we say, and feel sure there is not a reader of 'Baily' but will join us in the sentiment. What will become of the house we have not heard; but sincerely trust it may retain its character as one of the few old-fashioned inns to be found in England. It was full during the Ascot week. Family parties come and stay there for the sake of its comforts, not to be surpassed, and the classical neighbourhood around it; so we trust a long future in its present line is before it. That it will ever become

a modernised hotel in its present hands we do not fear ; better that it dropped into a private house, or, we had almost written, was levelled to the ground, though it would be hard to lose the chance of spending a night or two at 'Botham's,' wandering amid the old familiar trees, and, by your leave, kind reader, if not too sacrilegious, smoking a pipe on the summit of Mons Sacer.

J. F.

IRELAND'S HUNTING RESOURCES AND CAPABILITIES.

IRELAND has two faces, like Janus of old ; nay, we might say she presents herself, like her native shamrock, in threefold form ; but there we must abandon the analogy, seeing that Nature's handiwork in the national emblem is uniform ; each leaf or frond being a replica of its neighbour, whereas the three presentments of the green isle to which we allude are about as unequal and dissimilar as imagination can well conceive. Be it our task to review the latest and most engaging of these national phases in Hibernia Venatica, merely glancing, by way of contrast, at the aspects presented by Ireland political and Ireland polemical.

Ireland political, then, is neither lively nor lovable, and certes most unattractive to Englishmen. If her rhetoricians of the Tooley-Street order may be depended upon, her ambition is to break up the existing planetary system of Europe, and be whirled along no longer in the English orbit, but to take her place in the terrestrial galaxy with a sun, moon, and stars of her own choice : for though Nationalists and Home Rulers are fain to courtesy to strong Acts of Parliament, and to pay the homage of hypocrisy to the common sense of the United Kingdom, yet, interpreting their deliverances by the exegetic notes of transatlantic politicians of this school, it is evident that a severance of the English tie is the great desideratum.

The Ireland with which the English mind was most familiar through the medium of the House of Commons' discussions and the glosses of the press was that of a *quasi* Poland, or Servia, steeped to the lips in poverty and crime ; where religion merged into fanaticism, and class antipathies made social harmony all but impossible—in fact a very disagreeable country to settle in ; and the result was that English capital confronted Maori or Caffre perils rather than attempt to solve the Irish enigma—that Honduras and Honolulu, Patagonia and Peru tempted men rather than Waterford and Westmeath ! The dog had been libelled, and the libel stuck long after the circumstances which provoked the libel ceased to exist. Whatever the prejudiced masses may think, the enlightened and well-informed know full well now that, spite of her spokesmen and delegates, Ireland *is* rich, very nearly contented, and plying the paths of prosperity with busy feet. That to spout (treason) is Paddy's—

to forgive, John Bull's; that life and property are as safe in the green isle as in Kent; that the ground-swell of political agitators and agitation, result of many a fervid tempest, is the prelude to a sea of halcyon smoothness; and that the pacific and equitable legislation of the last twenty years has not been in vain, though its fruits may not be everywhere immediately discernible. That Ireland is really *pacata*, not *pacanda*.

Ireland polemical was even a more melancholy spectacle to the philanthropist. Theological hatred was nowhere more intense than in the Isle of Saints, and strong pressure was required to prevent scenes worthy of the days of Hypatia from being constantly enacted. Legislation, education, and the expansion of liberal ideas have scotched this snake more deadly in its virus than any the saintly Patrick encountered in his progress; more prolific of evil, more tenacious of its bad existence.

Having thus disposed of two fronds of 'the chosen leaf of bard and chief,' we come to the third, our special theme—*Hunting Hibernia*. Thackeray was not, we fancy, a fox-hunter—we doubt if he ever arrayed his limbs in leather, his upper man in scarlet—so he missed entirely one factor of Irish national character—its intense and absorbing love of sport, especially the sport of kings; while *we* have to regret the want of sketches, such as Leech and Surtees if incorporated into one might have drawn. The car-drivingest people in the world! he would have called them the most sport-loving people in the world, had he spent his winter and autumn in Ireland, instead of his occasional spring and summer. Let us endeavour to trace the growth of this national instinct in natural causes and the medium which, so to speak, encompasses the inhabitants of Ireland's happiest hunting grounds. The South Sea Islanders are born swimmers, fishermen, and boatmen; the Swiss, climbers; the Yorkshiremen cunning specially in horseflesh; 'but 'war's the borderer's game,' says the poet, and so war's image is the game, pastime, and delight of those whose lot is cast in the wide grasseries of Ireland, which the Atlantic waters copiously—whose rich emerald hues are protected from long frosts and snows by the tempering mildness of the great Gulf current.

What sort of a hunting Arcady Ireland presented to the traveller's view when the saintly Patricius invaded its shores and predicated to the listening masses on such 'high places' as the hills of Taragh and Skryne, we have now no means of ascertaining precisely. Pre-Raffaelite Cuyps and Coopers, if they existed, made no sign for us; the Four Masters were not word-painters like Macaulay, and the 'Senchus Mor' and 'the Book of Kells' tell us very little of men and manners; but history and analogy point to the fact that the island was carpeted over with grass (St. Patrick's lessons from the ever-present 'Shamrogue' are too well known to be alluded to here), that 'plough' and tilth was all but unknown. Smith of Deanston had not then redeemed large tracts of mere and morass from the dominion of the plaintive pewit and the booming bittern;

while extensive woodlands, which have been since ruthlessly and improvidently cut down like asparagus beds, crowned many a barren hill and shaded many a deep gully and abrupt ravine. In the last century Arthur Young tells us that ploughing was so far in its infancy that the horse's tail was the point of attachment of the rude yoke in many places! Sir Walter Raleigh had not brought the potato to be the alternate bane and blessing of the island, while mangold and cabbage were undreamt of. With English incursions came in feeble attempts at partial husbandry and corn cultivation; but in the days of old, 'when Malachi wore the collar of gold,' and Brefni flourished his good sword in the face of 'millions of foemen,' we do know that the *Megacerus hibernicus*, alternately the prey of wolf and wolf-hound, roamed over the island. That a hardy race of 'Hobbies,' which Giraldus Cambrensis could appreciate so well (the remote ancestors possibly of some of those quick, small 'machiners,' which we begin by despising but end in admiring, to be seen daily in the streets of Dublin and all our popular centres), carried chieftain, kerne, and gallowglass in hunts and cattle-lifting forays for

'The beef which made their broth
In Ireland and in Scotland both.'

Small wonder then if many a Norman adventurer—a hunter by instinct and blood, fired with the delights of such an earthly paradise—forgot his knightly traditions, the bloody and stern mission he was charged withal—his loyalty and his love—married a daughter of Heth, grew a glybbe, took to Irish names, ways, and customs, in which, with all the zeal of a 'vert,' he out-heroded the natives, and like the Marsian in Persia,

'Consenuit socerorum in arvis.'

These things are matters of history—the miscegenation, as it was deemed, of Irish and English, though penalised by statute, was made very practical by the powers of beauty and the alchemy of nature, till a mixed and blended race spread over the island, of whom it may be said, in the language of the Laureate,

'Saxons they're all in their love of thee.'

'Thee' being for the nonce represented by Diana.

Such was Ireland as a hunting ground in the centuries which succeeded Adrian's gift of the island to the king of England—when men were hunters and shepherds, warriors and vassals, butchers of men and butchers of beeves. In our era of civilisation the natural conditions are not nearly so much changed as might at first sight be imagined. 'Mud is king,' the Yankees used to say on the Potomac, when their mule convoys stuck fast, and their volunteers could hardly march along. Grass is king in Ireland from the Causeway to Cape Clear, and his empire, based on natural aptitudes, seems likely to spread and annex bits of encroaching tilth as capital

increases and the labour market becomes more and more precarious. Already most of the soil which war prices of corn tempted men to turn up have reverted to their natural belongings of trefoil and kindred herbage. Potato-planting and the 'con-acre' system ceased with the famine years. Connaught is a vast sheep and stock farm, whose chiefs remind us of the Hyksoi, or Shepherd Kings, whom in our school-boy days we read of with wonder before we were indoctrinated into 'the wisdom of Egyptians.' Leinster is a Bovine Bœotia, a very Basan where cattle flourish, under the sway mainly of rich graziers, who think little of stocking a few thousand acres of the best pasturage in the world, and thence defy the competition of Texas or Spain—the Old World or the New.

Apropos of graziers, a story is told of a daughter of one who was sent for her 'polishing' to a fashionable 'Minerva House' at—say Blackheath, where the daughters of rich merchants and middle-class magnates did much congregate. 'What is your father?' said one of the senior girls to a new-comer whose father made his money as a poultryman. 'Oh, my father is a large Turkey merchant,' said the quick-witted young spinster. 'And yours?' said she, turning to the new Irish importation, who fancied her father's vocation was too nearly allied to the butcher's to be as aristocratic as she craved. 'Oh, mine is a grathier,' with the lisp which she deemed *de rigueur*. The success was perfect, and the unknown went for the magnificent.

This reminds me of a West Indian anecdote of a young Sambo girl, who was sent to the neighbouring 'great house' by 'the Busha' to an English lady, who had just arrived and who began her studies in ethnology by asking the young darkie who and what her father was. 'He's one breeding man, my sweetie miss,' said she, to the discomfiture of the Anglican; but Quashie only meant that her father had a large young family.

From the predominance of grass in Ireland arises the fact that, in parts of Meath, eastern and western Kildare, Dublin, and Galway you may really hunt half a season without imbedding your hunter's hoof in clay; that in every fox-hunting county in Ireland there is an infinitely greater preponderance of grass over plough than in the best hunting grounds of England, hardly excepting the Vale of Aylesbury—that green Goshen set in the midst of dark surroundings. What the result of such a happy combination of circumstances is to scent and pace, it would be mere surplusage now to narrate. Galloping *over* turf, and *through* Ploughdom, are somewhat different sensations to men and horses (and between the two there must be active sympathy to insure pleasure); nor does it affect merely pace and pleasure—it touches the pocket very sensibly likewise. Four hundred guineas-worth of well-bred horseflesh will only do *in* deep ground what one hundred and fifty guineas-worth will accomplish more easily and smoothly *over the surface*. But this is not all the advantage we claim for Ireland in a hunting point of view. In Kilkenny, Carlow, and Tipperary, for instance, there is a

good deal of corn cultivation, often, indeed, only a prelude to laying down the land into permanent pasture; but the ploughshare is *not* driven deep into the soil, which ever rides light, while steam and deep cultivation is almost unknown generally; nor can I recall an instance of subsiding up to my horse's girths in Irish plough, which is so well-known a sensation in the West of England, when you jump into a field of 'teazles.'

The same dispensation which proves so friendly to grass, so hostile to cereals, is an ally to the hunter of foxes, in another shape, in giving him more days during his season than can be hoped for elsewhere, an almost certain immunity from long frosts and blockading snow-falls.

Without dwelling too much on the mildness of the past season—when most packs of hounds in Ireland were not interrupted for even a single forenoon, an exceptional state of things, we admit—it is pertinent to our subject to remark, that the migration of frost-bound sportsmen from the sterner skies of England to our balmier and more relaxing air is becoming annual, and the numbers are expected to increase each year. '*Est ubi plus tepeant hiemes?*' says the Augustan bard about Baizæ: we may quote him appositely for our Irish skies. We have more rain but less fog—less sunshine, perhaps, but then Diana ever affects the shade, and the dark crepuscular horizons of December are more frequently blessed by red-letter marks than the gaudy, garish brightnesses of March and April.

It is a coincidence that 'the Sunburst' is a national emblem; and in the processional march-past in honour of O'Connell, some years ago, almost every guild and representative village bore it aloft—a Milesian tradition perhaps, an embodiment of regret for the god of day, of whom they saw so little in their adopted Isle of the West.

Thus it would appear that the stars in their courses—the Hyades and the Pleiades, the genius of the soil and the course of agriculture are favourable to hound-hunting in Ireland. Let us now inquire whether the spread and growth of civilisation has been antagonistic or ancillary to the sport of kings in that island. The great outcomes of civilisation during the last two generations have been railways and steamships, telegraphs, and the drainage of the soil; for coal and minerals being denied us in paying proportions, the factory element, subterraneous and superterraneous, is placed out of consideration. Of railways there may be said to be but four trunk-lines, with a few feeders, in our entire *enceinte*—slow, jog-trot, unenterprising affairs for the most part, so far as passengers are concerned, slow and sure their motto, like the tortoise, but splendid properties withal and most dividend-paying. That they have cut up bits of hunting territory is true; but on the other hand they have proved most serviceable to the hunters of the fox by enabling them to move with more economy, rapidity, and precision than in the old posting days—by vanning hounds to distant fixtures, and by the carriage of hunters. There has hardly been an instance of serious injury to a pack of hounds, while in chase, from railway collision, though I own to one or two

narrow escapes (Mr. Filgate, in Louth, last season, was, I think, the only sufferer); and if the directors took a lesson from the London and North-Western in their patronage of the hunting interest, railways would prove an almost unmixed blessing. Telegraphs are, of course, to be placed in the same category, though some stud-grooms will hardly concur in this estimate.

Perhaps engineering has conferred no more signal benefit to the hunting interests than in the general adoption of Mr. Smith of Deanstons's methods of draining throughout this waterlogged island. The experience of the oldest inhabitant is not required to point out thousands of acres of pasture land redeemed from slough and mere over which hounds, if there be an atom of scent, invariably carry a good head.

In the traditions of some of the elder hunts we find the huntsman perpetually obliged to dismount to keep near his hounds, and get through the swamps and quagmires on foot. How such amphibious tactics would suit the smartly-attired modern huntsman—we knew one who would not even wear *silk* stockings, for fear of marring the perfect symmetry of his tops—it *boots* not to inquire now. There is little fear of anti-venatic dryness or excessive evaporation in Ireland; the danger is all the other way, while the rainfall continues so abundant.

Steam-packets have only proved injurious in one way, namely, in carrying off our best mares and colts in numbers far too great for our hunting wants; on the other hand they bring us sire horses, sire hounds, and the hunting-staff—which, as a rule, we prefer importing to manufacturing on the premises.

To these great physical and climateric advantages, Irishmen may add, that in Dublin they possess a capital unapproached and unapproachable, we believe, in the privileges it proffers to hunting men. Sitting *à cheval*, as it were, of all the main lines of railway, it can inject men and horses to almost any fixture within their limits either over-night, or in the morning, bringing them home for the most part to dinner, or supper at any rate, in the metropolis. In its Phoenix Park it affords an exercise parade or training arena second only to the Curragh of Kildare. Flat races used to be held here biennially, and in spring hardly a morning passes by without its being the scene of one or more 'trials.' When the Park becomes hard and baked, there are miles and miles of foreshore sand and shingle for training horses almost to concert pitch. Add to all this, that it is a horse mart only equalled by London—which for a certain class of horses it excels—and that late risers and ball-goers have an afternoon programme for almost every day of the week, enabling them to take their pleasure with the Ward Union Staghounds, the Bray, or Mr. Brookes' harriers, or Mr. Turbitts' well-known drag pack.

I started with the proposition that the Irish were the most sport-loving people extant. *Ecce signum!* Here is strong demonstration thereof. The Ward Union Hounds hunt thrice weekly within an area compaatively small, and rendered trebly valuable by its proximity

to the metropolis. Large fields take part in the pursuit of the stag, recruited mainly from the commercial, professional, official and military classes, very slightly leavened by the squirearchy or landowners, who might fancy they had some shadowy claim of free warren—right of ingress and egress over some of those broad pastures from the waning of October moons to the last quarter of April; and yet there is hardly ever a grumble or remonstrance among the occupiers of the much hoof-pressed area. Masters of foxhounds, whose lines often lead them and their followers over the petty holdings of very poor men, will bear the same testimony to the forbearance and good feeling of the occupiers of the soil, sorely taxed as it is too often by wanton and ignorant aggression, such as the needless trampling of wheat or seeds or the smashing of gates and locks. Fair, prompt compensation and a few kind words nearly always allay any irritation that may arise in the bucolic breast. The fault is too often with the executive if the sun sets on the aggrieved husbandman's wrath, by neglect, delay, or hope too long deferred. Nor should it be forgotten that these men, on whom falls the burden of the chase, rarely share in its glories, excitements, or profits. A Normandy peasant of the same social status would take a different view of the *corvée*. I only know of a single serious collision between tenant-farmer and M.F.H. in Ireland for many a year, and in this case the remonstrant was not a native of the island.

Perhaps no higher tribute to the kindly nature of the Irish farmer can be paid than the simple record of the fact that a sport like fox-hunting, which positively injured him more or less, and which he and his followers had it in their power to cripple, if not to annihilate *in toto*, flourished amain through years of famine and poverty—when his class was really waging a social and political warfare with what he held to be an alien and hostile race, for whose behoof this royal sport existed.

In one natural feature Ireland lags far behind England, namely, in her woodlands, which are few and far between, and not to be found at all in many counties.

For making individual hounds a hunting pack; for giving them voice and melody; for sharpening up the hunting staff, woodlands, and stub-bred foxes are essential. The improvidence of our arboricidal ancestors—not an ungenerous soil—is responsible for this want (witness our bogs); but, on the other hand, the hard-riding fields may be very thankful that they and their horses are spared the eternal gallopade, up the middle and down again, of deep, squelchy forest rides, which demoralise horses, ruin clothes and vex the spirit, by leaving the sportsman occasionally *planté là*, half a mile from the pack without the slightest inkling of what line they have taken. To the M.F.H. a forest or two is a boon inestimable; if he treated an Irish field to much woodland work he would not be blessed, for the riding fever is on them and can only be cured by a sharp gallop over grass.

The mention of woodlands suggests one point in which hunting Ireland *ought* to maintain a vast superiority over her well-timbered

sister isle, and that is, the scant provocation there exists for sacrificing foxes to pheasants, and the absence of all cause for clashing between the velvetreen and scarlet interests : indeed, the latter is so paramount, in theory, that the velvetreen professors, whatever their secret feelings may be, openly profess the most unqualified allegiance to it.

Hunting is, with the majority, a fashion in England. It is a fashion and a passion as well in Ireland ; and this consideration as well as the composition of the fields give a Master, in the latter country, some faint hopes of dealing with the mounted mob of his followers. I speak now only of a few of the very popular assemblies, such as the Meath meets at Woodlands or Abbotstown ; the Kildare rendezvous at Johnstown Inn, or the Eighteen Mile Stone. De Grammont—writing about Hyde Park in his day—tells us that every one who had sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage repaired thither. Evelyn was shocked at ‘ the shameful powdered-hair men and *spotted* women ’ to be there seen. Is not many an easily accessible fashionable hunting fixture about as motley a crowd as Hyde Park ever shaded in the leafy month of June ? Gilded youth and golden-haired beauty—Lais, Thais, Pericles and Alcibiades—debutantes and dowagers, Bloomsbury and Belgravia, squires and squireesses, bucks and ‘ buckeens ’ armigerous families and those whose arms are found for them by the coachmaker’s painter, nobles of many quarterings, and rich burgesses whose quarterings a few years ago were the quartering of fat sheep and oxen ; the overflow of the Stock Exchange, the counter, and the wharf, the spawn of the Turf, city life and country life—all sorts and conditions of men and women, a curious *olla* on horseback and wheels !

In Ireland the composition of our fields, even the monster ones—the exceptions—is very different, and more easily traced. Let me analyse one very briefly from a recent recollection. Soldiers form decidedly the smartest group on the ground. They have come in five regimental coaches well packed, and represent every arm of the service, as well as that brain power which we hope to gain from ‘ the Intelligence Department ’ by-and-by ; for Ireland is one great camp and garrison still. The Duke of Connaught drives up presently in a well-appointed mail phaeton, with his equery, Captain Maurice Fitzgerald. Hats are raised as he takes off his driving-coat and apron and mounts a long, low, bloodlike son of the lawyer’s Black Knight, and mingles with the crowd, of whom he seems to know almost every member, and to recollect their names. Four outriders well carried by stepping brown horses now herald the Castle party in a barouche and char-à-banc (two ladies and a man are in hunting livery). The Custos Rotulorum of the county next drives up with his pleasing wife, a Secretary of State and an Indian Judge. There are two county members out, but the Conservative from the north seems for the nonce more of a Home Ruler than his brother M.P., on a very hot chestnut, who looks capable of giving occupation to the Clerk of the Hanaper. Here is the Irish Secretary unbending the bow of statecraft, for

he dearly loves a quick straight thing, and rides as hard as he works. Here are a row of county magnates, 'a titled and untitled throng,' as the poet calls them. Here are county stars of the second order, many Justices of the Peace, and a fair number of Deputy Lieutenants, whose particular business no man knoweth; scores of fresh young faces, many nearly beautiful, almost all pleasing-looking and pleased—some twenty-five ladies *en amazone*, dependent, independent, leaders, followers, thrusters, crawlers, skitters; but all *monde*, all purposeful, and unlike in that respect so many of the men at the trysting-place. A few visitors from neighbouring counties brought by rail; a few guests from the county houses around, for the most part on scratch mounts and in scratch gets-up. Two priests from a remote diocese: their own diocesan forbids hunting, but these good sportsmen think it only a *malum prohibitum*, and that the real *malum* is *in se(e)*. The surgeon of the county town, ever, like William of Deloraine, good at need; a rising country attorney, who can look over a mortgaged farm or two *en route*; five or six yeomen farmers on good-looking colts, two on high-class hunters; three dealers on very stable proud-looking hunters; eight horsebreakers on raw three-year-olds; two trainers of chasers, in command of a string of blue-bandaged thoroughbreds, warranted to gallop better than they jump, and to kick better than either; they are ridden by lads of 7 or 8 stone, and are in quest of hunting certificates. Add about a hundred nondescript vehicles with picnicking 'outing' parties in them, and you have a fair tale of an Irish popular and fashionable meet, which suggests anything rather than sport; and yet it is an easily managed crowd, for all know something of each other and fall naturally into their places in the *quasi* parade.

The wily Master led the way to his first draw—a gorse—over some fields and a large 'double,' thus getting rid at a *coup* of all who were merely 'spectating,' for there were, as he knew, neither gates nor gaps. A short ring and a kill was the forenoon part of the fox drama. The chasers retired early, hoping they had caught the Master's eye. The ladies felt a decided mission for lunch at 1.30, and so it fortuneed that at 2 o'clock the Master found his following reduced to fifty or sixty, plus two ladies. Only two couples of hounds have been maimed and a whip's horse kicked in the struggle. The evening gave them a quick thing, and darkness saved their quarry. I propose in my next paper to say something about the different packs and counties. In Ireland we hope and believe we have several Leicestershires, minus the crowds.

TOM STRETCHER AMONGST THE TROUT.

A YEAR or two had elapsed since my little friend Stretcher had the fiasco in connection with the big pike, which was recorded in the pages of 'Baily,' and from one cause or another I had lost sight of

him subsequent to that event, until I chanced to run up against him in a most unexpected way during the past summer. I had, as was my wont, when the weather became genial—which as all will but too well remember was not very early in the season—started, knapsack on back and staff in hand, for a long summer ramble. On these excursions I have a fancy to avoid large towns as far as possible, and make my way by country roads, bye-lanes and footpaths, from one village hostelry to another. If I find cleaner and more comfortable quarters than common, and the neighbourhood is interesting, there I stay for a few days and explore it. In this way I fall in with many pleasing incidents, see some strange characters, and amuse myself in a very healthy and innocent fashion, until late autumn and bad weather send me back once more to the comforts of town and a snug fireside. On the occasion of which I am now writing, I had wandered through the southern counties for a month or two, and having made a long march across what had in my early days been for the most part down land, but now was principally under corn, I sought shelter in a village alehouse in one of those lovely valleys by which these chalk hills are intersected, where, having before tried the accommodation and found it good, I proposed resting for a short time.

‘Very sorry, Mr. N., I can’t give you the parlour and best bedroom,’ said the buxom, good-looking landlady, ‘for a gentleman has come down from London and taken them for the summer; he has the fishing, up as far as the mill, but has not been out yet. He was here and settled it all last week, then went back, and we expect him again to-night.’

This was rather a bore; but I contented myself with the reflection that I could put up with worse quarters than the best bedroom for one night, as I was sure of cleanliness at any rate. And the next day it was only to walk on another stage, and leave the gentleman from London to the parlour, the best bedroom, and the fishing as far as the mill. Having done ample justice to what the good dame could offer me in the way of refreshment at such short notice, I lighted the pipe of contentment, and took a stroll until it was time to retire for the night, having no wish to run my head against the gentleman from town, as when on such excursions as these, I avoid everything that reminds me of London and its artificial life as far as possible—in fact, I would have gone on another ten miles that night sooner than hear anything about the war, the last scandal connected with the Turf or Stock Exchange, the Divorce Court, or any of those topics of conversation with which he would probably be charged to the brim. In pursuance of my plan for isolation, I strolled along a path in the meadows until my progress was arrested by a strange muttering or bellowing sound, and, casting my eye over the next fence, I saw quite enough to detain me on my own side of the stile, for beyond it were two bulls engaged in battle. Here is a chance, thought I, to see a ‘mill’ on a grand scale; for though no doubt I shall be set down as a

terrible reprobate in this enlightened age for avowing such a thing, I have not the slightest objection to see a good turn-up, provided all is square and above-board and the combatants equally matched, between either man or beast. It is very wrong, I know, but then I may plead in extenuation that I do not like slaughtering women and children, even if they are infidels and it is done in the name of religion. Let that pass; it was a good fight, and I was just offering a mental wager on the red bull, although he was smaller than his antagonist, who I afterwards found out had broken from his boundaries and invaded the red one's territory, when my own name, shouted from the high-road some hundred yards distant, made me jump from the stile on which I had been sitting, in surprise, and turning my head, I beheld a fly loaded with luggage, as if it was conveying a party on their marriage tour, and from the window of which protruded the head and shoulders of Tom Stretcher himself, who was shouting and gesticulating with all his might to attract my attention.

'Come along, old fellow; jump in,' said he, as I neared him. 'What a slice of luck! when I was thinking I should have to stick 'in this confounded dull place all alone! But what on earth brings 'you here?'

'If you ask what brought me here, I say, my legs; if the reason 'of my coming, because the place came handily into the route I 'wished to follow. Now in turn, what could induce you to come 'here, and with such an amount of luggage? Have you taken a 'house, married a wife, or are you only come here to escape from 'your creditors?'

'Neither one nor the other; but here we are at my quarters. 'Now Mrs. —, I have picked up a friend; you will find some- 'thing in that hamper to add to the dinner ordered, and in the wine- 'case you will see some bottles with gold foil on the necks; just 'put a couple of them in the well bucket, as I suppose you have 'no ice, and let us dine as soon as you can.'

So my friend Tom Stretcher was, after all, the gentleman from London; and evidently his care for the wants of that person had by no means deserted him. Well, it was rather a pity I had dined on eggs and rashers, but that could not be rectified; at any rate, I need not curtail my stay in the neighbourhood on his account, for he would be too full of himself to talk of anything else, and really I by no means dislike the little fellow, if I don't see him too often.

'Come, old boy, can't you try a bit of dinner with me? there's 'pigeon-pie with plovers' eggs, *pâté foie gras*, and brawn, if you 'cannot stand Mrs. —'s roast duck and green peas. No!—well, 'you can help me with this,' said he, as he untwisted the wire of one of the golden-necked bottles aforesaid, and taking aim at an overblown rose which was peeping in at the window, scattered a shower of leaves over the greensward.

The foaming tumbler drained, I was fain to inquire the meaning of all I saw, and how it was the office stool was exchanged for such doings as these.

‘Uncle’s dead, my boy,’ replied he. ‘No more office work; got the dibbs, and mean to have some fun with them, so I have taken this fishing of Lord ——. Can’t get the fishing-box in order this season, so put up here, as you see; and very glad was I to find you in the neighbourhood, for neither G. nor S. can get away at present, and I rather funk’d it here with no one to speak to. Now you must stay with me, and we’ll be awfully jolly.’

‘How long have you taken to pursue the despised trout, Tom? When last I saw you, there was nothing like a Thames pike, and trout-fishing was looked on as very tame sport indeed; only we did not always land our pike.’

‘No more of that Hal, an thou lovest me. Times change, and so may a man’s opinion, and Tom Stretcher in an office, glad to get his day on the Thames when he can catch it, is a different person to Thomas Stretcher, Esq., with the right of fishing in a mile and a half of well-preserved water. I’ve been practising throwing a fly privately for a week, and I flatter myself I can show you the way to pull them out to-morrow.’

The next morning Tom was early astir, and I soon found he was as profuse in his preparations against the trout as he had been when intent on capturing pike. His fly-book was about the size of an ordinary ledger, and by the number of flies he carried about he might have been taken for one of the Plagues of Egypt coming into the land, and great must have been the joy of the fishing-tackle makers whom he patronised. There was no conceivable kind of fly that could be used on any stream in England, Scotland, or Wales, not to mention Ireland, that was not to be found in his collection; while as to rods, he would have put to shame a Finland vapour bath for the number he mustered. I should say there was scarcely one advertised of any sort or kind that he had not in his possession, while the landing-nets and gaffs would have supplied an army. Having breakfasted as men should do who have a long day before them, Tom pressed me to take one of his rods and accompany him; but I was bent on visiting a monument erected to the memory of a famous hunter, some ten miles away, which had for years served as a landmark in the neighbourhood, and reading the curious legend thereon in which his exploits were recorded, so I only stayed to see my friend whip off a couple of flies and smash a foot-length in the bough of a thorn tree, and then left him, promising to be back and join him at dinner in the evening. A somewhat rueful tale had he to greet me with on my return, tired and hungry, for the sun had been hot, the wind still, and not a fish had risen. It was true he had lost flies enough, but notwithstanding had toiled all day and caught nothing. Stiff with throwing, and somewhat chagrined and disconcerted at his want of luck, he sat down to dinner in the snug parlour overlooking the stream. The odours of flowers came in through the open window, the rippling water made sweet music over pebbles beyond, and in the hawthorn bush on the farther bank a blackbird was just beginning his evening song.

Mrs. — was a capital cook. A charming summer soup, rich in vegetables, was disposed of, though the dish of trout which was to have followed it, alas! was wanting. Another of the golden-necked bottles had been uncorked, though silently, and with no aiming at roses this time, and we were both deep in the mysteries of lamb and salad, when 'plop' went something in the stream, as if a dog had jumped in. Tom started, and arrested the fork halfway to his mouth, exclaiming, 'What's that?' 'Only a fish jumped.' 'By Jove! let us make haste,' said he, 'I have always heard they bite best as it's growing dusk—I shall do something now;' and the contents of his plate disappeared with a rapidity that was marvellous. 'No thank you, Mrs. —, we've no time for that,' cried he, motioning away our hostess with his hand, as she put a raspberry tart on the table that might have tempted an anchorite, and flanked it with a glass jug of rich cream.

Tom was soon once more at the river side, whither I followed him more leisurely, and sure enough, we had not been there many minutes ere a fish jumped again, then another, and another, and Tom began to flog the water most industriously. Still not a sign of rise or bite rewarded his exertions. The river in this part was very wide, sweeping out into a shallow on our side, but running deep and strong on the far one, where the bank was covered with trees and rushes, much too far for even the most expert wielder of the wand to reach. Tom's exertions were almost Herculean to compass the feat, and his contortions something terrible to witness, but of course all unavailing, though he did manage to launch his third and top joint a considerable portion of the way, as the rod had been put together hastily and carelessly in the excitement of the moment. By the time these were recovered and put right, the river appeared literally alive with fish, and I could see by the little man's eye that the tantalization of seeing them was more than he could bear, for they leaped quite up out of the water. I told him they were only playing, and would never take his flies while that game was going, that it was when you saw them come gently to the surface and suck the flies down that sport was to be expected, but it was all in vain. 'Can't I see them rising every minute?' said he. 'What use is it to tell me they would not take my flies, if I could only get them over there?' 'I shall go in.' 'Nonsense, you will only get wet and catch cold for nothing.'

However, in he went, and then commenced such a game as I never saw before. The fish jumped all round him, and backwards and forwards rushed Tom, as well as the water, which was up to his hips, would allow, to throw now here, now there, as each separate splash sounded in his ears, and I could not help likening him to Neptune with a shoal of porpoises playing round him, or Proteus, tending his herds of sea monsters. Anything more laughable I never came across. I only wished the late John Leech could have been there to fix the scene for ever. The darker the night grew, the more riotous did the fish become, until one could fairly imagine

that they were dancing in derision of his attempts to catch them, which only became the more strenuous. Talk of the patience of the votaries of the gentle craft, surely Izaak would have blushed crimson for his disciple could he have seen the state of excitement he was in. Perseverance I must give him credit for, but of patience verily there was little enough to boast. Whether my shouts of laughter from the bank made him more irritable than common I cannot say, but, sorry as I am to write it, Tom Stretcher lost his temper, and swore, yes, audibly swore at those same gleesome fishes. Everything must have an end, and so had this scene, that end being accelerated by Tom in the darkness stepping into a hole in the bed of the river, and coming a regular cropper head first into the water, out of which he scrambled with much spluttering, a sadder if not a wiser man. I don't know whether it was the fear of catching cold, or if he thought he would rather not face me for a quiet *tête-à-tête* that evening, but when I expected to see him come down in dry things, I found he was in bed, and had sent for a tumbler of hot, strong rum-and-water. I had to leave him next day, to pursue my journey, but returning that way about two months afterwards, I was astonished to find he was not there. In answer to my inquiries as to the cause of his leaving, Mrs. — said, 'Poor young gentleman, I should be sorry to say anything against him, for a quieter, civiler creature never came into the house. Very liberal and open-handed I will say he was, too, but I dare say you know, sir, poor young gentleman, he was not quite right in his head.'

'Not right in his head, Mrs. —. What makes you think that?'

'Well, sir, you remember the day you left him here in bed; he did not get up until the afternoon, and then did not stir out. I never quite thought he was the same man after that; never seemed so cheerful like; but he kept pottering about the river, though, Lord bless you! he never caught a fish, and was never like to, my John said, but he kept on in a stupid muddling sort of way. We thought he was strange; and true enough, one day he came home with the hook fast in his nose; 'twas windy, and he said a gust of wind caught it, and that was how it happened; but he was so awkward, nobody was surprised a bit. 'Twas a bad job, though, and Dr. Gentles had to cut it out for him, for the more John tried to unhook it, the worse it was; and they went into A—— in the light cart to get it done, for there was no better conveyance to be had. After that he did not fish much, but seemed kind of melancholy like when he looked at the water; and one morning he got up, and told John he wanted him to go with him down as far as the bridge. The girl heard him, and came running up to me crying, saying she was sure he meant to drown himself, and wanted master for a witness, so there should be no "crowner's quest;" but bless you, sir, he was harmless enough, though, as I said, a little queer, and only wanted John to carry his tackle for him—the rods and lines, and all that; still my good man wondered a little,

'as he had never asked him to do such a thing before, and there was a pretty good load of it altogether; but he went with him to the bridge down below there, and when he reached it he stood and looked over for a time, and watched the fish darting about. Then he said, kind of talking to himself more than John, "Ah! there you are. I see you plain enough, if I can't catch you; and, pretty dear I've paid for trying. Now, as you would not take the flies from me, you shall have them to yourselves, with all the rest of it. There 'tis; divide it amongst you; I wash my hands of the concern." And with that, if you'll believe me, sir, he took all his things from John, and over into the river he pitched them—rods, lines, baskets, nets, books, flies, and all the lot—and then came back; paid his bill without a word; gave me a guinea for the child, and then went into A. and took the express, and told us to send his things along as soon as we could. He must have been off his head—don't you think so, sir?'

So ended Tom's adventures amongst the trout.

N.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—September Saunterings.

WHAT a day was 'the First.' How crisp the air; how bright (a little too bright perhaps) the sun. How exhilarating the march across the stubble and turnips, with a bold lot of downland between the two, and a plover or two on the wing. A down country also on which there are other things besides plovers—things not quite so innocent. Have our readers ever heard of 'sheeted strings'? The phrase is not a new one, we fancy. We seem to have read it somewhere, probably in those dreadful sporting newspapers; but, at all events, where we were keeping, what we believe it is the correct thing to call the Feast of S. Partridge—there were 'sheeted strings.' And the s.s. very much interfered with the shooting; for while Ponto is standing like a carved image in the middle of the turnips, on the edge of the downs above us do we perceive the long Indian file of the sheeted ones; some of them, by-the-way, appear to have a good deal more on them than a sheet. This is very trying, and there is a good deal of missing with the second barrel, calling down maledictions. Perhaps some of our readers will feel for our situation. To know that above your head, as it were, Tiglath-Pileser was probably about to do one of his Leger 'finals,' and that Hobgoblin, whom we have been following all the year, and who is so well in the Cesarewitch, would accompany him while we were up to our knees in wet swedes, and would see nothing but the whisk of Tiglath-Pileser's tail—was not this riling? Even a full bag hardly made up for it.

But we must not expatiate on the delights of shooting, the more that we should come under the category of impostors and humbugs if we did, for sooth to say, we soon get tired of our gun, and looking on battue shooting as so much slaughter, are clearly not in it with the present generation. Our First was soon over, and we did not even have a second, preferring to spend our brief holiday among the sheeted strings before mentioned, and to glean what knowledge we could from the Gamaliel with whom we rode and held sweet converse. What we saw and what he told us are forever buried in our breasts,

but we do not mind informing our readers, 'in answer to numerous inquiries,' as they say in theatrical puffs, that Hobgoblin will *not* win the Cesarewitch, the day of that gallant steed being yet distant; that Tiglath-Pileser will most certainly carry off the Goodwood Cup of 1880, and that we have (but this only in the strictest confidence) one of the very best things for the City and Sub. of next year that ever was known. Further information to be obtained of Mr. Baily.

We believe our seat in a stall is a better one than in the saddle. There was a degree of stiffness arising out of the gallop over Black Sheep Down, in company with Gamaliel, that made us the next evening appreciate No. 52 in the third row (our favourite position) at that temple of pleasure called the Alhambra Theatre. Black Sheep Down is a charming place when fine; but we had an experience of that locality when the stormy winds did blow, and all we can say is—never again. So we appreciate our stall (wishing, perhaps, it was a little more stuffed), and we like the warmth, the light, and the glitter of 'Yolande,' the title of the last effort of leg and limelight in Leicester Square. As far as we could make out the ingenious Mr. Alfred Thompson's story, Yolande was a mediæval saint, represented in the dream which brings before us the regions of 'far Cathay,' by Mdlle. Pertoldi, whose shapeliness of figure and elasticity of limb are well known to the *habitués* of the Alhambra. A saint in silk tights is somewhat of a novelty, and that alone is worth all the money; but when, in addition, Mr. Thompson gives us some of his most brilliant efforts in the way of colour and costume, and when the management ably second him with a set scene like 'the Daimio's Palace and Gardens,' the whole effect is very pleasing. We have seen Alhambra ballets with more 'go' in them, and we think something more might have been made of the 'Blue and White Beauties of Nankin,' which were evidently relied upon by Mr. Thompson as a *chef d'œuvre*, but still the effect of the Grand Japanese Ballet was very good. Never has Mr. Thompson shown himself such a master of colour as in this, and it is well worth going to see. By-the-way, we made a painful discovery that evening, which was that some members of the renowned *corps de ballet* are getting afflicted with *anno domini*. Now this was a shock, because we had looked upon the Alhambra ballet as a fountain of perennial youth, sparkling as its real water, bright as its unapproachable limelight. And with *anno domini* has come, too, in some instances, the fiend obesity. The rounded form has become, alas, too rounded—very much so, indeed, here and there in the front row, and the sight saddened us. Were these the airy fairy nothings of two or three years ago? Can anything be done for them? Mr. Thompson is a very clever man. We look to him to fling the mantle of eternal youth (and youth in which there is no corpulence) over the Alhambra *corps de ballet*.

From Leicester Square to the Strand, the Alhambra to the Opera Comique, which, under new management, opened its doors last month, not to the strains of Offenbach or Hervé, but to the woes of a Lancashire lass. The transformation was somewhat startling. We have been accustomed to associate the Opera Comique with gaiety and slight indecorum; there it was that we learned 'Madame Angot by heart, and fell in love with Kate Vaughan. Such a Don Cæsar, too, and such a dog of a King. It was a very pleasant temple of the drama then; and we could not help fancying, as we took our seat on the opening night of 'Liz,' that the programme before us was a joke, and that the drawing up of the curtain would disclose that sparkling collection of legs (with a modicum of voice) who are always found singing tra-la-la in the shortest of petticoats, and dancing with some rather stout young men in blue and peach-blossom smalls. But we were wrong. 'Liz' was a sober reality, a

little out of place, we could not help thinking, at a theatre all stalls and dress circle, for 'Liz' is a melo-drama, but still with a charm about it, aided as it was by the acting of Miss Rose Leclercq, that insured its success. The experiment was rather hazardous, too. Very local in its subject, dealing with Lancashire pit life, its heroine a pitman's daughter, it has had, we believe, a marked success in Liverpool and other large towns in the northern provinces, and it was a play we should have expected to find having a great run at the Surrey, or at the Adelphi, in the days when there was an Adelphi company. We are just a little tired, perhaps, of Lancashire lasses, and the dialect they attempt to speak, and it therefore says much for Miss Leclercq that her picture of the heroine, a young girl with great force of character, but still tender and loving beneath it, should have won for the play a success which, apart from it, would have been doubtful. There is a good deal of poetry in the character of 'Liz,' in her secret love for a man above her in station, her devotion to him, and the dangers she braves in saving his life, intensified as all this is by the fact that one of the chief conspirators against the man she loves is her own father. Miss Leclercq interprets this very feelingly, with tenderness and pathos, rising when required to passion and intensity. The obligation of the Lancashire dialect, which, we presume, the fact of the piece first being played in the county, laid on Miss Leclercq, fetters her at times, especially in the concluding scenes; but still it is a part in which the actress has made a decided mark, and to her the management will owe the success we believe the piece has achieved. The other characters call for no special notice, and the comic business, though given to the able hands of Mr. J. G. Taylor, was of a dull character. The means and appliances of the Opera Comique stage are, we fancy, limited, therefore to that cause we must ascribe the very indifferent mounting of the play.

But let us turn to the Folly, where Mr. Henderson, wiser in his generation, presents us only with fare that fits the appetite of its frequenters; light *plats*, leaving behind them, it may be, no very great impression, but still what there is is pleasing. Pretty music, pretty dresses, and pretty dears. Hervé, Lecocq, and Offenbach supply the first; French artists of note the second; Miss Violet Cameron, Miss Kathleen Corri, Miss Munroe, and Miss Nelly Bronley are the leading exponents of the third. The effect of the whole is charming. You spend two or three hours at the Folly, and you come away without the slightest feeling of weariness or the least disposition to yawn. And where, oh where, countrymen and women, can we say the same? Are we not often—how often—only too anxious for the last act and that sudden appearance of the *dramatis personæ* before the foot-lights, which, unless you are particularly requested 'to keep your seats 'until the fall of the curtain,' is the signal for a general cloaking and rising? But at the Folly, with the strains of these masters of opera bouffe in our ears—passably well sung, too—with everything to please the eye, fun without vulgarity, and heroes and heroines who are guiltless of breakdowns, here is something to keep one, not exactly riveted—that is too strong a term for so slight an attraction—but held with a silken string which we have no desire to loosen. 'The Creole,' an adaptation of the *opéra comique* of the same name, is not very brilliant as to its libretto, but Offenbach has given us some of his most sparkling music; nothing that particularly catches the ear, but you know the general effect pleases, and some of the choruses are very effective. It was well acted. Mr. John Howson, a new appearance, was the irascible and tyrannous Commodore, the guardian of Zoe, the creole, and he made a favourable impression. He gave us an idea of Mr. Harry Cox in his voice and manner, and was equally at home with that

Strand favourite. We would venture to give Mr. Howson a word of advice, if he would allow us. An excessive use of 'gag' (for 'gag' we must suppose allusions to the Orleans Club, the Detective inquiry, &c., to be) is much to be deprecated. Burlesque has its licence no doubt, but here it seemed carried to the very verge, and was the blot on what else would have been an amusing sketch. If Messrs. Reece and Farnie are the guilty parties, they are much more to blame than Mr. Howson. But the ladies are the chief attraction of 'The Creole,' and Miss Bromley, as the dashing René in the uniform of the Mousquetaires Rouges, is the centre figure of a handsome trio. It is no disparagement to the other two ladies to say that when René is on the stage he fills the eye to the exclusion of all else. In red hose and buff jerkin, his long cloak hanging in graceful folds, his *bonnet rouge* sitting well on his shapely head, René is a picture—there is no doubt about that. Who designed the costume we know not. There were some names in the programme, but we dismiss them. The buff and red come from some greater mind than belonged to them. It was not all costume, though—far from it. Miss Bromley acted with great spirit, entering into the fun of the piece without overstepping the bounds that separate ladylike acting from its reverse. She was the gallant lover, the dashing reckless soldier, but yet let us see that she could say with Rosalind, 'Dost thou think, 'though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my com-
'position?' Miss Munroe and Miss Cameron, as Zoe and Antoinette, had to sing well and look well, and this they did. A visit to the Folly is one of the things to do.

Where does society betake itself after Goodwood races? Some go to Ryde or Cowes, and the majority are supposed to go to Scotland; but everybody cannot give a thousand for a moor, though that is nothing now, as it has been stated that as much as 4000*l.* has been paid for one this season. Some, we know, go to Scarborough, and others sit by the sad sea waves of Margate and Ramsgate; while the cads of Great Britain, according to the 'Times,' have made Folkestone their headquarters, and brutally insulted all the feeble sufferers of both sexes who landed from Boulogne. The statements in the 'Times' were not one bit exaggerated, for often has it been our fate, after an ugly passage, to run the gauntlet of a crowd of cads, male and female, and be subjected to every sort of insult. Chaff it has not been; for, as a rule, there is some wit, and occasionally good-nature, in that article; but the observations addressed to the sick and weary *voyageur*, encumbered with wraps and luggage, to our own knowledge have been most annoying and insulting. Verily there is no cad equal to the British cad; but were the term applied to these Folkestone people they would at once fire up. But let them remember old William of Wykeham's motto, 'Manners makyth man'; and so we trust that next year the Folkestone inhabitants and the respectable dwellers at the Pavilion, for their own credit, will do their best to put down 'Arry' and his caddish companions. Where, then, was society? Some went to Homburg, and a few more to the Engadine; but Switzerland generally, compared with former years, knew them not. The English language was freely spoken (through the nose), by crowds of Americans, the female portion of whom seem to look upon dressing several times a day as the chief object of their life.

While descanting on foreign travel we cannot help noticing the great change that has lately come over the Grand Hotel in Paris, and not for the better. Nothing could have been better managed than before the German war, when Mr. Hoffman was at the head of affairs; but now there is a new *régime*, in which the Hebrew element enters largely. Then there was a tariff of each room

and everything. Everybody could locate themselves according to their means, and knew what they were doing, and the administration of that period prided themselves thereon; but now that is all changed; there is no longer any tariff in each room, so that there is every opportunity of pillaging the unwary, unless a special contract is made, which is, of course, a nuisance. What is the consequence?—only Shoddies, Anglo-German Jews, and perhaps fraudulent bankers, frequent it; and most of its former patrons have gone back to the Louvre, where there is a tariff of everything, down to the washing of a pocket-handkerchief. And as next year there will be another Great Exhibition in Paris, we hope the proprietors will restore the old system of fixed prices or unvarying tariffs, otherwise they must look to others than Englishmen to support them.

But *we* were not troubled with doubts as to where to go. Our path was clear; a path that, leading from King's Cross, would take us straight to the Town Moor—to good sport and sportsmen, and plenty of both. A relief to turn northward, after the dull plating south of the Trent that we have been obliged to put up with since Goodwood. If only the weather would please to mitigate the fury of its ire, what a pleasant week we might have; but that was hardly the case. Doncaster was full, we believe, but still it struck us not so crowded as usual, and there was a dullness about the tone of the place which on the eve of the Leger was somewhat remarkable. The course, though, on the Tuesday morning, at the time of the Leger cracks—and some to whom that term could not be applied—taking their final gallops, was anything but dull; for never do we recollect such a crowd of gentle and simple as spread themselves over the course. How the horses took their gallops without accidents was wonderful; no police were there to keep order, though their presence was much wanted. Indeed if the Leger horses next year hold such a *levée* as waited on the movements of Silvio and Lady Golightly, the authorities will have to see to the safety of the people, as they do on the actual race days. Lord Falmouth's two commanded all the attention; and there was no doubt but that they were two of the fittest horses seen there that morning. Curiously enough, there was an hostility evinced towards Silvio during the day, which may be attributable to the great fancy the public had for Lady Golightly—a fancy strengthened by a rumour, rather industriously circulated, that Archer wanted to ride her. We believe there were no grounds for the report, but it sufficed at one time to make bookmakers offer 2 to 1 on the field. It was not for long, however, and Silvio was firm again before the day was over. The morning gallops, and the hour or two after breakfast, were the only pleasant ones of the day. Just as Mr. Tattersall had dropped his hammer for the last time on a wretchedly bad sale of the Yardley and other yearlings, down came the rain, which increasing in violence as the afternoon drew on, made things very miserable; the more so as we had not a very good time, commencing with the Fitzwilliam, down to the Doncaster Plate. It was thought Trappist for the former event could beat Mousquetaire at 2 lbs.; but we have not yet probably got at the bottom of Lord Lascelles' horse, or know how good he is over his own course, for Trappist never could get near him to-day, and he won by half-a-dozen lengths. The Great Yorkshire Handicap, with its moderate field, was rather a puzzle until Tugill came to the front with Hilarious, a performer unknown to fame, but with a certificate of private doings good enough to take 2 to 1 about—at least those took this price who were satisfied that being as good as Strathmore would win the Great Yorkshire. It was no great recommendation, perhaps, but still there was a rush to get on the good thing, and Mrs. Pond played second fiddle. The touts and the talent were rather opposed to Albert

Edward, but he carried good money nevertheless, in addition to his owner's hundred. We do not think anything else was backed for much; and, as in the Great Ebor, the three-year-olds had the finish to themselves. Hilarious challenged Albert Edward at the distance, where Mrs. Pond had had enough, and though the Tugill horse struggled gamely, Albert Edward was the gamest, and fairly wore him down. Kings-clere, who was rather fancied by Mr. Gretton, ran badly; and the holding ground stopped the top-weights. After Lord Fitzwilliam and Lord Falmouth had had their annual little match, 'one to the post,' which this year fell to Lord Fitzwilliam with a Strathconan grey, backers suffered a genuine misfortune in the Champagne Stakes, for which it did not seem possible that Childeric could be beaten, as Cyprus, the Woodcote winner, had not been doing quite as well as Robert Peck wished. So 2 to 1 was laid on Childeric, who did not seem to at all relish the soft ground, and was beaten at the distance. Clementine, to the surprise of every one—Goater, who rode him, included—coming out full of running and beating Red Hazard in a canter. Tom Jennings, owing to the mare having done so badly at Goodwood, had not a sixpence on her, and we do not believe anybody else had. It was a terrible facer, for the mildest plunger laid his 2 to 1 like a bird; it was only putting money down, in fact, to take it up again—so the result was particularly calamitous. However, there were three real good things to get the money back on, and so a dash was done on Monk in the Clumber; but those who laid 75 to 40 on him must have quaked for their investments, for it took him all his time to get rid of Vestal, a two-year-old of Joseph Dawson's, so Mr. Gretton's horse cannot be a flyer. This, alas! was the only good thing of the three that came off; for Rosinante was beaten badly in the Stand Stakes, and Roehampton, jumping away with the lead in the Doncaster Stakes, never suffered Carthusian to touch him; Lord Lonsdale's horse, about which even money had been taken, being the last of the four runners. So we had passed a wretched afternoon, got wet, and lost our money; and the only hilarious people were the fly and cab drivers, who reaped a harvest even more golden than usual.

The Leger day, with its hopes and fears, dawned auspiciously, and the weather kept fine until the last train had taken the last excursionist out of Doncaster station, and Mr. Cockshott and the town got as much repose as is compatible with the excitement of the day. Not such a great crowd as usual, we think, neither among the ranks of beauty and fashion, nor in the denser ranks of the great undistinguishable and the great unwashed. Gaps there were here and there on the course; and there were gaps, too, among the fair faces one used to see on the subscription Stands. The racing was, with the exception of the Leger, again most disastrous to backers; and even in the great race, we doubt if very much money was taken out of the ring, for the simple reason that the price about Silvio was not one that suited everybody's pocket; and that as there was a great disposition to back Lord Falmouth's two coupled, that also is a game at which moderate plungers do not win much. The Cleveland Handicap was the first blow received, in which the French mare La Joncière, a stable companion of Fontainebleau, ran as badly as it was possible, and Hesper won so easily that he must be in rare form, and how he was allowed to start at such a price as he did (8 to 1), after what we had seen of him in the Epsom Cup this year, is curious, and does not say much for the judgment of some of us. Everybody, indeed, wanted to rush on La Joncière. As the Queen's Plate was a walk-over for Chesterton (Hampton being in reserve for the Cup), there was plenty of time to do the paddock business, and see all that we could of the Leger horses. And sooth to say, with the exception of Silvio and Lady Golightly, this was not much.

We had heard a great deal of Plunger during the previous fortnight, especially at York, where it was whispered that the great and successful Mr. Steele was 'going' for him, and where it was also intimated that the people who are clever beyond their fellows were going for him too. We had, alas! listened to these whispers, and followed these clever ones, so we were anxious to have a look at Plunger—and a great shock we received when we saw him. A big, leggy, over-trained animal, with rather suspicious legs, and looking as little like staying a mile and three-quarters as it was possible to conceive, we saw at once our doom, and only hoped that the whisperers and the clever ones were on him up to their necks. Another cracked-up horse was Fontainebleau; neat enough, and with pretty action; but he too looked more like a miler than anything else; and as we turned away to take stock of Silvio and the mare—these were at least two whom we had seen stay—we felt, and what was the use of troubling our heads about anything else? Lady Golightly's win in the Great Yorkshire had much impressed us; and though she had beaten nothing very great, yet Albert Edward's subsequent performance had enhanced hers. It is true both Lord Falmouth and his clever trainer declared that Silvio was this year much her superior, and the result proved this; but still, with the course as it was on the Leger day, rather holding from the heavy rain of the previous day, and remembering how Lady Golightly had galloped through the Knavesmire mud, it was quite on the cards that Silvio might not like the ground, and then the mare would win. At least so thought a large body of the public, who would not by any means be stalled off her, though Silvio was very firm in the market at the last, and everything else, with the exception of the mare, went more or less badly. There was something approaching to a demonstration at one time in favour of Brown Prince, and it was thought good business to back him for a place, but hardly to win. What chance Hidalgo, Durham, Warrior, or Strathmore possessed, was best known to their owners; but of Lord Bradford's two, Zucchero and Manœuvre, the former was backed at 20 to 1. In the gallop and parade, the favourite and the mare were the observed of all observers; and Fontainebleau, Plunger, Strachino, and Co. were rated 'flatcatchers,' Plunger coming in for the most uncomplimentary criticisms. Indeed people seemed to awake from their dreams, and throw off their delusions now that it was useless their doing so—useless, we mean, so far as doing themselves any good thereby—and to become aware that they had been following so many *ignes fatui* when they had backed anything but the Heath House pair. And when in the race they saw the 'flatcatchers' drop away one by one, and when from out of the ruck, at the bend they saw Silvio draw himself clear, and going on with the lead win in a canter, while Lady Golightly and Manœuvre fought out the battle for second place, they must have felt what very great delusions the said flatcatchers were. Plunger and Co. ran for about a mile and a quarter, and then cried enough. Some members of the firm were said to have been 'seriously interfered with'—and there was a little more bumping, we believe, than was quite necessary—but that it had the slightest effect on the result, we do *not* believe. It was a proud day for Lord Falmouth, and a proud one for 'Mat,' this running first and second, and the taking the double event with Silvio. The horse ran like a real stayer, too, and moderate as may have been the field behind him, we must remember that no horse could have well won easier. It was essentially a popular win, and both North and South joined in hearty congratulations on the success of one whose rule of action has been the straightest, and his motto, 'Let the best horse win.'

Thursday's racing carried on, with the single exception of Gwendoline's

win in the Selling Stakes, the extraordinary run of ill-luck that pursued backers up to the end. They could not do right; and the harder they tried, the worse did things become. Some people, remembering her forward running in the Hunt Cup, did back Piccallili for the Alexandra Plate, which she won pretty easily, but the money as a rule was on Mavis, Mandarin, Hesper, and Thorn. Right well did the latter good horse look as he came round the bend in attendance on Mandarin, and eagerly were the black and yellow hoops watched by more than one pair of bright eyes; but 'Johnny' of course did not persevere when he found he could not win, and allowed Hesper to pass him. Mandarin looked like winning close home, but Hopkins brought up Piccalilli with a sudden rush, and defeated him very cleverly. The defeat of Childeric in the Champagne was to be atoned for in the 10 Sovs. Sweepstakes; and Archer, with waiting orders this time, only brought up his horse at the bend, and then beat Clementine and Censer, after a splendid finish, by a neck. The two were close together, there is no doubt—so close that one was almost prepared for the objection lodged by Tom Jennings, and supported by Constable, against Childeric, on the ground of his boring against the mare; but the Stewards after hearing evidence declined to interfere, properly, we think. If Childeric did hang a little, it was not Archer's fault. Backers made a huge mistake in the Juvenile Stakes, taking 6 to 4 about Creature, when she put up 8 lbs. extra for the benefit of Archer's services. She was a little interfered with by Fuchsia in the race, and Alsace coming on the outside clear of her horses, beat Fuchsia by a neck. The Portland Plate, with only eleven runners, was a great falling off from former years; but still, with its small field, there was no good thing in it, for though 2 to 1 was taken about Lollipop, who with Ecossais carried 9 st. each, it did not look worth plunging on, for he carried plenty of weight, 9 st. being very different from 7 st. 6 lbs., with which he won last year. Woodquest, Rosbach, and Umbria were all backed; and Lord Rosebery's colt, in giving Woodquest a stone and beating her almost in a canter, certainly did a very smart thing—not smarter, though, looking at his Ascot running, than might have been expected. The Woodquest party, after her very easy win in the Rufford Abbey Stakes, were very sanguine about her, but she could not stay, and Rosbach had her settled at the distance. The last event of the day, the Wharncliffe Stakes, caused the bookmakers to shout yet more loudly than they had done, for the Cannonade colt was not really backed for sixpence, all the money going on Ambergris, Sabrina, and Ironstone, to which two the Cannonade colt showed a clean pair of heels.

The Cup day, that used to see some of the best racing of the four, was not so good as usual. Lady Golightly was such a certainty for both her engagements that Lord Falmouth withdrew Silvio from the Doncaster Stakes, and gallantly did his beautiful mare win that and the Park Hill. In the latter she had only Helena to beat, and with odds of 9 to 2 on her she did that 'handsome;' but in the Doncaster Stakes the bookmakers, for some reasons best known to themselves, fielded strongly. Albert Edward was their mainstay, we suppose, but he was a broken reed, for when the mare went up to him in the line for home he was soon done with, and she won very easily. Mr. Northern's stable had a turn with Queen Charlotte in the Prince of Wales Plate, turned into a nursery handicap this year, the favourite, Glorat, being beaten at the distance, and Queen Charlotte defeating Caerau easily. Trappist again ran but badly in the Westmoreland Stakes, and seems to be losing some of his fine speed, for he could only get third to the extreme outsider Ruperta, her stable, we presume, not fancying her a bit (20 to 1 might have been had about her), and the

result was that she beat Miss Gertrude, after a slashing race, by a head. The Cup was such a certainty for Hampton that there was a rumour it would be walked over for, but Chesterton, Thorn, and Sugarloaf came to the post to oppose the Russley horse, who waited on Chesterton until Webb took him to the front at the distance, when the race was over, the favourite winning by a couple of lengths. The Duke of Westminster's good-looking Actæon, who we fear is not worth very much, managed to beat Garbroch, though with some difficulty, in the 200 Sovs. Sweepstakes; and with that our Doncaster story ends. The sport was good, but yet the meeting seemed to lack the interest of former years. The field for the Leger was undoubtedly moderate, nor can we say that we saw any great horses at Doncaster, for we cannot believe that the two-year-olds who ran there come under that class. The Middle Park Plate may show us something better, but if not, next year will perhaps, like this, be a year of small things.

We are glad to find that a good cause has found its promoter in Mr. Matthew Dawson, who has opened a subscription to raise funds for a memorial in honour of poor James Robinson. It is well known that he was disabled in the height of his career; that disablement was followed by paralysis, and paralysis by death. But it is not sufficiently well known that he left behind him a widow, now seventy-two years of age, who lives in straitened circumstances in the old home which has been long heavily encumbered. The best tribute to the memory of the husband would be paid in the form of sympathy with the wife, and we earnestly hope that the subscriptions received by Mr. Dawson may be sufficient to relieve a little the declining years of the one as well as to erect a simple monument to the memory of the other.

Travellers who visit Rugby will do well to inspect Mr. Walding's stock of waterproof cloth for hunting coats, either scarlet or black, which has been specially manufactured for him, and which is likely to be as servicable in its way as the Belvoir overcoat for which he is well known. The verdict of the members of the Quorn and other hunts has been much in favour of hunting materials supplied by Mr. Walding. And when they are at Rugby they should have a look at Mr. John Darby's new ground for showing hunters, which is by far the best we have seen. There is every sort and size of fence, so that a gentleman in search of a hunter can now try him himself over any kind of obstacle, big or little, just as he fancies, and if he does not then buy one, it will not be for want of a good trial. On and after the 10th a remarkably clever lot of hunters from Ireland will be on show.

Mr. W. H. Tuck of 204 Regent Street will shortly publish a group of the members of the Yacht Owners of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, which promises to be quite as good as the Jockey Club and the others we have already noticed. This will shortly be followed by the Ex-Masters of regularly established fox and stag hounds, which will be most interesting, and form a perfect history of hunting, as they will all be arranged according to counties. Such success has now attended Mr. Tuck's groups of portraits, that he is almost daily receiving applications from Clubs and Companies all over the country who wish to be immortalised. If, therefore, any Ex-Master of Hounds who still wishes to be in the picture has forgotten to send his last and best photograph to Mr. Tuck, he had better do so without any delay whatever.

A correspondent writes us under the head of 'Cricket in the West'—

'Now that the cricket season of 1877 has drawn to a close, it may not be out of place to notice the doings of the Gloucestershire team, since they

'entered the cricket arena in 1870, especially as they have again proved themselves, among other counties, as last year, *facile principes*. They have played altogether in eight seasons fifty-two county matches; of these they have won thirty-three, drawn twelve, and lost seven; and it must be recorded that in six out of these seven defeats, E. M. Grace did not play. Only those who have seen this gentleman's wonderful fielding at point, and know how he can play an uphill game, will be able to realise what a loss to the county his absence in these matches must have been. To instance this, I may recall the County Match at Brighton, in 1873, when he scored 76 out of 109 in the second innings, and Sussex, only succeeding in making 60 runs at the second attempt, was beaten by 9 runs. Again, this year, in the North against Nottingham, he went in with five wickets down for 30 runs, and smashed up the Notts bowling completely, scoring 89, while his partner, Moberly, played a fine innings of 101, not out.

'Gloucestershire has never lost a match on its home ground at Clifton or Cheltenham. Surrey has had the honour of beating them three times, Notts twice, and Sussex and Yorkshire once.

'Of the original team there are still six representatives, viz., three Graces, Townshend, Miles, and Bush. The latter, owing to family bereavement, played very little for his county this year; but his place was worthily filled by Captain Kingscote, who is A1 behind the stumps, and his performance this year for the Marylebone Club *v.* Kent, at Canterbury, will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Moberly also, in the North, did good service at the wicket, as well as with the bat. This gentleman and Gilbert joined the county eleven last year, and their average shows of what good stuff they are made, besides being invaluable in the field. The county, for about the first time, I believe, in eight seasons, has played a professional this year, Midwinter by name, hailing from Australia, though born in Gloucestershire. He made his *début* for the county in the match against All England, and very materially assisted to win it by taking eleven wickets for 80 runs, for which he was presented by the Surrey Club with the talent money; again, at Clifton, upwards of 15*l.* was collected for him for his patient innings of 68 against Yorkshire, and presented to him by Mrs. Grace. He is a great addition to the strength of the county, and would make an admirable professional for a school eleven, as his bowling is medium pace, with a good break from the off, and he plays with a straight bat.

'I certainly shall expect to see him performing in the Gentlemen and Players match next season. There are some good young ones also coming on, notably Monkland and Cranston, who are very active in the field, and play in real good form for their runs; in fact, the difficulty Grace has to contend with in some of these matches is not *whom* to get, but *whom* to leave out of the eleven.

'And now arises the question, what is the secret of this wonderful success? First and foremost, the presence of W. G. Grace, the finest all-round cricketer the world ever saw; but no *one* man can go on winning matches like this county has done; and now that he has this year moderated his scoring, and matches are now finished, where last year one was drawn (when he scored 313, not out, against the strongest bowling county in England), how is it that now all the matches are won more easily than ever? The reason is, "unanimity of action." The whole eleven play up, and never know when they are beaten. Their fielding is simply magnificent; and the master hand, who knows the play and weak points of all his opponents, moves his field admirably. I have seen him repeatedly this year bowl to square leg for a catch, and bring it off, having first moved his

'field round (how many bowlers would dare do this?); but then he can trust his onside men, G. F. Grace and Gilbert. G. F. made two catches at square leg, in the Notts and Sussex return matches, worth going a thousand miles to see. Until quite lately it has been the thing to say, "There is nothing in W. G.'s bowling." I wish some of these wiseacres could have seen him at Cheltenham get seven wickets in seventeen balls, for 1 run, against Notts; or again at Clifton, in conjunction with R. F. Miles, take eight of the Yorkshire wickets for 6 runs. These facts speak for themselves.

'In conclusion, I say to them, as well as to cricketers in general, Come down and see the cricket matches at Clifton. You will find the best of accommodation at the Clifton Down Hotel, and see fielding, batting, and bowling not to be surpassed by any county in England.'

We remember once seeing Mr. Drake's hounds have a very brilliant quarter of an hour with a tinker's dog, and we remember also telling the story some two or three years back in these pages, and what chaffing there was about it on the day of the Consul Plancus, at which remote era it happened. Hounds will run anything, and the most recent addition to this fact is what happened in York at the beginning of last month. Sir Talbot Constable's harriers had passed the night on their way farther north at some stables in Museum Street, and no sooner were they let out in the morning than away went the whole pack (20 couples) in full cry after a black retriever who had been incautiously shown himself. It was a sharp thing, but short, for after running up Petergate and down Church Street they were whipped off in the Market Place. However, as Tom Cuthbert, the huntsman, said when remonstrated with for thus disturbing the peaceful inhabitants at such an hour (6 A.M.), 'they were in such condition and so fresh, they would run anything, from a rat to an elephant,' which was undoubtedly the case, for no sooner were they whipped off the retriever than they viewed a Pomeranian, and away they went after him. Tom Cuthbert and the whip had a very pretty thing up some of the narrow streets, though they hardly appreciated it. However, the Pomeranian gentleman escaped with a whole skin into some house, and the pack were at last reduced to order; but we suppose Tom had to say 'Ware Pomeranian' until they got clear of the city. Curiously enough, some of the inhabitants remembered that in 1843 Sir Clifford Constable, the father of the present baronet, when High Sheriff, brought his hounds to York during the assize week, and to amuse the people, turned out a stag at Grimston Bar, and the deer ran into a house not far from the same locality where the harriers had disturbed the good citizens from their slumbers.

We are informed that the Holderness Hounds were purchased from the executors of the late James Hall, Esq., of Scorbrough, for the sum of 2,500*l.*, and that Lord Herries, Sir Talbot Constable, Christopher Sykes, Esq., M.P., Arthur Wilson, Esq., Hon. A. Pennington, Wm. Bethell, Esq., H. Strickland Constable, Esq., and W. H. Broadley, Esq., were the purchasers, and that the hounds are now their property, and are given over to the care of the Hon. A. Pennington, who was elected Master, and has taken the country for three years.

The greatest quantity of grouse killed this year on Yorkshire moors was by Lord Walsingham and Mr. Thornhill, on Blubberhouse Moor, near Harrogate, who bagged in five days 1236 birds and 165 rabbits.

We hear that the crops are sadly late in South Northumberland, but, notwithstanding, Mr. Fenwick has begun cub-hunting about the outsides of his country, and Cornish has succeeded in bringing a cub to hand each morning. The entry is a useful one, and all hunt like fury, but we fancy we have seen

a better-looking lot on the Tynedale flags, and miss a litter from that famous bitch Prophet (bred by Mr. Allgood when he had the hounds), who has done so much to bring the pack up to its present high standard. Mr. Cookson has a nice entry of his own breeding, and with these and the hounds he bought at Major Browne's sale, will no doubt satisfactorily account for the foxes he will hunt this season.

The third annual sale of hunters is announced to take place at Belhus Park on Thursday, the 4th of October. It was a happy conceit of Sir Thomas Lennard's to purchase large-boned, big-framed horses in the raw state from Ireland and Yorkshire, train them as hunters, teach them good manners, and make them as perfect as possible in their business. We inspected the stud, which consists of twenty-eight horses, a few days ago, and saw several of them put through their facings. They all of them appeared to be quiet and manageable. Crocus is an immense horse, up to any reasonable amount of weight. He has the easy action of a pony, and went round the twists and turns of the riding shed with amazing dexterity. His appearance reminds us of Mr. Chaplin's famous steeplechaser Snowstorm, and though his pedigree is not stated, we have little doubt he is by the same sire, Lord Fauconberg. King Charming is another horse on a large scale, nearly thoroughbred. He is an experienced hunter, and well known in Leicestershire. Rossa is one of the long low sort, and as he turns out his toes he would have suited Monsieur Gambado and Mr. Jorrocks admirably. Of the mares we were most smitten with the good looks of Phillis, Lady Beatrice, and Governess, though we were assured that the Little Wonder was something quite out of the common, and exceedingly clever in almost any and every line of business, from polo to park fences. Some of the horses of Irish extraction had been fired, not for curb, but as a preventive measure. Surely our Hibernian friends, who breed such good horses for cross-country work, ought to abandon this senseless practice. Mr. Studd, who was a first-rate judge of a horse, and had no superior as a rider to hounds, told us that he preferred Irish horses to any others, and that he could not find their equals in the North of England.

On the first of this month a very good lot of coach-horses will be offered for sale by Messrs. Tattersall at Albert Gate. They are those of the 'London and Twickenham,' and 'Ramsgate and Canterbury' coaches; Mr. Boulter having, when the former was taken off that road, transferred it bodily to Ramsgate, where he has just closed a short but successful season. Some of the horses are very well bred; all are in hard condition, with good action, while the majority have been hunted. We wish Mr. Boulter as good a sale as the Guildford—but perhaps that is wishing him too much.

In common with all members of the Sandown Park Club, as well as with the racing public who wish well to the place, we are glad to think that the property has got clear of its troubles, and fallen at last into the right hands. Put up to sale on the 18th by order of the Court of Chancery, it was bought by Col. Owen Williams for 51,200*l.*, and he is now the absolute owner of the estate. This is as it should be. Sandown Park has had a stormy and tempestuous infancy; but all this has passed away, we hope, and the child is on its legs, healthy and strong. Mr. Hwfa Williams will continue at the head of the management, and already many improvements are being projected, and will be promptly carried out. Twenty additional acres of land will be taken in, and the turns will be materially improved thereby. We hope we are not wrong in predicting a good time in the future for Sandown Park.

And we Londoners are to have yet another racecourse. Without going

into the question of whether another is wanted, we can safely affirm this much for the new venture ; that if there is to be one, Kempton Park is the spot for it. On the Thames Valley Railway, and between Hampton and Sunbury lies a beautiful piece of well-timbered, well-watered pasture land, comprising nearly five hundred acres ; and it is this spot, unknown perhaps to the majority of Londoners, which some gentlemen have selected as the site of a racecourse, which they intend—if the most liberal outlay of money, and good judgment in spending it can insure this—to make one of the best racecourses within twenty miles of London. The acreage of the racecourse proper will be one hundred and sixty acres, and Mr. Clark of Newmarket has been intrusted with the erection of the various stands, all of which will be on a very handsome scale. Indeed, judging from the plans, we should say that there would be none better in the kingdom. Some timber will have to be cut down ; but a great deal of it will be saved—enough to make quite a metropolitan Goodwood of Kempton Park. It will no doubt, too, become a place of holiday resort, apart from the racing, rivalling perhaps Hampton. Operations have, we believe, already begun at Kempton, and the promoters hope to hold their first meeting in March next.

The Cockneys made no mistake when they selected Margate as their favourite seaside resort. There is no watering-place in the south of England that can compare with it for bracing, invigorating air. The late landlady of the York Hotel used to say, 'After four days' stay, my gentlemen go away 'quite set up again.' If Sir George Heliotrope, who in his younger days was rather ractory, and now has to complain of want of appetite and loss of spirits, could only be persuaded to try the air of Margate, what a deal of good it would do him. But Fashion forbids ; and the same description of visitors fill the place as did so more than forty years ago, when Surtees wrote 'The Trip to Margate of John Jorrocks the Grocer.' During the summer season the place is thronged with small shopkeepers from the east end of London, who, with their wives and families, are brought down daily by boat and rail. The sound, firm sands at low tide extend under the cliffs for miles ; but, as these are taken possession of by the Cockney element, let the seeker after health bend his steps up Cliftonville way. A stroll of half a mile will bring him to the Flagstaff Battery, made at the expense of a Surrey gentleman, 'as a tribute to his father, who was much attached to this spot.' There let him rest awhile, with the broad expanse of the North Sea before him, and nothing but green waves between himself and the North Pole. Each gulp of the sea-breeze will have much the same effect upon him as the first glass of champagne after a hard day's hunting. We should not even be surprised if, after a time, he should desire to stretch his limbs further upon the footpath that follows the edge of the cliffs to the North Foreland lighthouse, and get a view of the ships coming out of the Downs, as pretty a walk as any in the Isle of Thanet. There is a deal of truth in the saying of the moralist, that the enjoyment of health was ninety-nine blessings out of one hundred.

A very well known character in the Pytchley country will be missed this season at the meets and wherever hounds are running. Captain Mildmay Clerk of Spratton Hall has joined the majority, and Northamptonshire has lost in him one of its best sportsmen. He was a Hampshire man by birth, and for a short time after he left the army hunted in that country, chiefly with the Hambledon, of which hunt he was a member ; but as during his military life he had hunted in better countries, he migrated into Northamptonshire about 1844, and was from that period looked upon as quite the best man with the Pytchley. In the great Waterloo run, which took place on the 2nd of February, 1866, he was the only man who went

through the whole of it on one horse, and he helped Mr. Anstruther Thomson to bring the hounds home to their kennels at Brinxworth, where they did not arrive until ten o'clock. Captain Clerk was a fine horseman on all sorts of horses, a first-rate rider to hounds, always giving them plenty of room, and disliking to see them overridden, as they too often were. Reserved in manner, and somewhat cynical in disposition, he was not a very cheery companion, as his soubriquet of 'dismal Jemmy' would imply; but he had many sterling good qualities, and those who knew him intimately, and penetrated the rather rough shell, appreciated him and will lament his loss.

One of the old school of politicians and sportsmen—Sir John Tyssen Tyrrell of Boreham House, Essex—has departed. Said one who knew him well, to us the other day, 'He was the biggest Tory and the most plain-spoken man that ever lived'—virtues, these, of a past age, we fear, for Toryism is dead, and plain speaking has gone out of fashion. He was fond of hunting, a good judge of horse and hound, given to hospitality, and much as he hated Radicalism, we believe, as was said of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, that staunch ultra-Protestant, that if Pio Nono ever took refuge in England, Sir Robert would ask him to dinner immediately,—so would Sir John Tyrrell have broken bread with even Parnell or Biggar. We remember being present on one occasion when Sir John was negotiating the purchase of a horse, and the dealer's secretary kept on saying, 'Yes, Sir John,' 'No, Sir John,' until at last the old gentleman broke out with, 'Confound you, don't keep on Sir Johning me like that. I know you only 'stick on another guinea every time you say it.' There were many anecdotes about him current in Essex some few years ago, and we wish we could remember some of them now.

Poor Compton—or Mackenzie as we find was his real name—has been released from his long suffering, and a sterling good actor and a sterling good man has left a void that will not be easily filled. When Mr. Compton last year for the last time laid down the spade and pick of the First Grave-digger, he was suffering from the terrible malady that destroyed him, and how patiently he has borne it those who knew him best can tell. What a genuine actor he was; how quaint and dry his humour; an unequalled Touchstone, a perfect Peter; while in parts that he created, such as Blenkinsopp the valet in the 'Unequal Match,' the old beau in the 'Overland Route,' with many others that we have not space to mention, he took his audiences by storm. In the palmy days of the Haymarket, some dozen years ago, Mr. Compton was a central figure, and when he left the company one of its main props went too. His style was peculiarly his own, and it was one which it was impossible to imitate. His mantle has fallen on no one, and the loss to the stage is proportionally great.

The recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Sir George Wombwell appears to have been a most successful one, pleasing alike to the host and to his distinguished guest. The Prince enjoyed two days' good shooting, and there is no better partridge shooting in Yorkshire than at Newburgh—went to the Easingwold Show, where the North Riding farmers gave him an ovation, and was in capital health and spirits the whole time—contrary to his usual custom, walking all day after the birds. An amusing incident occurred in the village. The parson, more at home with horse and gun than with flags, hoisted the Union Jack on the church spire up-side down, which when the old man-o'-war's man sent by the North-Eastern Railway Company to arrange the flags, &c., saw, he was horrified, and exclaimed, 'Holloa! the Church in distress already!'

We have received the following from our esteemed friend 'Rabshakeh,' and gladly insert it :—

'HONEST VAN DRIVER,—We in the trade who for years have been in the habit of attending all the horse fairs from Lincoln to Weyhill, cannot fail to see how much they have fallen off. To a great extent their place has been taken by the horse shows; and gentlemen who are interested in the question of our horse supply, should use their influence to make those exhibitions practically useful. So long as the conditions that regulate horse shows are left to be drawn up by secretaries and officials, they will be framed more with a view of getting a large amount of door money, than of encouraging the breeding of horses or the improvement of the horse. What greater absurdity could there be than for a prize for *stallions suited to get horses for general purposes*, to be carried off by a horse the price of whose services is so high that no breeder would think of putting a half-bred mare to him? The tenant farmers who breed this description of stock will not give more than 5*l.* for the use of any stallion, however good he may be—and quite right too. The sportsman who pays a fee of 25*l.* for a leap, hopes to breed a winner of the Derby, and not a horse for his own riding or driving. In order to encourage the keeping of such stallions as breeders of half-bred stock would make use of, the prize should be confined to those whose *fee is not more than two guineas*, with, perhaps, an addition of half-a-crown to the groom.

'There is yet another abuse at our shows, which admits of a still more easy remedy. It has become a business to keep horses for the sole purpose of getting prizes in the classes for hunters, and it is stretching the term to call them hunters. From fear of accidents many of these horses are thrown up during the winter and are never hunted at all, or, if they are kept in work, they are only sent to the meet, well clothed up, and never see a fence except those by the side of the road. And yet many of the most successful animals in taking hunters' prizes have been horses of this description. I can call to mind a horse taking twenty-three prizes, some of them of 50 guineas, in the course of one summer. It would be easy to stop this little game by inserting a condition limiting the competition to *horses that have never won a prize*. Mere show horses would soon cease to exist, for their occupation would be gone, and the real intention of horse shows would be carried out by genuine hunters being exhibited; whereas at present their owners are deterred from showing them by the fear of meeting some well-known champion of the sawdust. In Ireland there is no such thing as a horse being kept for the mere purpose of showing; and at the Dublin Show there are usually from sixty to one hundred entries of hunters in each class.

'There is another point in which we might, with advantage, take a leaf out of the book of our Irish neighbours. At the Dublin Show, hunters of five years old and upwards are divided into three classes—weight-carrying hunters, equal to 15 st. and upwards; hunters from 13 st. 7 lbs. to 15 st., and light-weight hunters from 12 st. to 13 st. 7 lbs. This appears to be a more reasonable classification than any of those that are in vogue at our English shows.

'I suppose I must say nothing about the leaping prizes, as they appear to afford so much amusement to the public, and they bring a deal of grist to the mill; but all hunting men know well enough that they are no criterion of the capabilities of a hunter.

'You will perhaps think that you have had enough of fault-finding for one letter; so no more at present from—Yours very truly,

'RABSHAKEH.'

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. JOHN HARGREAVES.

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1877.

DIARY FOR NOVEMBER, 1877.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TH	Lewes Races. Isle of Thanet and Market Weighton Coursing
2	F	Lewes Races. [Meetings.
3	S	Redcar Coursing Meeting.
4	S	TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
5	M	Streatham Steeplechases. [Coursing Meetings.
6	TU	Liverpool and Streatham Races. Pulborough and Newmarket
7	W	Liverpool Races.
8	TH	Liverpool Races.
9	F	Liverpool and Alexandra Park Races. Lord Mayor's Day.
10	S	Spartan Harriers, meet of.
11	S	TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
12	M	Edinburgh Fair of Clydesdales. [Coursing Meeting.
13	TU	Shrewsbury Races. Three Counties Union Combermere
14	W	Shrewsbury Races. Altcar, South Essex, and Scarborough
15	TH	Shrewsbury Races. Dunchurch Horse Fair. [Coursing Meetings.
16	F	Shrewsbury Races. Rugby Horse Fair.
17	S	
18	S	TWENTY-FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
19	M	Boston Fair of Black Dray Horses. [Coursing Meetings.
20	TU	Warwick and Manchester Races. Pawlett and Keddington
21	W	Warwick and Manchester Races.
22	TH	Warwick and Manchester Races. Ludham and Berkeley Coursing
23	F	Warwick and Manchester Races. [Meetings.
24	S	Spartan Harriers Challenge Cup.
25	S	TWENTY-SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
26	M	[Horse Show.
27	TU	Croydon Steeplechases. Brigg Coursing Meeting. Tredegar
28	W	Croydon Steeplechases. Littleport Coursing Meeting.
29	TH	Croydon Steeplechases. Plumpton and West Hereford Coursing
30	F	[Meetings.



Wm. Langmuir

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. JOHN HARGREAVES.

THE true and honoured saying about men proposing and a higher power disposing may be slightly paraphrased in some of the minor relations of life. Fathers often propose, but sons and grandsons have a way of disposing, which very often turns out to be the right way. The subject of our present sketch was intended to occupy a stool in a great banking firm, and to rise to honour and dignity in the busy world of commerce. If our readers will glance at the portrait opposite they will probably agree with us that, though doubtless the original would have earned a good degree in the calling and pursuit to which he was destined, yet that when arrived at man's estate he chose hound and horn and the life of an English country gentleman, he chose the better part.

Mr. John Hargreaves, the Master of the South Berks, is the son of Mr Hargreaves of Broad Oak, Accrington, and Hall Barne Park, Bucks; his mother the only daughter of the late Sir William Brown of Liverpool. That he should be destined to enter the great banking house which his grandfather had founded was in the nature of things; and so accordingly, after a few years of school and private tutorship, and a twelvemonth or more in Paris to acquire continental languages, Mr. Hargreaves entered life through the portals of commerce. But office work was not much in his line, though runs with the Rock Ferry Beagles were. In the latter pursuit he caught a severe cold, which settled on his lungs, and he was ordered up the Nile for the winter. Returning home completely restored to health, he declined to again take his place in the counting-house; and in 1861 the Mastership of the Pendle Forest Harriers being vacant, Mr. Hargreaves took it, and held office for three

years, when he resigned on taking up his residence in Berkshire. Mr. Pitman was then at the head of affairs in South Berks, but he gave up in 1865, and Mr. Hargreaves took the hounds, and has had them ever since. Originally a subscription pack, in 1874, Mr. Hargreaves took the sole responsibility on himself, save providing the foxes and the expenses of earth-stopping.

With his heart entirely in the sport, a bold rider, yet fond of seeing hounds do their work, and knowing and known by them, with a great eye to country and the run of a fox, Mr. Hargreaves was soon at home in South Berks. He took the horn for a short time, but there is a drudgery in drawing for a fox at all times and in all weathers, particularly when foxes are somewhat scarce—a call on patience and perseverance not always possessed by an amateur. In Richard Roake he has a first-rate huntsman, as popular with the country as his master, who spares no expense over his favourite pastime. South Berks is generally considered rather a rough country, and has hitherto failed to attract strangers, but we have heard that since Mr. Hargreaves dispensed with the subscription, the influx of a class known as ‘the patent screw-drivers’ (exemplary sportsmen who have a great objection to pay anything) has been on the increase. The country is in some places short of foxes, owing to the system of rabbit trapping prevailing in that as in most woodland countries, and Mr. Hargreaves has had in addition to contend with the difficulties arising from the comparative paucity of hunting landlords who reside on their estates. Nevertheless, he has shown excellent sport for the last thirteen seasons, and during the last he had a succession of good runs. Genial in manners, he is popular with all classes, and with his twenty-five couples of dog hounds selected from the best blood in the country, the South Berks may be congratulated on such a Master.

For the rest, Mr. Hargreaves is sportsman to the manner born. As soon as his hunting is over he goes north to Caithness to fish, returns for Epsom and Ascot (all that the Turf sees of him), some more fishing, and then his forest near Kingussie receives him, and grouse shooting and deer stalking fully occupy his time until regular hunting calls him back to Berkshire. Mr. Hargreaves married, in 1862, the daughter of Mr. Cobham of Shinfield, and his eldest son, aged thirteen, takes as great an interest in hunting and fishing as does his father, and fairly promises to hold his own in both branches of sport. We may add that Mr. Hargreaves is a magistrate for Lancashire, that he was High Sheriff of Berkshire last year, for thirteen years was in the 3rd Royal Lancashire Militia, and now is Captain of the Reading troop of Berkshire Yeomanry.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

CRISP and clear, with a frosty bite,
Whetting the roysterer's appetite ;
Half in anger and half in play
Whirling the leaves from the Bushes away
In madcap race o'er the tufted lea,
Revels the breeze of the morning free—
Nor'-west by north, says the vane,
Where the gilded jockey strives amain ;
Riding ever for life or death,
In the teeth of the wind, o'er the blasted Heath,
High on the turret of yonder stand,
Whose pedigree tree you may read offhand—
'Twixt an Irish workhouse and fairyland !
Merrily skimming in upper air,
The year's last swallow lingers there,
Catches the sights, the sound of the fray,
The line as it musters in silken array,
The lightning rush, as they break from slip,
Thunder of hoof, and echo of whip,
Of the first great Fight for the Championship.
Oh, summer depths of sapphire blue,
Ye have paled to a sky of turquoise hue,
And mark, behind yon grassy ramp,
Where revellers pitch their summer camp,
In the days of fierce July ;
With golden glory of autumn crown'd,
The sere woods break the horizon's round ;
And the gossamer film floats by,
Pledge of the sun's uncertain smile,
As he lightens the stretch of the Rowley Mile.
There, as in days of Cribb and Spring,
With stakes and ropes they have pitch'd the ring,
And ever across from the seething lists,
Where words are bandied in place of fists,
Hither and thither at random flung,
Syllabled forth by the fielder's tongue,
Are echoed the names of the gallant pair,
And they balance the chances of each to a hair,
Neither a point to the other will yield,
And the odds are 'eleven to eight on the field.'
Better by far, eating idleness' corn,
At home in their stables, the hope forlorn ;

Tom, great in stature, but small in heart,
Zucchero, cast for a minor part,
Hesper, abroad at the end of a mile,
The Duchess, as slow as a crocodile,
Midlothian, backed by his Grace alone,
And the gaunt Patagonian Thunderstone.

Hast seen the pie from an orchard sneak
With a cherry borne in his chattering beak ?
These are the colours his backers show,
Who 'cast in their beaver' with Silvio,
Watching their pet, as he strips for the fray
In his second's corner, the 'quality' bay :
Quality all, from the deer-like head,
That stamps the Venison thoroughbred,
To the setting on of a sable flag—
Lacking in what for a model nag ?—
Only a trifle in size and power—
But blossomed there ever a perfect flower ?
The lines of beauty, the dower of grace,
In the Derby winner to thee we trace,
Oh ! gallant 'Knight of the Silverhair,'
But never a trait to mighty Blair.
And Matt, ever cheery and confident,
Stands with his arms akimbo bent,
Watching the pair, his pride and boast,
(Jockey or horse doth he honour most ?).
As they saunter down to the fateful post.

Hast marked 'i' the braes of bonnie Doon,
When spring rolls in on the 'roaring moon,'
And broadcast sows with a lavish hand,
Each dell, and corrie, and bank o' the land,
How hither and thither, like shuttle in loom,
Sway'd by the zephyr her bending plume
Bows, ever dancing, the slender broom.
Golden yellow, and emerald green,
These are the colours they sport, I ween,
Who've sworn, be his fortunes good or ill,
To stand by the chance of the 'big-un' still.

They have stripped him there, in the farther stall,
A giant in stature above them all,
Hard of muscle, of sinew clean,
And bright as a star in his mirror-sheen.
Built like a castle above ; below,
Like tempered steel in the furnace glow,
Bone, and tendon and sinew show ;

True, and square, and firm on his feet,
Better to follow, perhaps, than to meet ;
A trifle high in the leg, did you say ?
Well—there are spots on the King of Day—
And scant perfection in mortal clay !
Now, a final polish on gleaming crest,
And burnished flank, and he stands confest
Type of the courser of high degree ;
And all determined to ‘ do or dee ;’
From his bottle-holder a parting sup,
A taste of the sponge that shall ne’er ‘ go up,’
And ‘ ready’s ’ the word—like a pirate watch
With pointed cannon, and lighted match,
He shapes his course for the waiting foe,
And the tug of war will be fierce, I trow,
When Springfield battles with Silvio.

They have mustered there at the trysting-place,
Eight in their order the flag to face,
A shimmer of scarlet, a glance of white,
And they straighten their necks for the first Great Fight !
One by one they are falling away
From the leading twain in their vengeful play,
Scattered abroad, like the birds of air
That toil in the wake of an eagle pair ;
And still, as the Bushes, lone and sere,
Flash on their right, and the goal draws near,
Can Silvio hold his foe ;
Never a motion of hand or heel,
Never a touch of the whip or steel,—
Which shall stagger the first and reel
Beneath the ‘ knock-down blow ?’
Which shall claim from a foeman’s side
First to have drawn the crimson tide ?
There in the dip, ere the hill they rise,
Silvio challenging, faster flies,
But the yielded inch of a tightened rein
Has let up his foe to the front again ;
And see, where Tom like a statue stands
High in his stirrups, with downward hands,
Casting a Parthian glance the while,
And half, in his victory, seen to smile.
Beaten ? yes ; but in after time,
When all forgotten my random rhyme,
Shall they not tell how nobly well
To the last they fought, and fighting fell,

Jockey, the first of his age ; and steed
 Proved in the crucible, good at need ?—
 Silvio, Archer, a health to both !
 And to toast the winner I'm nothing loath,
 ' Champion,' yes, we may hail him now,
 Bind him a wreath from the laurel bough,
 Green as the jacket so bravely worn,
 Green as the name by his mother borne,
 Green as his own upon ev'ry lip,
 The winner, unblemished by spur or whip,
 Of the first Great Fight for the Championship !

AMPHION.

SOLUTION OF AMPHION'S DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN THE LAST NUMBER OF
 ' BAILY'S MAGAZINE.'

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ONE DAY IN IRELAND.

I HAVE faithfully earned the reputation of being devoted to hunting, as from November until April the sport has for many years fully occupied my time and thoughts ; two elderly aunts consider me a wild, untamed spirit, likely any moment to break my neck, as I career over great hedges and ditches. Their estimate of my prowess is certainly not shared by any of my acquaintances—some of whom have christened me the 'Man down the lane'—perhaps they are right, as ever since I fractured my collar bone, and received other injuries in sensitive parts of the human frame with the Oxford Drag, I have always ridden up to Jorrocks's motto, 'that hunting is the image 'of war without its danger.' It has been my ambition to see as much sport as possible without undergoing any unnecessary risks, or allowing my nervous system to suffer under undue shocks or trials. I undoubtedly possess certain attributes extremely valuable in the hunting field—prominently, few can gallop up a field or down a road with more zeal and energy. I lose no time whatever at gates, or in

making up my mind what to do. My memory for bridle roads, short cuts, or easy lines is most remarkable, and a spontaneous instinct enables me often to divine the line a fox will take, especially when I am aided by prominent landmarks. Thus when the greater number of those disagreeable hard-riding men have pumped out their horses, are floundering in water, or are running after their lone steeds, the 'Man 'down the lane' has been cantering at his ease with the first flight up Shuckborough Hill, or the Emplows, and has also seen many a good fox killed in a ten-mile point, while three-fourths of the field have been squandered all over the country.

Out of the hunting field I make a most respectable display of knowledge. Nothing bores me more than an afternoon on the flags. Yet I can seize a puppy promptly by the nape of his neck, and pronounce pretty correctly on the merits of his elbows, toes, shoulders, and legs, and by confining laudatory observations to veteran dog hounds, or to matrons that have evidently been allowed to add their offspring to the pack, rarely make egregious blunders in judgment.

An annual study of the kennel books of the celebrated Belvoir, Brocklesby, and Grove packs, lent to me by a friendly M.F.H., often affords an opportunity of assuming an air of superiority (extremely gratifying to my feelings) when the merits and breeding of different packs are discussed over a bottle of claret.

As a determined evader of fences, strange to say, on an average of hunting days, I find my talents more conspicuous over the stiff, but well-gated Shires, than in easy provincial countries; as in the former, if hounds run fast but few can negotiate the fences and many come to grief, while my course remains unchecked; added to this the evaders of fences are certainly more numerous in the Shires than in the Provinces, and one's nervous failings are more likely to escape observation in the crowd.

Rugby has been my head-quarters for some years, as in addition to its proximity to the best part of the Pytchley and Atherstone districts, the interminable North Warwickshire woodlands are within reach, and a day's hunting may be there thoroughly enjoyed without having many fences to negotiate.

The 20th of last February found me with three lame horses out of five in my stable. One had contracted mud fever, my groom said, by constant and rapid friction with the hard road-grit this wet season; the second had picked up a nail, and a third was suffering from fever in the feet ever since a capital run from Braunston, this being a country I never trust myself off the roads.

I may here observe, during last summer I had been most assiduous in my attentions to a young relative during a severe attack of fever. He was now quartered with his regiment in Dublin, and most good-naturedly indited me the following brief epistle:—

'DEAR CHARLEY,

'As you mentioned in your last letter you had lamed most of your horses, come over and ride mine for a month. I am

‘obliged to go on leave for that period in a few days. My room in barracks is ready for you, and they will take good care of you at the mess. My horses are all Irish, and know their business thoroughly.

‘Yours,
‘HARRY H.’

Conflicting ideas sadly disturbed me. To remain on at Rugby was decidedly unprofitable, with only two horses to ride. In this open weather London would prove dull. On the other hand, it were a rash undertaking for one so thoroughly dependent on roads, bridle roads, lanes, lines of gates, and woodlands for the pleasures of a day’s hunting to enter into the dangers of an Irish country. After much deliberation my unbounded confidence in the instinct of self-preservation that I possessed in so marked a degree, would, I felt confident, help me through most difficulties, consequently the invitation was accepted, and after a rough sea voyage I found myself seated at the hospitable mess of the 25th Hussars in Dublin.

The cloth off the table, conversation assumed a sporting turn, and opinions and observations were freely circulated.

‘What a capital time you will have of it,’ said my next neighbour, ‘riding Harry H——’s horses. Do you know them?’

‘No,’ I replied, ‘but he tells me they are a good lot.’

‘And so they are; Flames is quite the best horse in the Garrison with the staghounds; he never jumps less than twenty feet if he can help it, and it is a caution to see him go in and out of a road. The Rogue is clean thoroughbred; he finished one of three in a great run of twenty miles last week, but he is given to jump into the first three or four fences, and would bolt, and run away down a road if he got the chance. Mother Hubbard is a rare stamp, long and low, plenty of substance, very temperate, and has not been down all the year. But old Confidence is the best of them, in my mind; he cannot be beat in any country: the old horse is not the best of roadsters, as the marks on his knees testify. Of course you will be out with the staghounds to-morrow?’

‘I hardly think so—the sea upsets me next day; but I hope to be out with the Meath hounds at Somerville on Thursday.’

During the description of the stud I observed a short-cropped, thin, wiry youth, who appeared to respond to the name of Flints (and evidently wanted to be taken for one of those odious hard men, from the style of his conversation), was eying me with considerable interest, no doubt anticipating to meet a formidable customer. He broke into the conversation, loudly observing—

‘Oh, fancy going out with foxhounds when one could get a ride on Flames with the stag!’

‘Fox-hunting, my dear sir, is a science I have been devoted to all my life. Stag-hunting I look upon as a mere exhibition of cruelty and bull-riding.’

‘Well,’ added he, ‘I say fox-hunting is not compared to the Stag.

‘When can you get a fox to run twenty miles as Viceroy or Cabinet Minister do?’

‘Might I ask,’ interrupted I, ‘which of the Cabinet Ministers go twenty miles? What do you mean?’

‘Ha! ha! ha! Mean; why, I mean the Ward Hunt deer. Flames will tell you who they are. Come out on him to-morrow. Harry says he rode him over a dozen drains, not one less than sixteen feet wide, in half an hour. Come out and beat his score, and we will show you some jolly larks; but you must not fall, as some of those wild fellows ride on you. Don’t they, Dismal?’ continued he, turning to a quiet youth he had been persecuting all dinner-time. ‘Tell us, what did the natives charge you for dragging your horse out of a ditch? Was it 2*l.* or 2*l.* 10*s.*?’

Such conversation was not to my taste, and pleading exhaustion after the journey, I retired to bed hating Flints, and firmly resolved not to ride Flames, and also to avoid the staghounds.

Arrangements were duly made for sending on Mother Hubbard overnight, and the services of a well-known carman secured to drive to Somerville, a fresh horse being forwarded to Ashbourne.

Military garrison duty, at the last moment, prevented a captain in the regiment, who was to have accompanied me, from coming out. On a fine hunting morning I was *en route* for Somerville, and soon cleared the bounds of the metropolis. My carman informed me he had been driving to the meets for ten years, and could give full information on every subject connected with the hunting. As we entered into a splendid grass country, I perceived the intelligent farmer was determined to render it a difficult task for the ardent sportsman to enter or to leave his lands; the banks bounding the road were of prodigious height, forming a narrow apex towards the top, while the ditches under them were of a width and depth truly astounding. How to negotiate such fences never troubled me, as my investigations were entirely confined to the lanes and gates through the country. Of the latter there were but few, and in some fields there were none at all. That farming operations could possibly be carried on was a mystery. The few gates there were were either grimly padlocked or closed up by cunning devices that would take considerable time and trouble to overcome.

The carman interrupted my musings, exclaiming, ‘Here is the Loch of the Bay, your honour; it’s a great river entirely. That is the place that shows the sport when the hounds cross it. Poor Mr. Morrogh broke his leg at it not two months ago, about a mile higher up.’

‘Heavens! my good man,’ I said, ‘do they call it sport in this barbarous country if a man breaks his leg? At the same time it served him quite right for riding at a chasm some eighteen feet wide and fully ten down to the water; and what a name, a loch and a bay combined.’

A mile or two on, my driver again addressed me. ‘Now there

'is the Ward River, and an elegant leap it is. Sure it would not frighten your honour, but it is mighty treacherous in places, and there is as many whips and stirrups in the bottom of it as would furnish a saddler's shop.'

The water, I admit, was not very formidable; it much reminded me of the brook sometimes crossed between Shuckborough and Badby Wood I had often gone miles round to avoid. Soon my attention was called to the right of the road.

'Now there, far off to the right, is Aungiers Farm; it takes a good man and horse to cross that.'

'Quite so, my good man; I see in the distance mounds and banks arising, behind which the Turks could defy any Russian army.'

From this cut, especially on the left, we passed a truly magnificent country—immense tracts of grass, and not a covert in which a fox could for a moment dwell. The fences, though of vast width, did not assume so ghastly an appearance as those nearer Dublin. My irrepressible Jehu divined my thoughts.

'Now, can your honour bate that country on the other side? You can go for ten or twelve miles, either to the Duke of Leinster's wall at Carton, or to Lord Langford's Gate at Somerhill, and it's grander and bigger the fields and fences are getting as you go on.'

'A truly magnificent country, I admit, my man. I was not indeed prepared for such a vast tract of grass; it quite rivals the Shires, but I see nothing grand or magnificent in the increased size of the fences. To my taste they are a deal too formidable.'

'Well, the gentlemen here don't think so. The half of them would not go out hunting at all if they had only the little English spalpeen hedges and rails to take. Now there is Captain F——, who has been searching all England for the largest fences he could find, and after all he was not pleased and satisfied until he came and settled himself down in these parts.'

'Heavens! am I to see Captain F—— again? His feats and exploits are well known about Rugby. The last time I saw him he was rolling over and over, thanks to riding deliberately at wire, and even now I sometimes dream I am sitting behind him as he is going at that awful wire.'

'Well, at any rate it was not at a worse place than that you saw the Captain fall at. There is where Mr. B—— was nearly killed some time back, coming into the road, but he is hunting away as gay as ever.'

'I am indeed surprised to hear it, as the complications and impracticabilities of that fence appear sufficient to finish any man's hunting career. You will oblige me by pointing out no more fences with histories attached to them, but there is indeed a most useful-looking lane traversing the country. It ought to prove most valuable in a run. Where does that go to?'

'You can get to Kilbride, Kilrue, or Kilbrue that way.'

'Truly, truly, this is too awful. Even the roads only lead to

‘Kill this or Kill that; most unpleasant geographical allusions. Why don’t they rechristen these places, my good man?’

‘I can’t tell, your honour; but here we are close to Ashbourne. While we are changing perhaps you would like to step up and see the Ward Hunt Hounds and kennels close by. There is nothing in Ireland will please you more than a peep at those fine deer Prime Minister, Boyne Water, and the rest of them.’

‘No, indeed; I will remain where I am. I hate—stags, stag-hunting, and stag-hunters. Why were they ever born?’

My driver told me he was now out of his usual line, and I was permitted to traverse the next few miles in peace. My thoughts were not agreeable. What was to become of me in such a country? Locomotion, save on the roads, was completely at an end; and I clearly saw the sooner I beat a retreat home to England the better.

The long line of plantings that appeared not far distant somewhat raised my spirits, as they gave evidence of coverts sufficiently strong for a fox to hang and ring in for some time, and thus give me some chance of seeing a little hunting. These were the Somerville woods. We soon approached the meet; its venue was not happily selected; a number of carriages, horses, and horsemen appeared to crowd in a narrow road outside the lodge gate; but little room was left for moving about. I was much struck with the effervescence and cordiality that characterised the greetings between all classes; and what excellent spirits every one was in! I own to being disappointed with the general appearance of the horses—their coats decidedly wanted the bloom one sees at an English covert-side; and a good many appeared as if a week’s rest would have benefited them. Anxious to investigate the cause of their leanness, I proceeded to interrogate a groom who was leading about a particularly clever chestnut.

‘Your horse,’ I said, ‘looks a little thin; how is that?’

‘And why not, sir? He was out two days ago with the Wards, and three before that with the Meaths; we have a lame horse at home—and the Master would not miss a meet at Somerville.’

I observed, if a horse is hunted three days out of seven he cannot carry much flesh.

‘Well, I’ll engage the old horse is full enough of go for most of them; ain’t you, Billy, my man?’

Billy evidently received a prod of a short stick on the off-side ribs, as he lashed out most unmistakably, and in such proximity to my leg, that my nervous system received a smart shock—nothing I hate so much.

Turning away from this unmannerly pair, I gathered from the numerous side-saddles evidences of a strong show of Amazons—some had already mounted, one had just floated into her saddle like a thing of gossamer. My reverie was, however, rudely disturbed by the well-known admonition from the whip of ‘Hounds! hounds, please, gentlemen.’ The pack that had only just come up were bustled through the crowd and passed into the lodge gate. I perceived they were of the mixed lot, and that they were apparently

in first-class trim, but somewhat wanting in size to the English eye. It was my intention to have had a word or two with Goodall, just to have told him I knew his brother, and to have made a few observations on the merits of the Belvoir, Brocklesby, and Grove blood. Addressing a huntsman cheerfully always gives strangers the idea you are somebody; but the hounds moved quickly off, were run through a few spinnies, and proceeded to a wild piece of gorse outside the border planting of the demesne. It has ever been my habit to watch hounds drawing, and to appear most intent on the proceedings, as it leaves an impression that one knows what they are doing and is devoted to the sport. I therefore made my way through the narrow planting, and was proceeding to the farther end, where the hounds were drawing, when I was thus addressed by a gentleman in a black coat :

‘ Unless you are prepared, sir, to take the boundary fence back into the place, I would advise you to return.’

An advice I speedily took. On inquiring who the kind person was, I was much surprised to hear in him the greater critic TRIVIA-TOR, who presides over the cross-roads. As I was preparing to thank him, he observed that the fox would be found in a thick brake of furze the hounds were just approaching, and that he would break at the corner. The words were scarce out of his mouth when the prescience and knowledge of the great writer (whose complete works now rest bound in calf on my table) were manifest. A view holloa in the corner proclaims he has gone—quick as thought Goodall has the pack away at his brush—we cram through the narrow pass back into the demesne; the old customer soon leaves the belt of planting, and the hounds are streaming over the park at their best pace, and towards its eastern boundary. The field now divide—some take a course to the left, others (including myself) have their eye on a white wicket-gate near a cottage—a sure sign of an exit on the other side; we pass through on to the highroad; the hounds cross to our left—many aspiring men charge a bank of most prodigious dimensions; the cry, ‘ There is a lane close by, on the right,’ is joyful news to others besides myself. We have a capital view of the pack, as they run parallel with us who are on the lane for fully a mile; they then swing to the right, and we have to hold hard.

‘ Belvoir drive most evident in those two leading couples of ‘ hounds,’ I exclaimed—they dash into the road and out of it for some fifty yards—when up go their heads; an old hound feathers down the lane, and down the lane the fox has run; the pack are soon got together, and turn into the fields again after running some distance on the highway—close, I may add, to an open gate, where numerous fresh cart tracks, to my experienced eye, prove it must lead to some egress at the other end.

I drive spurs into Mother H. and am careering over elastic turf close by the tracks, among a most excited set of people; some take the fences in preference to going through three gates, which, strange to say, were open. Alas! the tracks ended in a turnip-field, and the agricultural occupation of carting these vegetables home led me into

a most abominable difficulty—clearly I ought never to have left the road.

Intuitive knowledge of coming troubles made me rather pause, and reconnoitre my position. A clump of trees at the end of the field closed in my view to the front, but into it those before me, without exception, went; more to the left I perceived a castellated mansion that was pointed out as the ancient seat of the De Bathe family.

A fellow-sportsman, like myself, appeared a little out of his element among the hard-riding division that we were evidently with—told me to hurry on, as there was only ‘a bit of a cut’ between us and the river Maigue, over which he knew the pass that all were making for.

As ‘cut’ seemed next akin to ‘water cut,’ I accepted the advice, and galloped to the trees that grew on an embankment overhanging the vale.

Gracious! what a sight presented itself! A flooded vale—a broad stream the hounds were just crossing, and into which some one in black had plunged straight in, raising a cloud of spray; after a hideous struggle he emerged on the other side.

‘That is Captain F——,’ pointed out my neighbour; ‘but that ‘ain’t the ford; it is more to the left.’

Round the pass were clustering a dozen men engaged in removing obstructive bushes and stumps that blockaded their descent into the river. Into the river, at intervals, flowed numerous tributaries. ‘Bath land’ was indeed before me, ‘into a bath’ ‘out of a bath.’ In my forward investigations I had totally overlooked a mill-stream; right close to its brink did I find myself, when Mother H. took the bit in her mouth, and carried me safe over a rushing, darkling flood, inclosed in stone-faced banks; my nervous system must have totally given way, as a faint shriek undoubtedly escaped my lips. My friend behind me told me now the cut was crossed, I must ford the river. Retreat cut off, down to the pass I galloped, sorely troubled in spirit; first one, and then another, slipped down the high bank into the stream; halfway over, there was some deep hole, down they went in succession into it, then climbed up a boggy poached exit, and on to *terra firma*. When my turn came, as the mare was in the act of sliding down, my nervous system again gave way, and I try to pull her back. Loud cries greeted me, such as, ‘Give the mare her head,’ ‘Let her out,’ ‘What are you stopping the way for?’ ‘Hit her.’

As Mother H.’s quarters testified, the ruthless suggestion was carried out; and, smarting under the visitation (evidently that of a cutting whip), she arched out from the top of the bank into the stream. My sensations reminded me of my first compulsory header into Cuckoo Weir, when a small boy at Eton—more I cannot tell, the disorganisation of my system and faculties was most decisive. On coming to, I found myself gasping on the mare’s neck; feeling cold about the feet, and with a stinging sensation over my left eye—evidently a blow from her head. But I was safe in the field. A

mound close by enabled me from its summit to ascertain the hounds were running up the vale, the front ranks greatly reduced, and, to my astonishment, two Amazons were close in their wake; the field were struggling on as best they could, and coming to endless grief among the lagoons.

A voice close by me exclaimed, 'Well, that's a great hunt; and they may thank me for it.'

I turned round, and saw by me a tall man, who, judging from the dog by his side and the crook in his hand, was a shepherd.

'I thoroughly admit, my good sir, it is a run; but I should like to know why we are to thank you for it?'

'Sure the last day the fox got into an old drain down there, and I stopped it on him. Now, that is a good baste your honour's on; I wonder you're not among the top lot with her.'

'I have been taken extremely unwell, and would feel much obliged to you to tell me the way to that road I see goes midway along the opposite hill, without necessitating the exertion of taking any fences.'

'More's the pity you're so unwell, as I'll go bail you're wishing yourself close after Captain F——; he took a terrible drop in that far corner, and two came down following him.'

'I never intend to follow any one over such a country.'

'Well, if it's alongside or before the Captain you mean to be you are a great gentleman, and it's a pity you are poorly—we never had the Captain's like afore for lepping in this country; he is at it the year round. When the hay is cut, the master lets him go where he likes over his five hundred acre farm, and if he ain't at our fences, he's sure to be at some one else's, all the summer mornings.'

'All the summer mornings! What an existence! too terrible to contemplate,' I mentally exclaimed.

'If you go up by the hedge to the end of the field, there is a pass with a good bottom over the little stream, and Johnny Madden's house is straight before you, a bhoreen will lead you to the high road, and not half a mile up, there is a public house; take a glass of whisky, and it will cure you; the fox is making for Kilmoon, over the far hill to the left, and I'll engage you will come up to them at the covert.'

'Thank you kindly, my good man; I fear I shall hardly make Kilmoon: they may kill the moon this time, but not me.'

A natural facility for being easily coached on the subject of short cuts, or complicated bye-ways, enabled me to reach the road without difficulty; and on it I drove my mare along at her best pace, as I perceived there were numerous tracks, doubtless those of sagacious horsemen who had originally kept to the left.

I came in view of road-riders far ahead, and among them some of the less ambitious Amazons, who suddenly doubled their pace. As their habits ballooned and wafted in the breeze, I felt assured they were in a state of excitement, and must be within view of the pack, who, as the shepherd anticipated, had bent to the left from Kilmoon.

The ladies disappeared from my view. On making a turn some distance farther on, I came in view of the hounds and field as a check of some duration had taken place, and horsemen were scattered around and standing still. Goodall had doubtless made the left and front safe, and was moving off the pack to try the extreme right. I at once saw casting hounds on orthodox principles in so stiffly a fenced country was impossible. The fox must have been headed, or, distressed by the pace, had suddenly changed his course, and so it was—the pack hit it off on the right. The second fence reminded me of one of those sinuous bottoms, so dreaded in the Shires: five men only have the hardihood to ride at it—two get in, two horses obstinately refuse, and one man in black is over, and for a few hundred yards careers alone with the pack; they, however, take to slow hunting. The field have got over the bottom at an easy pass close by, and some twenty are in eager pursuit of the leader and up to him. Jealous spirits dash past him, and are right on the backs of the pack. Oh! those jealous riders, who have no courage to face really large fences, and think they can see a run, and gain honour and glory by being into hounds when they are trying to hunt—how I wish Lord Spencer was there to enforce a little ‘Pytchley discipline.’

The road-riding division were filing down a most convenient lane, and in spite of my vow not again to leave the turnpike, I mustered up courage to bring up the rear, accepting as my guide a stout elderly party on a cob; he assured me we could reach another road without the slightest difficulty. This lane came to an end, and led to a large Conacre field (or *Anglicè* village allotments); we coasted round the boundary fence, and came to a most suspicious and fragile bridge over the bottom, that all had crossed. I perceived a hole at its farther end, freshly made by our predecessors, and in spite of my warning the stout party declined to stop. Down went the cob over his hocks, while his rider with singular alacrity rolled off; the former struggled out, but left behind him a gaping orifice. My leader remounted, swore a good deal, crammed spurs into his horse, and galloped off, leaving me to my fate. I turn round to retrace my steps, and find myself facing a band of natives, who had left their work, and were approaching; wild men doubtless, such as seized on Doleful and levied blackmail; they would surely pillage me, or something worse, as a clear excuse for rapine had been established by our entering the allotments and breaking down their bridge.

‘My good sirs,’ were the only words I could get out; voice, nerves, every power of action failed me, in anticipation of my coming fate. My abject condition appears to have softened the natives, as one of them jocularly volunteered to lead the mare over the ravine, giving every assurance the bottom was quite sound, while I stepped over the bridge. As my retreat over the allotments might have met with opposition, I acquiesced—a young fellow was quickly over on the other side. On my dismounting, Mother H. was soon aware what was expected, and after a few expressive snorts and retreats

plumped into the stream, and crept up the other side, with a sagacity truly marvellous. Having crossed the bridge, I was soon alongside of her, and tendered, as a first instalment, half-a-sovereign to the native who held her—taking care the glistening gold caught the eyes of the men opposite. A simultaneous exclamation of ‘Long life to ‘your honour,’ ‘May you win the hunt next time,’ ‘Safe home,’ greeted me. For the latter expression I thanked them most heartily. They directed me to follow the tracks, as I would find all the gates open until I got to the road. Their assertion was perfectly correct, a stone gap was levelled, and every gate burst open, not indeed without considerable exertions on the part of the operators. In one instance the post had been totally uprooted; hay-bands and ropes that fastened up another had been rent asunder, and in another case, large rocks had been removed from the lower bars of the gate. I was grateful to ascertain there were some sensible people in the country who, like myself, were not disposed to risk their necks unnecessarily. I only wish my lot had been cast with them all day. On reaching the next road I had little difficulty in ascertaining the direction the hounds had taken, and ultimately came up with them as they were proceeding to the next draw. On inquiry, I was informed they had run well up to the first check, a few fields from where I originally came up with them, but had not done much after that; the line had been clearly marked to the brink of a brook, but no more could be made of the fox, and it was pure conjecture what had become of him. I much regretted not being up at the time, to have had an opportunity of dilating on what in my opinion had become of the wily animal—a profession of knowledge on this point is generally safe, as it rarely occurs those who differ with one have an opportunity of distinctly proving one’s assertions are incorrect. My friend on the cob had clearly not recovered his temper since his escape at the bridge, for in reply to my query where we were going, he gruffly replied,

‘To Slator’s Gorse, sir, and you will not find many bridges or ‘roads in those parts, unless the fox runs back to Somerville.’

‘Slator’s Gorse; slating at the fences; slating over the country; ‘slating over the fields; goodness, could you tell me who gave the ‘names to all these places?’

‘I really cannot tell you that, but unless you go slating at the ‘fences, you will not get over a good many of them. Take my ‘advice, and stand near that far clump of trees, it is between Slator’s ‘Gorse and Somerville; if they run there, you may spend a pleasant ‘afternoon galloping round the park. I am going home. Good ‘day, sir.’

Excellent admonition. I promptly followed it; but, unfortunately, the hounds went away from Slator’s in the contrary direction.

So ended my one day in an Irish hunting field. I retraced my steps for Ratoath, reached Dublin safely, dined at mess, was considerably bantered by Flints about my black eye, and next day sailed for England before my departure from the barracks was even noticed.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

CHAPTER V.

'Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner;
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.'

WINTHROP PRÆD.

Παῖροι γάρ τοι παῖδες ὁμοῖοι πατρὶ πέλονται,
Οἱ πλέονες κακίους, παῖροι δέ τε πατρὸς ἀρείους.

HOM. Od. II.

DURING the next six years of his life, that is, from 1819 to 1825, Russell still continued to reside at South Molton, doing his work as a curate to the satisfaction of his parishioners, and, when off duty, rarely missing a day in the winter season, either with the hounds of his attractive neighbour, Mr. Froude of Knowstone, or with the far-famed pack of Mr. Templer of Stover; where, come when he would, he was at all times sure to find a hearty welcome and the best of company.

Those six years may fairly be termed the period of his final apprenticeship in woodcraft; for, soon afterwards, we find him in the responsible position of an M.F.H., playing, it is true, a somewhat uphill game, but still adhering with unflinching tenacity to that sylvan groove, which Nature apparently had formed him to fill, and from which he has never deflected throughout the long course of an eventful life.

During the summer season, however, another out-of-door recreation, besides that of otter-hunting, appears to have provided him, so long as he indulged in it, with strong exercise and a pleasant pastime. It was the game of cricket, which, although established at Lord's by the Marylebone Club so far back as 1787, had taken many a year to travel into Devonshire, where it is doubtful if it became generally played before 1823 or 1824. The up-and-down character of the country, in which it would be difficult in scores of parishes to find a perfectly level field, might have been some reason for its long-deferred introduction into that county. Be that as it may, there are no records to show that the noble game of cricket became an institution in Devon before the 18th of May, 1824, when a club was formally established at Teignbridge; that locality being admirably adapted for the purpose, the playground being level as a die, and conveniently near to the houses of several of its most prominent members.

Russell attended the first meeting, held in a "linhay" or cowshed, on that occasion, played in the first game, and, with two of his brothers, was constituted an honorary member of the club on its natal day. But, whatever his qualifications might have been, it cannot be said that he afterwards became an ardent cricketer; nor is it related of him by his contemporaries that he ever distinguished himself, either as a good 'field,' batsman, or bowler.

His thoughts, in fact, were still on hounds intent; the ruling

passion had sole possession of him, and he could no more have devoted his energy to cricket than to a game of marbles. By the company, too, among which he was now thrown, the sacred flame, inspired by Diana, would be fed with a loving and zealous care : for the chief members of Teignbridge Club, or rather its real founders, had already earned a celebrity throughout the western counties as *par excellence* the high priests of that goddess ; men, indeed, they were, whose skill and devotion to woodcraft few could equal and none surpass.

The Rev. Henry Taylor of West Ogwell, the Rev. John Templer and his elder brother, Mr. George Templer of Stover, are the members referred to ; the former having been chosen as president, and the latter as vice-president of the newly-formed Club. Mr. Templer, a gentleman of brilliant intellect and most charming manner, had for some time previously established at Stover a pack of dwarf foxhounds, averaging nineteen inches at the shoulder, with which he hunted, when he had the luck to find him, the real wild article ; but, when a blank was apprehended, a bagman, which, always at hand, was turned down in view of the hounds.

The system was a novel one, hitherto unpractised in this or any other country ; but the sport shown and the hard riding it gave rise to, owing to the habit of saving the fox alive, when the hounds had fairly run up to him, will be remembered in the county so long as Heytor Rock looks down on any one survivor of Templer's friends. At least a score of foxes were kept within two spacious yards expressly for this purpose ; and as they were attached, each one to its separate coop, by a long chain revolving on a swivel, they were able to take plenty of exercise and keep themselves in good wind ; the gallop of the animals, like that of a horse in a circus, being sometimes accelerated by a light tandem-whip handled by a groom. Of the stoutness of one, yclept 'The Bold Dragoon,' I have heard both Templer and Taylor relate some stirring tales : he had been turned out thirty-six times, had generally led them a long dance, and never failed to enjoy a fresh rabbit for supper on safely returning to his kennel home.

When Mr. Templer parted with his pack in 1826, a lot of the larger hounds went to the Rev. H. F. Yeatman of Stock House, Dorsetshire ; while the lesser, including the far-famed 'Let-em-alones' (the bag-fox pack) were dispersed throughout the county : Sir Henry Carew, Mr. Hammett Drake, Mr. Worth of Worth, Mr. Hole of Georgeham, and others, having purchased the whole of them in separate lots. From these precious relics, as they were speedily discovered to be, many couples were subsequently secured and brought together by the united efforts of Russell and his coadjutor, Mr. Arthur Harris of Hayne, and formed the nucleus of that famous pack which showed such unexampled sport over the Tetcott and Pencarrow countries in 1828-30 ; a wild moorland district extending from Torrington to Bodmin in Cornwall, unquestionably the finest hunting-ground in the West of England.

Thirty odd years have drifted away on the stream of time since the genial and big-hearted George Templer was carried to his last ancestral home at Teigngrace; but it will interest the reader to know something more of the man who is acknowledged to have been Russell's chief Gamaliel, and whose hunting-horn, as Mr. Harris tells us, 'passed so worthily to his apt and favourite pupil.'

Templer's hospitality at Stover literally knew no bounds: '*janua patet, cor magis*' might have been inscribed over his 'wide-opening gate' with perfect truth. The company, too, he selected for his guests were for the most part men of standing in the county—Worthies of Devon—the bare fact of their being sportsmen, as well as gentlemen, being the 'open sesame' to Templer's heart.

'A Party at Stover in 1823,' written in elegant verse by the gifted host, includes, for instance, the names of no less than four guests who were subsequently Masters of Foxhounds in his own or the adjoining county of Cornwall: namely, those of Sir William Salusbury Trelawny; Mr. John King of Fowelscombe; Mr. John Crocker Bulteel of Flete, Russell's first antagonist at Plympton school; and that of John Russell, then, however, a Master of Otter-hounds only.

Sitting at Templer's ample board, it may well be imagined how Russell, if no wine-bibber, still drank in and enjoyed, to his heart's content, those racy draughts of hunting lore, of which his host possessed so copious a supply, and which he (Russell) profited by so largely in after years. He must have felt, as he would himself have said, 'up to his hocks in clover' among such company.

Templer's power over foxhounds, governed more by kindness than the lash, must have delighted his eyes, so unique was the system of discipline and control with which they were managed, even in the presence of a fox. 'His mode of tuition,' writes Mr. Harris, 'was so perfect that each hound comprehended every inflexion of his voice; every note of his horn was intelligible to them, and conveyed a full meaning; and to the wave of his hand an instant odiedience was given that required neither rate nor sterner discipline to urge. He was ably seconded by his friends and assistants, the late Mr. Harry Taylor and Mr. Russell; and perhaps there never was exhibited a greater perfection of hunting, of scientific control over hounds, and of eliciting their utmost powers of chase and hunting, than was afforded by the establishment of Stover, under the superintendence of this memorable triumvirate.'

When a bagman was about to be turned out it was always done in view of the hounds, Templer standing among them with his hunting-watch open in hand; nor would a hound attempt to stir till fair law had been allowed, and the last word of the signal 'one, two, away,' bid them to the chase. A hound, called 'Guardsmen,' had become so very knowing at the work that, instead of looking after the fox, he kept his eye fixed on the watch, and the moment he saw the case closed, away he went like an arrow from a bow.

The business then was to save the fox alive; and, whether he

were a wild fox or a bagman, such was the hard riding and such the obedience of the hounds to a rate, that, nine times out of ten, the animal was picked up before them, without a hair of his skin being broken. Blood was a finale to which, at home, they were never treated, and yet a harder-driving lot never entered a covert. But as Nimrod, after his visit at Stover, tells us, 'To show that Mr. Templer's hounds can kill foxes when suffered to do so, it may not be amiss to mention that whilst they were at North Molton, for the purpose of hunting alternate days with Mr. Fellowes's or Sir Arthur Chichester's hounds, at the Chumleigh Club, they killed three brace of foxes in four days.'

And those foxes, be it observed, were the wild moorland tartars, bred in the rough country surrounding Exmoor.

Under a tutor, then, so well qualified to instruct him in the countless mysteries of the 'noble science,' it would, indeed, have been a wonder if Russell, so fashioned by Nature for the chase, had not fulfilled to the utmost the expectations with which he was then credited by so able and experienced a Master. That he did not disappoint him, the world will bear strong witness in the pupil's favour.

Nimrod, who was fortunate in meeting both the Rev. Henry Taylor and Russell at Stover, has left us the following brief sketch of those two men :—

'There is one gentleman who is a constant attendant on Mr. Templer's hounds, a very fine horseman over a country, and report says, quite the clipper of the West. This is the Rev. Henry Taylor. There is another gentleman of the same cloth, the Rev. John Russell (but much better known by the name of "Jack Russell"), who, though he resides about thirty miles from him, hunts a good deal with Mr. Templer, and who also stands high among the Devonshire bruisers. This gentleman finds hunting so conducive to his health, that with staghounds, foxhounds, harriers, and otter-hounds, he contrives to enjoy it all the year round. The last-mentioned pack are kept by himself; and he has killed the almost incredible number of twenty-five otters in the last two summers, for which he should receive the thanks of the fish! Each of these gentlemen spent the evening with us at Mr. Templer's, and added much to its conviviality and pleasure.'

Where all were welcome, it would be almost invidious to single out one as the most favoured and constant guest of the Stover party; but, in truth, Henry Taylor of Ogwell—the boy known at Eton as Ninth Harry—was that man. But for him, on his famous horse Nunky, the career of the 'Bold Dragoon' would have been cut short very early in the day, and his dark hide converted into 'a hundred tatters of brown:' for a finer horseman or a nobler man never followed a hound; and he it was who almost invariably contrived to save the life of that gallant fox.

On one occasion, however, both he and Nunky nearly came to serious grief, and narrowly escaped with their lives. The anecdote

was first told me by Mr. George Templer, and afterwards confirmed by Taylor himself, whose natural modesty and true nobility of soul, though I had the honour of knowing him intimately for nearly a quarter of a century, would never permit him to tell me a tale in which he himself figured as the hero.

The 'Bold Dragoon' had been turned out in the Vale of Teign-grace, and crossing the River Teign, then flooded by heavy rains, was leading the pack at a rattling pace in the direction of Ugbrook Park, when the whole field were brought to a sudden check at sight of the 'brimming river.'

The ford, known to a few, was now invisible, and the only bridge, more than a mile away, seemed too far to be available. What then was to be done? The fate of the 'Bold Dragoon' was a certainty, if there were no one up to rate the hounds; and his Colossus mare was scarcely more valued by Templer than that fox.

'Go for Jew's Bridge,' shouted a cautious member of the hunt; 'that's our only chance for catching the hounds:' and away went the field helter-skelter, in that direction; every man of them except Taylor.

Seeing a flight of rails close to the river bank, and concluding they were placed there to prevent cattle from crossing the ford, Taylor rode his horse straight at them, thinking to land him, perhaps, up to his girths on dropping into the stream. But, alas! the spot proved to be one of the deepest pools in the Teign river: the horse and rider disappeared; but the latter, having been an expert swimmer at Eton, soon came to the surface, and striking out vigorously, gained the opposite bank in safety. But now great was his dismay on looking round to find that Nunky was nowhere to be seen; not a wave nor a gurgle indicated his whereabouts below, and for some seconds Taylor felt assured the horse had been stunned, and had gone down like a stone to the bottom.

Happily he was wrong; as the hoofs first, and then the legs of the animal gradually appeared above water, and then, as the body grounded about twenty yards below on the gravelly ford, which Taylor had failed to hit, he discovered that his horse's fore-legs had been caught by the reins, and that every time he struck out he jerked his own head under water.

To plunge again into the whirling stream, to unclasp his knife, cut the reins, and take a pull at Nunky's head was the work of a second, when the brave beast jumped on his legs, and after a few sobs to clear out his pipes, Taylor vaulted into the saddle and dashed off in pursuit of the hounds.

A fever he had caught at Eton had utterly destroyed the hair of his head, and consequently he always wore a sandy-coloured wig, made by that eminent artist Mr. Piper of Exeter. His wig and hat, however, were carried to sea, while he was discovered scudding away under bare poles,

nor, like the moss-trooper of old, did he slacken his rein or 'stint to 'ride,' till he had picked up the fox and bagged him alive.

I drew the story out of the dear old fellow over a bottle of port wine in his sanctum at South Poole, when he added, 'It's quite true, but Templer didn't tell you all. On crossing the Newton road I met an old woman, and tossing her a shilling she handed me her blue flannel apron, which I wrapped round my head, and thus 'turbaned, rode like a grand Turk to the end of the run.'

Such was the man and such the horse of whose deeds Templer wrote in a strain of the truest admiration :—

'Fearless and first Ninth Harry urged his course,
Charging the fences with resistless force;
Poor Nunky pays for all, a friend indeed,
So good a Nunky proves in time of need.'

That uncle was Mr. Edward Cooke, who, sometime Under-Secretary of State for Ireland during the administration of Lord Castlereagh, gave him the horse.

But to return to the Teignbridge Cricket Club: that Russell took no active interest in the game may be inferred from the fact that, notwithstanding the high popularity to which the Club soon attained in the county, he ceased to be a member of it early in the day. The ground, it is true, was at a long distance from his home at South Molton, some thirty-five or forty miles away; but had he really loved the game, that distance would certainly not have been an impediment to which he would have given a moment's thought.

The Club, however, had already done him good service; it had brought him into friendly association not only with the Stover party, but with many influential men connected with that side of the county. For instance, on Thursday the 3rd day of June, 1824, that being the first *registered* day of meeting, the names of the following members may still be seen on the original document relating to the business of the Club, and reporting their presence on the 'opening day.'* For a copy of that document I am much indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Divett of Bovey Tracey, for so many years the courteous and able secretary of the Teignbridge Cricket Club.

MEMBERS PRESENT.

H. Carew.
C. D. Acland.
W. Kitson.
J. R. Johnson.
J. Templer, Jun.

H. Taylor.
J. L. Kitson.
J. Wrey.
G. Templer.
J. Garrow.

HONORARY MEMBERS PRESENT.

J. Russell.
W. Russell.
M. Russell.

* Doubtless, there had been preliminary meetings in 1823, as well as on the 18th of May, already referred to.

Of the above list of members all have been bowled out by the ruthless hand of death, save one only, Mr. Wm. Kitson of Hengrave, Torquay, who happily survives; while two out of the three hon. members are yet among us, playing out the game of life on the green side of the turf, and, let us hope, still enjoying the long innings it has pleased God to give them. But,

‘Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum;’

neither, when the grand fifty-year Jubilee was celebrated at Teignbridge in 1873, was it permitted to more than three of the earliest members to be present at that fête; they were Mr. Wm. Kitson, the Rev. John Russell, and Mr. John Milford of Exeter, the latter of whom, still to the fore, joined the Club soon after its first establishment.

At the death of one of its best players, and certainly one of its most valued members, the Rev. Henry Taylor, his bat, carrying like *Curius Dentatus* the marks of many a hard-fought tussle on its battered front, was presented to the Club by his late widow, and being elevated to a niche of honour in the banqueting-room received from the pen of a loving friend the following inscription:—

‘Hail, honoured relic of the manly fame,
By Taylor won at every noble game!
Some gentle stream may haply mourn the tree
That decked its margin, ere it fell for thee;
But deeper far Teignbridge laments the day,
When that stout arm was turned again to clay:
Relic, alas! thy gladsome work is done,
Death is the bowler, and the game is won:
But rest thou here, still eloquent to tell
The grief of those who loved the man so well.
‘E. W. L. D.’

The hunting men, however, with whom Russell associated at Teignbridge, brilliant riders and first-class sportsmen as a few of them were, constituted but a small portion of the party who met at Stover to enjoy Mr. Templer’s hospitality, and hunt with his hounds. The following gentlemen, fellow-sportsmen with Russell, the remembrance of whom will long be cherished in the county of Devon, are notably mentioned in the hexameter verses, to which allusion has already been made.

First on the list comes Mr. John King of Fowlescombe, ‘John King of the West,’ an able sportsman, who, according to Russell, knew the habits of a fox better than most men of his day. After hunting a portion of Mr. Pode’s country in Devon, Mr. King became Master of the Hambledon Hounds, and subsequently, while following Mr. Trelawny’s pack, died in the saddle on Dartmoor.

2. Mr. John Crocker Bulteel of Flete, the originator of the Lyneham pack, afterwards so famous under the mastership of Mr. Trelawny. Besides being a keen sportsman, Mr. Bulteel’s genius was one of the highest order, and the sallies of wit, which, like the sparkling brooks of his native county, flowed so pleasantly

from his tongue, must have made the very rafters of Stover ring with applause. In such company, whether in the field or at 'table-board,' good-fellowship and sport must have reigned supreme.

3. Mr. Thomas Bulteel, the 'spruce little cousin' of Mr. J. C. Bulteel, a light-weight and a bold rider, whom, when hounds were running hard, no timber could stop, no fence dismay.

4. Mr. Paul Ourry Treby of Goodamoor, the well-known 'fox-hunter, rough and ready,' a classic scholar, and a rare specimen of a high-minded English gentleman. Of him Templer thus wrote:—

'Like a mine unexplored are the stores of his mind,
The more deeply you search, the more wealth you will find.'

5. Mr. Salusbury Trelawny, afterwards Sir William S. Trelawny, the direct representative of Jonathan Trelawny, that stout Bishop of Bristol, who, with six other prelates, was sent to the Tower by King James the Second; an act that gave rise to the patriotic song still sung by Cornishmen with unabated enthusiasm, a verse of which runs thus:—

'And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!'

Of Sir William and a hound of his, called Whirligig, Mr. Arthur Harris of Hayne records the following interesting anecdote:

'According to tradition Whirligig was an extraordinary hound in every way, and it is said that he could kill a fox single-handed. Certain it is that both the hound and his master performed feats that old men still love to chronicle. On one occasion, the story goes, Salusbury Trelawny had brought his fox, late in the day and nearly at nightfall, to a point on the Tamar below Newbridge. The river was swollen and rapid, and it was judged impossible for a fox to have swum such a distance in so rapid a stream. Salusbury Trelawny thought otherwise, so did Whirligig, and neither were of a temper to be diverted from their purpose. Getting into a small boat, he rowed over to the other side, sitting in the stern and holding the bridle of his hunter, Cattern or Lufra, lightly in hand, while the mare and the hound—both animals attached in a singular degree to their chivalrous master—crossed together, swimming side by side. Not a hound followed. Whirligig recovered the line on the other side, killed the half-drowned fox, and master, hound, and horse, with the head and brush, returned the way they came. Brave "Old Sarum!" he was indeed a glorious fellow: he and Newton Fellowes were samples of the "*genus homo*" not easily to be found in a modern day.'

In addition to the names already mentioned, nine other guests are severally described as forming the

'—— party assembled at Stover
To hunt in the morning, and feast when 'twas over.'

They were the Rev. Edward Clarke of St. Dominick, Mr. George Leach, the Rev. John Templer, Mr. William and Erving Clark of Buckland Tout-Saints, Mr. Charles Gandy, Mr. Henry Twysden, R.N., Mr. John Lyne Templer of Highland House, and Captain J. Avern, R.N.

Alas! to the grim Ferryman, '*Portitor ille, Charon,*' all save one, the subject of this memoir, have been summoned to pay their last copper! and truly has Horace said—

'*Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?*'

men, indeed, they were, leaving none to follow them of stouter hearts or manlier fame.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE month sacred to fog and Lord Mayors' shows is scarcely in accordance with yachting, and most owners have abandoned their craft to the tender mercies of Wivenhoe and other winter quarters, saving a select few, who, like the new King Street Club, never shut up, but devote their leisure time to exploring the Mediterranean and other so-called sunny shores. The past season has been in every respect a most successful one, and despite the stagnation of commerce and bad times all round, caused by the default of Turks, Egyptians, Peruvians, and other one-horse foreign Powers, the yacht tonnage in commission, both of racing and pleasure craft, has been greater than ever, and except perhaps at Ryde, the contingent of spectators up to the average. The Prince of Wales opened proceedings favourably at Cowes by winning the Queen's Cup with the *Hildegarde*, a schooner whose 'fort,' as Artemus Ward called it, was supposed to be rather comfort than speed, and of the cracks of the season the eccentrically framed *Jullanar*, *Florinda*, *Vol-au-Vent*, *Corinne*, *Latona*, and *Surf* have, amongst others, a good record to show.

In professional rowing there has been a good deal of activity, and the Northerners, if they have not great triumphs to show, apparently attempted to make up for it by arranging a variety of matches, a moiety of which fall through somewhere about the first deposit, or the signing of articles. The chief event has been the meeting of R. W. Boyd and Higgins of Shadwell, whose last encounter over the Championship course resulted in an absolute run-away for the Northerner, Higgins being chopped at the start, and apparently quite unable to act in the rough water, which was very lumpy, so that Boyd led comfortably throughout, and won as he liked. Spectators naturally jumped to the conclusion that, however finished a sculler Higgins might be on a fine day, Boyd would certainly beat him in a 'lipper,' and the below-bridge party were calmly content as the week immediately preceding the match went by, with the water smooth each day, and every prospect of it remaining so. On the day, however, all was changed. A strong cross-wind made the Putney reach quite rough, so that Boyd's party, in spite of rumours of his not being quite himself, displayed renewed confidence, and 2 to 1 was offered, and indeed in many cases refused, though the actual starting price was a little less. Higgins, winning the toss, and going from the Middlesex side, had the advantage of rather smoother water at the onset, but as Boyd drew in as close to him as possible, the difference was

slight, and the men, with changing advantages of half a length or so, rowed what was almost a neck-and-neck race to Hammersmith, where Higgins went under the big span, Boyd cutting off the corner and taking the Surrey side of the dummy. The men were at this point as near level as possible, and the tide so high that of the four steamers only one could get under Hammersmith, and she got damaged in the attempt. Fortunately, the umpire was on a small launch, though on this occasion, unlike the battering-ram meeting of Higgins and Blackman, his services were not required, as, though Boyd had the inside berth and smooth water for the next mile, he could get no pull out of it, while Higgins in the open was making wonderful weather of it, Boyd being apparently busted. Suffice it to say that Higgins had a clear advantage after Chiswick, and won at the finish as easily as Boyd had on the previous occasion, though the first two miles were a grand and exciting struggle, instead of, as with the Northerner's victory, a regular run-away affair. On the present occasion the Tyne party were no less surprised than disappointed at the result, and at once Boyd issued a challenge to row Higgins on the Tyne for anything up to a monkey a side; and though straw-splitting arguments have ensued as to whether the coming match, being on the Tyne, can be said to be one for the Championship, the affair is progressing, and remembering that the Tyne course is shorter, and that Boyd will be on his own water, he is quite likely to turn the tables, and if so, it will be two wins each, as Higgins beat Boyd on their first encounter eighteen months ago, a week before Trickett and Sadler's championship match.

The irrepressible Spencer, who, brought out under the auspices of Mr. Bush and George Drewitt, has enjoyed a succession of victories very much the same as Tom Hoare kept on scoring, before he met a tartar in Joe Sadler, announced himself for another benefit, and the North again suffered, Hymes of Stockton being the victim. He is a very fine young man of twenty-four, standing six feet high, and probably owing to his having beaten Robert Cooper and Bright, both, especially the former, good men in their time, but now unmistakably stale, his party put down the money so heavily that he actually was better favourite than Spencer, who, after getting the best of the start, pretty much waited on his man to Hammersmith, where he had him settled, and afterwards won as he liked. When, in noticing Bob Cooper's defeat by Hymes some time since, we expressed regret at his reappearance only to be beaten, and said that of his chief cotemporaries, R. Chambers was dead, and H. Kelley long since retired, we little thought that the latter would be again found at the starting post, unless indeed for a trial spin with some aspirant. However, as we mentioned in the September number, he is once more matched with his old rival Sadler, and though giving him several years' advantage, Kelley throughout his career, since he took the Championship from Messenger in 1857, and especially since what we may call the decay of Chambers, about 1865, has shown such wonderful skill and vitality, that we shall not be surprised to see him win, though on their last meeting Sadler was the better man.

When professional coaches were in vogue for University rowing, Tom Grant was at the top of that tree, and the announcement of his death will recall to many an old Cantab memories of the past. Of late years he went farther afield, and was from time to time engaged by the Dublin and other provincial oarsmen, whose improvement may be greatly attributed to his sound tuition.

The London Rowing Club have closed a most successful season with a regatta which afforded good sport. The twelve-oared race also proved a

well-contested affair, but the Monteuuis sculls, the principal prize of which is a new wager-boat, attracted fewer entries than usual. The pick of the lot were W. Playford, brother of the present champion, and H. H. Playford, his cousin, and this couple were so equally matched that they were all but level at the finish, and fouling, owing to a barge being in the way, floated home locked together. As somehow or other Mr. H. H. Playford, senr., was placed in the unbecoming position of being referee in what proved a match between his son and nephew, no decision was arrived at, and it was proposed to give a pair-oared boat between the two, but we are not aware what decision was ultimately arrived at. The Thames and other clubs near Putney also closed their season with little regattas, in all of which the sculling handicaps proved the chief attraction to the amateurs, while the prizes of 5*l.* or so to watermen have encouraged a lot of practice among the juniors of that class; and these races, which were started a few years ago by the London Rowing Club, have been invariably successful.

No one, except their owners, has a good word for steam launches, which are often a great nuisance. During the summer several cases of wanton and snobbish recklessness were fully proved against them, and another which occurred quite recently has excited a good deal of notice. The chief complainants, at least those who write most to the newspapers, are fishermen, who, from the boating man's point of view, are as bad as the puffing billies, and judging from their language, arrogate to themselves a virtual monopoly of the stream. The 'banker,' as the humble cockney or stranger is called for short, rigs up a rod, perhaps three, sticks the ends in the ground, or fixes them in some fashion, with the lines floating far into the stream, and having done this often leaves them to their own devices, and has a soothing nap; at any rate, with the best intentions and utmost vigilance, he cannot attend to more than one properly, so passing boats are expected to carefully avoid his lines, otherwise he inquires, with sundry expletives, where the — you are coming to, and the reasonable answer that you are going up-stream and so keep close inshore, is a waste of breath, even if, as is improbable, he understands it. Being abused or even sworn at is not fatal to the health of most boating men, but should ladies be of the party it becomes offensive in the extreme. Punters, though generally less blackguardly, are perhaps more passively annoying, as they constantly fix themselves in the course of the up-stream traveller, who has to pull well out, and catches the full force of the current, which but for the obstructive punt would be avoided, and this, in a heavy pleasure or sailing boat, delays the journey considerably. There seems to be no special rules as to the rights and obligations of stationary punts, but there should in all cases be room left for a boat to pass inshore without unshipping, and this precaution is too frequently omitted, so that in parts of the Thames where fishing flourishes, and which have the additional misfortune of being within tolerable reach of town, the river is covered with moored punts, some midstream others inshore, until it requires some exercise of skill and vigilance to avoid running into them.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—October Sports and Pastimes.

WE have often to quarrel with the poets of the last century, who in their descriptions of the seasons take a good deal more than poetic licence warrants. Thomson was the arch-sinner in this respect, and his 'gentle spring' and its

‘ethereal mildness’ have long since gone, if indeed they ever existed but as the coinage of the poet’s brain, to a very outside price. So likewise ‘bright June and all its smiling hours’ is never mentioned, and Mr. Bob Lee and Mr. Head would lay against it a little over their books. An old-fashioned winter in the same way exists with some rare exceptions only in the imagination of the illustrated newspapers; but yet one of the seasons still holds its own, and ‘the evening of the year’ justifies itself, so to speak, before the present generation as perhaps the most glorious of the four. It certainly has done so in this year of grace, and in this month of October just passed away. Autumn has not been, as described by Longfellow,

‘Like a faint old man who sits down
By the wayside a-weary.’

Rather has he renewed his youth, and given us such days of glory and brightness that we might well fancy summer had returned. The least unimpressible man or woman must have felt, we think, the beauty of the opening days of October; and if they did not, God help them, they are past praying for. Whether they were in the Highlands or Pall Mall, over the stubbles or over the heather, at Newmarket or by the sad sea waves, the opening days of October should have been things of beauty though not, alas, joys for ever.

And October helps to fill town once again. It dispels the gloom of the clubs and the desolation that has long dwelt in Belgravia. Carriages block the way in Bond Street, and on a fine afternoon Regent Street is as full of the class of men and women who haunt it as it is in the season. There is even an attempt to form ‘a park,’ and people sit on the chairs down the Ladies’ Mile, and bask in a sun which is almost that of August. The clubs are unusually lively, for there is so much to talk about. Men have been by their own account half over the habitable globe. We believe the wanderings of the majority have been bounded by Scarborough on the north, and a poky lodging at Cowes or Ryde on the south; but no matter. We are glad to see them back again, hail from what part they may. More adventurous spirits have passed a month or two on the ocean wave (guests of men with yachts), and they have tremendous tarradiddles to tell, chiefly of an amatory nature—it being a well-ascertained fact that to be on board a well equipped and furnished yacht, and to have ‘a case,’ are synonymous. Everybody, however, seems glad to get back to the coziness and comfort of London life when the days are shortening; and the club dinner and a stall at the theatre are keenly appreciated after a long deprivation from these luxuries. As Mr. Charles Wyndham so feelingly remarks to one of the Pink Dominos, ‘be it ever so homely, there’s no place like home.’

And while speaking of club life—which means, we are sorry to think, home to so many waifs and strays, who have not married ‘the rich attorney’s ‘ugly elderly daughter,’ and settled themselves as decent inhabitants of Tyburnian mansions—we desire to mention a recent addition to London clubdom of the most comfortable kind. We are not about to write a dissertation on clubs, what they were when first they were born to life, magnificent temples

‘— opening to the chosen few
An earthly paradise of or-molu,’

and what they are now. The magnificent temples still exist, but a club does not necessarily mean a temple. Men have learned to appreciate in a club that ‘snuggness’ which they like in their homes. How many clubs that have sprung into life within the two or three last years, are not so much clubs as

'snuggeries,' nothing grand about them, but with an air of home comfort that pleases even the waifs and strays. And such a one has just opened its doors in King Street, St. James's. It is the town house of the Orleans Club—the country house we all know, with its bosky glades, its velvet turf, its lawn tennis, its German skittles, its dances, its dinners. It was a happy thought to try and keep together the happy Orleans family during the months when we can neither 'walk by the river, you and I,' play German skittles, or dance by the light of the moon and come home with the girls in the morning. The house in King Street, which had seen some vicissitudes of club life, being vacant, Sir John Astley and the Committee of the Orleans determined to take it, and most charming little snuggeries have they made. It is handsomely and at the same time quietly fitted up with excellent taste and all needful luxuries, and the first impression made on us as we entered the morning-room was one of warmth and comfort. There is a sufficiently spacious coffee-room, a very pleasant ladies' ditto—for the town house carries out the country-house idea in its entirety, and is a club where ladies are admitted: a special feature being the pleasant little suppers after the theatre. Most of the leading Orleans men have joined it, and the club is open to gentlemen not members of the Orleans, who will, of course, be balloted for in the usual way. One important point we may mention, the *cuisine* is excellent, so is the liquor. Already there have been one or two little dinners where the decision of the jurors, noble dukes, gallant colonels, learned barristers, all eminently qualified to give a verdict, was most favourable.

And the theatres, how warmly they welcome us! and how eager we are to get back to them. There is rather an *embarras de richesses* just at this time in the fare the different houses offer. Managers are on their mettle at what may be called the opening of the season, and to have a new piece for October at most of our theatres is as certain as that October comes round. The Court has opened with a play by the late Lord Lytton, which can boast of most of the beauties and faults of his style. When it was written seems rather a subject of conjecture, but there is something of stiff, old-fashioned formality about the plot and the dialogue of 'The House of Darnley' that would lead us to infer it is not the effort of the author's best days. The plot is lacking in originality; the same may be said of the characters. The prosperous millionaire—the handsome wife—the commonplace lover, and the rough misanthropist who has the tenderest of hearts beneath his waistcoat, are all familiar types. That the great millionaire should leave his wife to the seductions of the lover, that the plain-spoken misanthropist should be violently in love with the *ingénue*, that the millionaire should be on the verge of ruin, and by writing a few letters stave it off, goes without saying. Perhaps the most original part of the play is the underplot, where a cold-blooded man of business has a perpetual warfare with himself between his repugnance to marry the *ingénue*, and his repugnance, if he does not marry her, to lose her money. The *ingénue*, too, is something more than a sketch, for she is a Janus-faced young lady of most quaker-like simplicity on one side, and the fastest girl of the period on the other, smoking cigarettes (surely this must be an interpolation of Mr. Coghlan's), and giving an account of a run *à la mode* Lady Gay Spanker—the last not original, by-the-way. Mr. Bishop and Miss Amy Roselle did efficient justice to these two parts. For the rest, Mr. Kelly as the millionaire, though hardly seen to the advantage he was in 'New Men and Old Acres,' yet displayed considerable power, and rose to almost tragic dignity in the fourth act. Miss Ellen Terry as the wife was alternately gay and sparkling, with an exhibition of emotion in the strong scenes of the play that was very touching. Mr. Hare was the rough-spoken, tender-hearted

friend, a *rôle* hardly, we thought, in which he was quite at home, but still of course admirably acted, and Mr. Bishop as the cold-blooded man of business we have already spoken of. It was a very finished little sketch. To Mr. Coghlan we are indebted for the conclusion of the play, only four acts having been written by Lord Lytton. Doubtless the task of Mr. Coghlan was difficult, but there is an abruptness in his way of making straight the crooked paths (the inevitable duty of the fifth act) that might, we think, have been avoided. Still is the play interesting. The subject is familiar, it is true—the characters well worn stage types—yet does it hold us, and will, we believe, prove a great success in the coming winter. It is mounted as few plays have been mounted before. One scene—a library—with its old books, china, velvet and ebony, is perfect. How on the narrow stage of the little Court is it done?

Turn we to lighter fare—to the little appetizing dishes which the *chefs* of such establishments as the Gaiety and the Strand have always in their *menu*. How tempting a subject has been Faust to the burlesque writer. How many comic Fausts have we seen? We cannot remember, but the last effort—it is Mr. Byron's at the Gaiety—certainly deserves a visit. With such a Mephistopheles as Mr. Terry, with Miss Farren as the hero, Mr. Royce as Valentine, and Miss Vaughan as Marguerite, what can we want more? From the moment when Miss Farren shoots up a trap attired in cerulean silk and satin, from the moment we catch sight of sweet Kate Vaughan's embroidered stockings and Mr. Royce's eccentric costume, we know we are in for some fun. What though the dialogue is strained to the utmost point of word twisting—what though the melodies are of the music hall, and the dances pretty much those we know by heart: yet do the clever artistes make us forget by their admirable fooling that our ears are listening to a thrice-told tale, and our eyes feasting on well-known scenes. There are one or two songs, notably one duet, 'the Continong,' sung by Mr. Terry and Miss Farren, that we could bear hearing again, and great is the fun extracted by these two out of a burlesque parody on Zazel, Mr. Terry as Farini, 'the Italian gentlemen 'with the American accent,' being peculiarly funny. If we were disposed to pick a hole in 'Faust' it would be to complain that Miss Kate Vaughan has hardly enough to do. She looks charming (we have before ventured to allude to the embroidered stockings), and once are we delighted with her graceful dancing—but only once. Why is this? A good deal might have been made of Marguerite; why did not Mr. Byron make it? For the rest, the dresses and mounting leave nothing to be desired, or leave a good deal to be desired, whichever our readers please, and Marguerite's school-fellows struck us as being very nice young women. If you doubt it, Mr. Bailly, go and judge for yourself.

Once again we find ourselves in the old familiar Strand, where peals of laughter are ringing from floor to roof as in days of yore. In the recess no time has been lost, and it is again the brightest and gayest little theatre in London. Although this exhilaration is caused partly by 'Champagne,' it by no means follows that it will not be lasting: the wine is good, and the amusement of the night will well bear the reflection of the morning. The *pièce de résistance* of the banquet provided is a comedy adapted by the best of our comic authors, Mr. F. C. Burnand, and contains some of his best work. 'Family Ties' is a domestic comedy showing the petty miseries and vexations of a husband whose home is invaded by his mother-in-law and a whole host of her friends. At their hands he undergoes numerous indignities, and endures all the petty annoyances for which a mother-in-law is traditionally responsible. In materials such as these Mr. Burnand's genius revels, and the

result is remarkably good comedy. The acting is good all round. One character, that of Baron Victor de Karadec, an Anglicised Frenchman, so enamoured of the country of his adoption as to object to being in any way reminded of the country of his birth, becomes in the hands of M. Marius a perfect cabinet picture. Then we have 'Champagne,' and of a very sparkling kind—a story of the old days of chivalry, when the doings of barons and squires were quite as naughty as in our own time; it brims over with sparkling music, smiling faces, and shapely limbs. Eye and ear are equally charmed, and the piece completes a programme worthy of the Strand in its palmiest days.

Where did we pass the opening days of October? Somewhere down near Richmond, very close to the park, into which it was good to go on the bright forenoon, and bury yourself in the fern among the deer, or patiently fish in the lake, and fancy yourself hundreds of miles from Babylon and its ways, with no sound to break the stillness, not even a breath of air to stir the leaves. We don't believe that Londoners know much about Richmond Park. Some of them drive through it on a coach on the way to the Star and Garter, but the green heart of the park, its grand timber, its enchanting woodland scenery, is a *terra incognita* we feel sure. By-the-way, the Orleans Club is not entirely closed, as was first intended, and to pull down there in a boat, land and lunch, was not a bad pastime. We thought a good deal at this time. Of course our thoughts, like those of all well-regulated minds, were or ought to have been on the Cesarewitch and what would win it, but they wandered sometimes, and our companion, who would have talked about racing in a redoubt before Plevna, was justly indignant with us. In vain we pleaded for mercy, on one particularly warm and bright day, when we were eating our luncheon under a stately oak, from which the eye glanced down a vista of brown deer and yellow-tipped fern; he was inexorable. He went through the horses from old Pageant downwards until we were nearly driven wild. One circumstance has, since the race, been a great comfort and consolation to us. Our friend was dead against Hilarious, and said he had not a 50 to 1 chance. Hilarious, we drink to thee.

But we must not longer dawdle on Orleans lawns or under Richmond oaks. The time for action has arrived. We are at Liverpool Street Station, a very different place from Richmond Park, in company with a mixed assembly of good, bad, and indifferent, bound for Newmarket. A great many of what an esteemed friend of ours calls 'the boys' were with us, and played Napoleon all the way down. How like unto the troubled sea is the racing mind; it is never at rest. We are not indifferent to the charms of 'Nap' ourselves, but we hold it not good before breakfast. The Newmarket special is not so good as it used to be, and we beg leave to call the attention of Mr. Swarbrick to that fact. We used to be taken down in a little over two hours, but on this occasion it took us two hours and a half. The Great Eastern Railway has won much praise ever since it started the morning special, and we trust that they will continue to deserve it; we ought to be run down in two hours. Some of the brightness of the month had passed, and grey and lowering were the skies, instead of 'flushed with gold,' but still we could not complain. It was cold but dry, and the atmosphere, particularly on the Cesarewitch day, singularly clear. Newmarket was astir, and wore that look we are accustomed to at the times of its great festivals. The little town was full, even to an overflow, and the overflow had directed its course to Bury on one side and Cambridge on the other. The Rutland had bedded itself out to the utmost possible extent, so had the White Hart, and we need scarcely say every one was cheerful and pleasant under the circumstances.

The first day's racing was not very much, and we do not propose to dwell long on it. Pilgrimage confirmed the good character she had won in the First October by beating Queen of Pearls and the others over the T.Y.C. in a canter, and foreshadowed what she subsequently did in the Middle Park Plate; and the meeting of Strathfleet and Clementine in a Post Sweepstakes was fairly interesting. The French filly, however, turned it up when she was collared, and Strathfleet beat Fair Lyonesse cleverly by a neck, the latter showing she had improved since York, when the Duke of Westminster's filly defeated her by a length and a half. Mr. Sanford won a race with Start, and Rifle proved himself a better horse than he was suspected to be, for he beat Rosbach over the Rouse course easily. It was the Cesarewitch that occupied all our attention, and the final retirement of Balagny, who it was stated really had met with an accident this time, and went to the utterly forlorn price of 1,000 to 5. 'Cast in his box' was the prevailing rumour, but really, after tumbling off Calais Pier into the water, we were loth to believe anything we heard about the distinguished foreigner. However, something had happened to him this time, and he was an irretrievably gone coon, while there were symptoms that Queen of Cyprus was coming to take his place. This created a slight panic among people who had taken liberties with her majesty, and this feeling increased at night in the Rooms, when the mare jumped at a bound to 100 to 12, and everything except Hilarious received a shock. Before closing, the Queen of Cypress scare was a little checked, and 10 to 1 might have been had about her; and as bookmakers known to be bad against her did not seem to feel uncomfortable, backers of the favourites took heart again. It was rumoured, too, that Tom Jennings's mare was not as well as she might be; and so we went to bed in a more tranquil frame of mind. It would have been a tremendous thing if the original selection before the weights appeared, and something like first favourite when they did appear, should have, after being so long in the cold shade neglected, come at the last moment and send the favourites to the right about. We were consoled by a remarkably good judge telling us before we retired to rest that the old horses were not in it, and that a three-year-old would win. Tuesday morning the scene was even a busier one than on the preceding day. In front of the Rooms there was an eager struggling crowd, the majority intent on business, and wanting to back Prince George, for that seemed to be the final decision of the racing mind. He was nearly at one time as great a favourite as Hilarious, and Zucchero retreated to 6 to 1, but before the flag fell the latter came back a little; and Queen of Cyprus, without going utterly to the bad, was in a very precarious position, and evidently anything but one of Tom Jennings's good things. Augusta no one inquired about either, and though nominally at 100 to 6, we don't think it was her day. Of course there were outside tips at the last, Rosy Cross being the most prominent. She had had a satisfactory gallop, and 'Mat' fancied her, so ran the story. Still they only offered 11 to 1 against Mavis, and 40 to 1 might have been had about her stable companion if it had been wanted. Old Scamp looked wonderfully well, and Mr. Fothergill Rowlands was wonderfully sanguine, and said he did not care eighteen-pence for Duchess of Cambridge, and he was not far wrong, for the horse ran as well as the mare. There was in reality nothing in great demand but the three favourites, and Hilarious was never once shaken by the advances of Prince George.

The usual crowd in the paddock saw nothing grander than Augusta, Scamp, Queen of Cyprus, Playfair, Estelle, and such small deer. The latter quondam favourite did not excite the least attention, and even started without a price to her name, a sad fall from a once high position—on paper. All the

others were saddled at the Ditch stables, and we took up our post on the New Stand, with eyes bent on the line of the Ditch, and that excitement in the breast that the most hardened of us feel when the horses are at the start for a great race. Let us own here how much we now appreciate the New Stand, and as we believe that in the pages of 'Our Van' may be found some very disparaging remarks thereupon, we hasten to make the New Stand all the *amende* in our power. The view from it is perfect, and on the Cesarewitch day we saw more of the race than we ever did before. It is a shelter from the cold blast and the driving rain, and it also shelters Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, who provide for our bodily needs in their own perfect way. We remember when the Stand was first opened to the public, being asked by the cheery 'Mate' how we liked it, and we replied that we did not like it at all, and we remember also how he showed us that we were entirely wrong by an apt and homely illustration, with which we need not trouble our readers. Sufficient to say he was right; and now to take up our Cesarewitch tale. The five-and-twenty then were at the post, the voices from the ring were mute, the last bet had been made. A mighty shout proclaims that the advance flag is down, and in another moment or two the line, led by a fugleman, comes into sight, streaming down to 'choke jade.' No jade, however, is to be choked on this occasion. They come on in bold front, and there is great contention as to who the fugleman is. Augusta, Playfair, Luckpenny, are names all shouted, but at length it is clearly ascertained that it is the latter light-weight who has overpowered Weedon and is bringing them along at the best pace he knows. We all know it will not be for long, and as they disappear in the low ground behind the Ditch, expect to see nothing of the fugleman as they emerge from the gap. But there he is, pounding along, and his bolt is not shot until the T.Y.C. post is passed. The pace has settled some before this, and Augusta, Great Tom, Stockham, Chesterton, and Estelle beat their retreat while Luckpenny was yet full of running. It is a beautiful sight up to this point, for they have been coming on from the gap in an apparently unbroken line, the little retreats and droppings away not affecting the sight from the Stand. But now they are approaching the Bushes, that dreaded spot where so many anchors are unavoidably dropped, and so many reputations collapse. The reputations of Zucchero and the Duchess of Cambridge, both of whom have been in front from the T.Y.C., are the first to suffer, old Pageant presenting a much more formidable front at this point than these two favorites, and soon there is disorder in the hitherto compact line.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale,

and one only in dark blue and silver comes on with unfaltering stride. Macdonald has been sitting like an image on Hilarious all the way. He has had nothing to do but to keep him in front and hold him, and admirably has he done both. Now he gives him his head as they come down the hill, and Hilarious romps up the ascent for home with the thirty-eighth Cesarewitch in the pocket of Mr. Jardine, and Mr. Steel's hat in the air.

Well, it is what we all ought to have expected, and if we did not back the winner, more fools we. We, most of us, saw him do two good public trials in the First October, one for speed, the other for stamina; if, after that, we went a-hankering after Zucchero and Duchess of Cambridge, we deserved our fate. On one side was public form, on the other private trials; and we are very much afraid that a great many generally good judges chose the private trials. It is very curious this, and it happens continually. Year after year do we, we racing men, who see every race of importance between March

and November, disregard public form and go for something trained in some 'clever' stable who has done some wonderful private trial. As a rule, the public who do not go to race meetings, but who diligently study form, are not such fools. They say Hilarious was a bad horse for the Ring, and probably was; but we would not mind having a small bet that the largest portion of the money went into the pockets of what is called the outside public. It was surprising how comparatively few men we met at Newmarket who had backed the winner, and when asking others why they had not backed him, how few could tell! There are funny things and funny people in the racing world. No one thought much of anything else on the Cesarewitch day but the big race, but it was a fair one for backers. Wednesday was comparatively quiet, plenty of racing, but not much of a sort. The Second Class Cambridgeshire was indeed a very second-class affair—a match between the Mate and the Rascal; and if the latter had not been so fitly named as he is, he must have won, but at the sound of Luke's whip he made a bolt across the course, and 'The Mate' was beaten by his namesake—which was hard. Cyprus had it all his own way in the Bedford Stakes; and at last Golden Spur won a race for Joseph Dawson, when, we suppose, there was very little on him. The race, the Flying Welter, just over Ecosais's own course, looked a good thing, but he lost the services of Goater, who was on Inglewood Ranger; and though Tom Cannon is Tom Cannon (none but himself can be his parallel), yet the old horse did not seem to run under his hands as he does under Jim's guidance, and so the outsider beat him. Captain Machell had one of his good selling platers that afternoon in Cincinnatus, about whom every one had the tip, and so, of course, he opened at a short price, though some clever people managed to get 2 to 1. The horse belonged to Mr. Fitzroy, we believe, when he started, and whether that gentleman neglected to get on or did not like the price, we know not, but he lost money on the race, and had to buy Cincinnatus in at 400 guineas. The Ditch Mile Nursery was the big race of the day, and Carillon and Typhoon carried the money, but only the latter ran decently; for though Carillon got off well, she failed to keep her place, and Quicksilver beat Typhoon by gameness, for she appeared out of it at one part of the race. There was a sensation to wind up with, in a dead heat between three, and what was singular, only three starters. It was in a Post Sweepstakes, in which Mr. Houldsworth had got a highly-tried one in Tredegar, who, though a roarer, was said to be good enough to win the Middle Park. However, Fair Lyonesse not only got to Tredegar's head but took the lead up the hill, and after a slashing set-to, in which Inval joined, Mr. Clark could not separate the trio. That Tredegar ought to have won, the decider seemed to show, for he had the other two beaten in the bottom, and won easily by three parts of a length. We were nearly omitting to notice the Select Stakes, and the meeting of Jongleur, Thunderstone, Verneuil, and Placida over the R.M. Jongleur and the Oaks winner had each 5 lbs. penalty, so that odds were laid on Thunderstone, who, however, was done with at the Bushes, and Jongleur beat Placida very easily. This could not have been Thunderstone's true form; and Cannon, indeed, told Mr. Alexander that the horse never would take hold of his bit at any part of the race.

Thursday was the day to be marked above all others with a white stone for giving us some of the finest sport we have seen for some years at Newmarket. The Stewards had crowded almost too many good things on to the card, but we could not well grumble at that. To begin with, there was the Newmarket Oaks, in which Lady Golightly and Belphebe were to fight their battles o'er again; and as Belphebe has always had the best of the three previous encounters in which they have met, why should she not now? So argued the

punters, and very sure and certain were a group of them who took their station on the old betting Stand (the best place in Newmarket to see any race that finishes either at the Bushes or T.Y.C.), that Lord Hartington's mare would win. A distinguished Q.C., hon. and learned not only in the law but in racing, was very certain about it; so was a well-known Yorkshire baronet, and a preference for Lady Golightly was received with pity. But these good judges overlooked the fact, or held it of no account, that Belphebe had done a severe race on the Tuesday, when she got third in the Cesarewitch; and some horses, mares especially, do not come again after only one day of rest. The race was over the T.M.M., and Lady Golightly coming to the front at the R.M. starting-post soon had the favourite in trouble. She was beaten on entering the rails, and Lord Falmouth's mare won in a canter, with Verdurette second, and Belphebe third. Not only did her backers disregard Belphebe's Cesarewitch race, but they also disregarded the great improvement the winner has made since she last met her old opponent. She is not the same animal. Mirobolante won the T.Y.C. Sweepstakes, which, seeing what she had to beat, was no wonder; and Miss Ravel carried off the 50 sovs. Sweepstakes; but neither of these events excited much attention, which was directed more to the paddock and the Middle Park candidates. Athol Lad was in great force, and both Joseph Dawson and Mr. Jones scouted the idea that he would not stay the course, or that he would find the hill at the finish disagree with him. Prince Charlie had not found it so when half fit—why should his brother? He and Beauclerc carried all the money; for though the good looks of Jocko, and some wonderful reports of what he could do with Jongleur, made some people anxious to back him, yet 10 to 1 was always forthcoming. There was no third favourite, indeed, as Maximilian, about whom 5 to 1 had been taken the previous night, beat a rapid retreat in the market, particularly after being seen in the paddock, where the criticisms on him were not flattering. He is rather a common-looking gentleman, and, big yearling as he was, he does not appear to have grown, and has a set look about him as if he did not mean to grow. Robert Peck told anybody who took the trouble to ask him that he had no fancy for the horse, and it was no secret that he had backed Beauclerc. Who put Maximilian about we cannot tell, unless it was that the public for once in a way forgot themselves, and thought a 4000 guineas yearling must gallop a bit, and so brought him into the market. Undoubtedly the horse was backed in the right quarter, but whence came the inspiration we are not aware. He ran in the Duke of Westminster's colours, and, like the celebrated Morier, who was going to astonish us all by winning the Guineas, in the spring, he was about the first beaten. He was not such a costly failure as Morier, for he was backed by comparatively few; but if the form he showed here was his true form, will his noble owner ever see the money he gave for him? But we will wait and see him run again before we give a decided opinion. Of the others, Lord Rosebery had a good-looking colt in Alarcos, and Lady of Mercia was said to be the best of the Heath House team. Lord Lonsdale ran both Birdie and Pilgrimage, the latter of whom, we believe, he backed for the place she got. Count de Lagrange started Clementine (who carried the full penalty) and Insulaire, but we did not hear their names once mentioned; and the half-hearted support awarded to everything except Athol Lad and Beauclerc seemed to tell that the owners of the field had little love for their respective chances. Tom Cannon was on Athol Lad, and Bruckshaw was at first announced as the jockey of Beauclerc; but an arrangement was come to by which Snowden's services were secured; and it is no disparagement to Bruckshaw that Mr. Perkins should naturally wish, in a race of such importance, to have a jockey up of much greater experience.

Bruckshaw—who most readily acquiesced in the arrangement—is a very good jockey, but he does not ride much at Newmarket. The race was a very pretty sight for a quarter of a mile, for the field kept close order for that distance, and it was not until Equinox, Wild Darell, and Maximilian began to drop away that the order was broken. Athol Lad went bravely to the front at the Bushes, but it struck us he did not like the descent of the hill; at all events, he was beaten when he began the ascent out of the Abingdon Bottom, where Beauclerc and the Katie colt drew away, the former with the lead, which he held to the end, and won very cleverly by half a length.

A very pretty race, and won by a good horse, or, at all events, won by the best we have yet seen, no doubt; and why the Duke of St. Albans should have taken it into his head to lay 9 to 1 three times against his namesake for the Derby, after the race, is best known to his Grace. To be sure, Beauclerc has a twisted pastern, but that did not appear in the least to interfere with him this afternoon. Why should it over the Derby course? The great race of the afternoon was, of course, the meeting of Springfield and Silvio in the Champion Stakes—that rich prize which we owe to Mr. Chaplin's happy suggestion. But before that came off we had a sporting match between Lord Rosebery and Sir Frederick Johnstone, that savoured somewhat of old times when we were a hard-drinking generation, and to drink our claret from the wood was no unusual custom. Touchet *v.* Post Haste, 8 st. 10 lb. each, over the R.M., for 500 sovs. and a hogshead of claret, produced a good deal of wagering. We fully expected Touchet would have been the favourite, but it transpired that he had not done very well lately, and when stripped looked hardly in condition. Lord Rosebery did not venture to have much on him, we believe, so of course there was a rush to get on the good thing, Post Haste, and 7 to 4 was freely laid, many a gallant plunger who had missed Lady Golightly and Beauclerc taking an extra header on this occasion. But to their chagrin, Touchet was seen to be pulling over the favourite all the way, and quitting him in the Abingdon Bottom, won in a canter. Some chaff there was going about as to what kind of claret Sir Frederick would select, and disinterested offers were made to him of help in the selection. No doubt it will be worthy of the occasion, noble wine that shall ripen in Dalmeny cellars and be known as the Touchet claret. But now we are summoned to the paddock to see Springfield and Silvio—for no one had eyes for the handsome Hesper, or Thunderstone, Duchess of Cambridge, and Zuccherò. Rumour here, too, had been busy about Springfield, to the effect that he was not quite himself, and it was said coughing had afflicted the stable. Silvio, too, was reported to have done but little work since Doncaster—which if true would have been in his favour. The fact was that both horses were well and fit to run for their lives, but yet odds were laid on the field up to the close. Springfield had the call in the betting, as he undoubtedly deserved to have, but yet many old racing men would not have him, under the belief that he could not stay. There really was no warrant for the belief beyond the splendid speed which he has exhibited over six furlongs, for he has won all his races with the greatest ease, and why he should not go a mile and a quarter, or more, we could not see. Lord Falmouth started Great Tom to make the running for Silvio, which he did to the T.Y.C. winning-post, Thunderstone, Duchess of Cambridge, Hesper, and Midlothian having been done with before that point was reached. Here the two favourites were left to themselves, Silvio with the lead, but directly Cannon let Springfield go, the latter went to the front, and he literally appeared to make Silvio stand still. It was a grand sight to see Mr. Houldsworth's splendid horse going within himself, apparently indifferent whether the winning chair was only a few yards from him or at the top of the town.

A great horse indeed ; and though it is probable that the three-year-olds of 1877 are but moderate, yet this must not detract from Springfield's performance. There is a great career evidently before him, if he only keeps well, and we believe no sounder horse is in training. Mr. Houldsworth must see a vision of cups in 1878 ; and Colonel Maude already sees visions of thousands, for he has an own brother to him, who will come up as a yearling at the next Royal sale.

Friday's racing worthily wound up about the very best week ever seen at Newmarket. Ecossais, carrying the same weight in the Third Welter as he did on Wednesday, and over a furlong farther, was sent to the front by Goater at the Bushes, and beat the favourite Rowston easily. Childeric beat Oasis and Inval in the Prendergast Stakes, but not too easily, and of course Hampton made a ridiculous exhibition of Pornic and Augusta in the Queen's Plate. There was a wonderfully good thing in the Juvenile Handicap in the filly by Thunderbolt out of Ninna, who, in a trial before the Middle Park Plate, had well beaten the Katie colt, second to Beauclerc in that race. Consequently here was something to plunge on, and some early birds were reported to have got 3 and 4 to 1. However she speedily came to 7 to 4, though the Catawba filly was backed for some money too ; and the two singled themselves out on rising from the dip for home, the favourite winning very cleverly by a neck. The Newmarket Derby was kept as a *bonne bouche* for the last, and it was looked upon as a match between Jongleur and Lady Golightly. The French people were rather sweet on the horse ; but how he was to give Lady G. 11 lbs. we did not quite see, looking at the form we knew she was in. He made a fight of it for a brief space, and at the Red Post looked formidable, but he was beaten in a few strides, and the mare won in a canter, Shillelagh getting second place. And so ended the Second October.

From the Curragh we have good news. Large fields, brilliant weather, and close finishes combined to make the October Meeting one of the best ever held on the 'short grass' ; the various prizes were pretty evenly distributed among all classes of sportsmen ; and the curtain fell upon the racing year in Ireland amidst much applause, but without bringing to our notice any very worthy successors of bygone Faughaballaghs, Rosboroughs, or Umpires. The most promising youngster that ran during the season being Mr. Dunne's Cimaroon ; while the older aspirants to fame were very much all of a heap.

On the Wednesday of the Curragh Meeting a select number of the owners of horses in Ireland, breeders, and others interested, met in solemn conclave to discuss and appeal against the proposed new rules of steeplechasing in Ireland, which are to be considered by the Irish National Hunt Committee, at a meeting to be held at an early date. Home Rule in Ireland seems to have affected even the followers of the national sport, but, as 'in another place,' the unanimity amongst its exponents did not appear very great ; and beyond voting for the legality of races under the value of 20*l.*, and suggesting that the maximum weight in handicaps should be 12 st. 7 lbs., and the minimum for five-year-olds and upwards 9 st. 7 lbs., and for four-year-olds 9 st., nothing much was done.

The racing world at large, as well as owners, trainers, jockeys, &c., in Ireland, will be glad to hear that Colonel F. Forster, so long Master of the Horse to many Lord Lieutenants of Ireland, has been appointed to fill the post of Deputy Ranger of the Curragh ; and an improvement in the state of the courses, and several gallops may be confidently expected.

Mr. Davis of the 'Granville' is surely the most spirited hotel proprietor we have, but he was somewhat unfortunate with his great torpedo demon-

stration. This is all the more to be regretted as Mr. Michael Boyton has since shown how effectively the whole affair might have been carried out. The editor of the 'Sporting Times' happening to be in Ramsgate Harbour with the Dido, a small party was formed, of which we were one, to witness in the open sea experiments in connection with the electric torpedo, intended to be used in conjunction with the Boyton life-saving dress. The torpedo was a cylinder twelve inches by seven, containing eighteen pounds of gun-cotton, fitted with detonating fuse fired at one hundred yards by means of a small portable insulated electric battery. By the time that we had arrived off the second battery, a few miles from Deal, Mr. Boyton had completed his arrangements, and at a given signal the torpedo was exploded. The effect was tremendous and magnificent. So great was the force of the explosion that a vast column of water was driven from two to three hundred feet into the air, and we can well understand that no vessel afloat could have resisted it. The after effect on the water was very curious. Though the seas were running very high where the explosion took place, there was for some minutes a circle about fifty feet in diameter as smooth as glass. After exploding another torpedo with equal success, as well as some hand grenades, we returned, after being away little more than two hours, to Ramsgate, much impressed with what we had witnessed.

We are indebted to Mr. Robert Moreton, who has taken his degree in the ranks of the Veterinary College of Surgeons, for a well-digested little volume on the art of horse-breaking. The author has handled his subject so completely from beginning to end that nothing is left to which exception can be taken. From the first chapter to the last, the advice given is of a thoroughly practical kind, and we cannot but hail with satisfaction the publication of a work which affords much valuable information to all who are interested in stud management.

One of the chief incidents in the everyday life of our late Premier, Mr. Gladstone, has been so artistically illustrated that we feel bound to make mention of it here. The veteran statesman, as is well known, turns his attention occasionally to wood-cutting at Hawarden, and it is in the garb of his favourite pursuit that Mr. Alfred Hays of Cornhill has reproduced one of the best portraits we have yet seen of the gentleman in question. The picture, we need scarcely add, is in great request by the many friends and admirers of the member for Greenwich.

As our readers are aware, the labours of the 'Van' driver are manifold, and take him forth beneath the summer sun and the winter's blast, so that, robust and vigorous as he is, he is fain to hail with joy any fresh protection from the rigours of our climate, and often has it been his lot to thank Messrs. Benjamin of Conduit Street in his heart for the comfort their inventions have afforded him. Yet until now there has been one garment wanting, a complete waterproof in which a man could ride with comfort, and at last it has appeared in 'The Pytchley Spencer.' Other coats have partially waterproofed us, this one renders us as impregnable as Plevna from head to heel. It is best described as a coat and leggings made in one, so simple that it can be put on or taken off on horseback in a moment, so light as to be no inconvenience when worn, and when folded, so small as to be easily strapped to the pommel of the saddle. It is made of the beautiful West of England tweed especially manufactured and extra waterproofed for Messrs. Benjamin, and may be had of all colours. In it we can set weather at defiance; and whether cantering our cob across Newmarket Heath, or waiting for a fox to break on the bleak heights of the Hemploe or Billesden Coplow, bid the elements do their worst, for we are safe.

The Duke of Beaufort's hounds have had rather a poor cub-hunting, owing to the want of scent and hard ground. Foxes very plentiful in some parts. The young hounds have entered exceedingly well. Tuesday, Oct. 23rd.—They met in the Dodington vale and found any number of foxes on Sir Gerald Codrington's estate. After rattling the cubs well in Beanwood and Wapley Bushes, and had got the hounds well settled to a cub, he slipped into a breeding earth and saved his life. Then trotted to Codrington Gorse, and on Lord Worcester putting the hounds into a small withy bed adjoining, the hounds were very eager to draw, the Duke exclaimed 'A fox for a hundred!' and, in an instant, away he went by Codrington village, and straight away to the drain at the Parson's house at Chipping Sodbury. A clipping fifteen minutes, just as hard as the leetle bitches could go. It warmed every one's blood so that no one thought of the blind ditches. Conspicuous were Lord Worcester on his handsome young chestnut, Mr. Brocklehurst of the Blues, Lord Rocksavage, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who left his hat in a bullfinch, and Mr. J. D. Lloyd. Lord Worcester finished the day, as usual, by killing his fox close to Dodington House. Oct. 26.—Beckhampton Downs. A capital show of foxes. After running about for some time with no scent, a high wind and heavy rain, they got hold of a fox in the gorse; then drew for an outlying fox and found him, and then ensued a run which beggars description for pace. They ran first towards Westwood, then making a half-circle for the gorse they ran bang into him in thirty-five minutes close to Stanmore. We never saw anything like it. Even Mr. Robert Chapman of Cheltenham, who has seen a run or two, said he never rode in such a gallop. The fox could not get away from the hounds; he never was half a mile in front of them, although they never viewed him until the last field. It was over eight miles, the Down farmers tell us. An old dog fox; we hope he has left as good behind him. We must say a word in praise of the Down farmers for the way in which they preserve foxes—and how delighted they are to have his Grace with them.

The past month was a very great contrast to the October of last year, when the ground was in quite as good condition, if not in better than any other period of the whole season. Owing to the general backwardness of the harvest, most packs began cub-hunting a good fortnight later than usual, and some, as, for instance, the Old Berkeley, had to give upon account of the iron state of the ground. The weather has no doubt been good for the farmers, but not for cub-hunting; one of our leading huntsmen says, 'I never like to complain of scent, but except on one or two mornings it has been this year a little too bad.'

Since last season some changes have taken place in the hunting world, of which we note the following:—Major Browne, in the North, has given up the mastership of the Alnwick and Coquetdale to Major Cresswell of Harehope, and the hounds are now called the Northumberland. They have found plenty of cubs and have every prospect of a good season, while in the South Mr. Codrington of the Cattistock has been succeeded by Captain Macnaughten, who has hunted a great deal both in Ireland and England, and is as fond of hunting and as keen a sportsman as can be found in either country, for, if we are not mistaken, we have known him walk from Leicester to Rugby before breakfast, which is just a twenty-mile walk, in order to be in time to meet the Pytchley. We hear that he has been out exercising with his hounds every morning at five o'clock, and never leaves the kennels.

Mr. George Willes of Hungerford Park, with Mr. Dunn as a partner, has once more become Master of the Craven, and very wisely engaged his old

hunter, David Edwards, who, we believe, owns to sixty years; of this we are very glad, as there is a deal of life in the old dog yet, and we are quite sure that David has as much knowledge of hunting in his little finger as a great many of the young hunters of the present period have in all their fingers and thumbs included. We are truly glad to see this keen old sportsman once more in harness, and hope it will prove that there is still life and energy in many another veteran besides old David.

We don't like to see real good faithful servants put on the shelf or overlooked at a time when our grandfathers would have thought a hunter just in his prime, and we were glad to see, not long ago, a Master of Hounds in the West advertising for a whip, saying that 'age and weight were no object.'

The young whips of the present time think it very hard cheese if they are not all hunters at thirty, and forget that their fathers would perhaps have thought themselves lucky to have been then first whips. But in our recollections of some of our old heroes, such as Will Long, Harry Ayris, John Walker, and old Tom Rose—who rode to his hounds, like a boy, at seventy-five—we find we have been skirting, and so must once more try and get on the line.

Captain Rankin has succeeded Mr. Freke-Lewis in South Herefordshire, and the Hon. Alan Pennington, who has for so many years lived at Skeffington, and never missed a day with Mr. Tailby, takes command of the Holderness, a nice old-fashioned country, in the place of that wonderfully keen old sportsman, the late Mr. James Hall, of Scoboro'.

For the first time for the last hundred years a Fitzwilliam no longer presides over the famous pack at Milton, as the Hon. Charles Fitzwilliam has retired, and the Marquis of Huntly reigns in his stead. The evergreen Mr. Mortimer, after a most able and popular *régime* of twenty-eight years, has given up the management of the Old Surrey, and been succeeded by Mr. Edmund Byron. In Scotland, Captain Wauchope of Niddry has taken the place of Mr. James Hope as Master of the Lothians; and in Ireland, Mr. William Forbes of Forenaughts is now in the place of Mr. Edmund Mansfield, as Master of the Kildare.

Amongst the hunters with the Norfolk Staghounds, Tom Imms, a Surrey man, has succeeded the indefatigable Jack Hickman, who is gone to hunt a new pack of staghounds in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham.

Mr. Booth of the Bedale has engaged Tom Perry from the V.W.H., in the place of Alfred Thatcher, who has gone back to Brocklesby in the place of Nimrod Long, who has taken to drawing beer at the King's Head at Louth, instead of the big Limber Woods. Tom Smith, a grandson of the celebrated old Yarborough Smith, has left Sir Watkin, and gone to Mr. Lane Fox at Bramham, in the place of Edward Kingsbury, whom we lately met in London, still out of commission, sadly in want of a job, and like Mr. Micawber hoping that something would soon turn up.

James Maiden, from the Tipperary, has gone to the Cattistock, in the place of Will Bowers, migrated to the Taunton Vale. Will Brice, late first whip to the Hurworth, has been promoted to the horn vice George Dodds, who has gone to Mr. Tom Wilkinson of Neasham, to take the place his father held for about half a century, to look after his hunters and his otter-hounds, with which in their first season they have had some very hard days.

Alfred Mandeville has once more gone to the New Forest in the place of Charles Hawtin, who has been on the sick list ever since the end of last season; and Mr. Walter Long of the Hambledon has engaged Will Hawtin, so well known with the Burton. George Morgan succeeds Harry Rees, who

has come out of the London Hospital, with the Southwold. Richard Summers, from the Meynell, has been engaged by Mr. Tailby, in the place of Dick Christian, who is at present living with Mr. Loftus Arkwright as stud-groom, but would be glad to get a good place as huntsman, of which we believe him to be quite worthy. Robert Price has left Lord Coventry and gone to Lord Shannon in the V.W.H. country. Jack West, formerly with the Cottesmore, has been engaged by Mr. Beach in the place of poor Alfred Hedges; and he will do his best to extract some juice out of the Vine, which from its large woods is a most difficult country for a strange huntsman.

Goddard Morgan has left the York and Ainsty, and is now stud-groom to Sir Harcourt Johnstone, at Hackness, though his heart is still with hounds, and he has been succeeded by young Hagger. Tom Cranston, from Lord Leconfield, has been engaged by the Hon. R. Baillie Hamilton, and Jem Cook, from the Old Surrey, as whip, in the places of Robert Wright and John Machin. In Ireland Will Rawle, son of the Master of the Berkhamsted Buck Hounds, has left the Kildare, where he had been first whip, and is gone as huntsman to the Queen's County.

In spite of the hard state of the ground, the Pytchley have been regularly hunting their four days a week during part of September and the past month. As usual, they began at Brigstock. On the Oundle side foxes are said to be rather short, but there is a good show, as usual, round Boughton House, and generally on the estates of the Dukes of Buccleuch and Cleveland. On Friday, the 5th of October, both Loatland and Rothwell Woods were blank, but they found three cubs in Blue Covert and killed one. Since then they have found a rare lot at Dodford Holt, Misterton, Watford, Welton Place, Lilbourne, Yelvertoft and elsewhere. The ground has been unusually hard, and there has been little or no scent. These hounds are decidedly improved, and give more music than they did last year.

We hear that after Christmas the Empress of Austria is likely to be seen in the Pytchley country.

The Quorn country we hear is pretty well off for foxes, but not overdone. They had a very good morning on Thursday, the 27th of September, when they met at Barkby Hall; after running their first to ground, they found another in one of the Humberston spinnies, which they ran first in the direction of Leicester, but turned by Barkby Thorpe, past Beeby within a field of the Holt, over a very awkward country to get over at any time, but especially when the fences were full of leaf and the ditches blind, nearly to Syston, but here he again turned and ran back into Barkby village, where he stopped in the gardens and came out behind the hounds; then they raced him for about a mile, and pulled him down in the open after running him hard for forty minutes, and keeping so close that he was seen at least half-a-dozen times just in front of them. Before breaking him up Firr put him on his legs to show him to the young hounds, when he was so stiff that he stood up quite as straight as if he were alive.

We are glad to hear that the Atherstone country is fairly well off for foxes, far better than it was last season. At Arbury, Coombe, Burbage Wood, Normanton, and High Wood, on the south side of Nuneaton, there is a good show. They found a nice lot at Newbold Revel, and two litters are reported at Newnham; of Cester's Over, Coton House, and Twelve Acres, which formerly always held a good fox, we have as yet no positive tidings; but we fear that no cubs have been bred at the last covert. Scent has not been good, and the ground harder than any brickbat. Since last season, through the energy of Mr. Watson of Lutterworth, a fund has been raised for compensating claims

fairly made for the loss of poultry by foxes, which will, after investigation, be duly and promptly attended to. We hope that this will have the effect of checking the wholesale slaughter which is said to have taken place last year. At the same time, foxes are not to be falsely and absurdly charged with the murder of sheep, or any other quadrupeds; for we would as soon believe that they could kill a shorthorn as a tough old Leicestershire tup.

Up to the 14th Mr. Tailby's hounds had very good sport; they had been out fifteen times, and Summers had killed seventeen foxes, which is a very good beginning for a new huntsman in so strong a country, particularly when the dry weather is taken into consideration and the very bad scents he has had to contend against. He has found foxes all over the country.

The South Durham, owing to the lateness of the harvest, could not leave their kennel until the first week in October. The opening day was at Hardwicke, when they accounted for a brace, and they have since done well. The Hurworth were for some time, from the same cause, confined to the Moor Edges for their cub-hunting, and there it is difficult to get hold of them, as they get into the numerous rocks and strongholds, which cannot be stopped. They have since done well in their low country.

Tom Champion has, as usual, been busy amongst the cubs since August, as Lord Zetland's wide country affords every variety of ground.

A Hampshire correspondent says, 'There are plenty of foxes in the Hursley country, particularly on Sir William Heathcote's property, where there are plenty of pheasants also; but I have never known the scent worse, and our woodlands are very thick, owing to the great rainfall in September.' The Colonel is as keen as ever, and Alfred Summers has been routing the cubs about with a hope of making them fly from the big woods. The H.H. country is so badly off in the Tuesday country as almost to make an 'angel' weep.

The Hambledon, in spite of the dry weather and hard ground, have brought to hand a good account of cubs, having killed fourteen brace to the 22nd of October; the scent has been worse this cub season than any one can remember. The country has never been so well stocked with foxes as now; it is a great advantage to a hunt having a Master, and a popular one too, born and bred in the country. The hounds are in splendid condition, and one thing is only wanted to have a good season, viz., scent.

Mr. Walter Long, aided by Will Hawtin from the Burton, has been out a good deal, and brought a great many cubs to hand and run several to ground, although the scent has been very bad. Walter Newman, the second whip, who was all last season in Winchester Hospital on full sick pay from the Servants' Society, is now quite well again, and has been riding Mr. Long's second horse. In comparison to its size we believe there are more subscribers to the Society in the Hambledon than any other, but there are still a few big men who hunt regularly who pretend they don't see any use in it, but when they see Walter Newman they had better ask him what he thinks about it.

We are glad to hear that the difficulty which seemed likely to arise from Mr. Hope resigning the country known as the Lothians Hunt at the end of last season has been met by Captain Wauchope of Niddry coming gallantly to the rescue, and offering to hunt what used to be the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire country two, and occasionally three days a week. The Committee placed the hounds at his disposal, and his young draft from the Duke of Beaufort's kennel have entered well, and they will strengthen the pack considerably. Foxes are plentiful in all the coverts that have been drawn.

A fitting compliment has been paid to Mr. W. Mortimer, who for thirty years has been Master of the Old Surrey, by the members of the Croydon

Farmers' Club presenting him with a portrait of himself on a favourite hunter, together with a few of the leading hounds. This acknowledgment of Mr. Mortimer's services, coming as it does from the farmers of Surrey, and the gentlemen who are members of the Chamber of Agriculture, has been very gratifying to him, and at the dinner, at the Greyhound at Croydon, on the 18th of last month, when the presentation was made, Mr. Mortimer expressed in feeling terms his thanks for their kindness. Mr. Byron succeeds Mr. Mortimer in the Mastership.

As a pleasant travelling companion, or an after-dinner book in country quarters, we advise all our hunting readers to look out at the bookstalls for the last edition of Cecil's 'Records of the Chase,' just published by Routledge, which contains interesting memoirs of many celebrated sportsmen, and gives very good accounts of many hunting countries. The first edition was issued in 1853; since then, as Cecil says in his Preface, 'numerous changes have taken place in hunting countries—some have been divided and new ones constituted, many masters have resigned and fresh ones have been installed.' The new edition has been thoroughly revised, and the history of the hunting countries alluded to brought down to the present time.

We have frequently advocated the claim of that now thoroughly established institution, the Hunt Servants' Society, and as the regular hunting season is just beginning, we wish to say just one more word in its favour, and also in that of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution; a charity which, like the other, has special claims, not only on all hunting men who live in the country, but more especially on Londoners, and those who hunt from large towns like Leamington, Liverpool, Manchester or Leeds. If, therefore, our hunting readers who are not already subscribers have not exhausted all their charity, either on Turks, Russians, or those blessed Bulgarians, we hope they will keep just a couple of guineas as annual subscriptions to these two excellent institutions for their own countrymen; and we are sure that many will do it, if after a good run, they think of the widows and children of hunt servants, whom sickness and accidents have brought to grief, or of those worthy farmers and their families who from unavoidable causes have fallen from affluence to poverty—and this they will do, if they recollect that without the hearty consent and co-operation of the farmers, there would be no hunting at all. Mr. Cartledge, at Tattersall's, will gladly send a receipt for the Hunt Servants, and Mr. Bousfield Shaw, of 26 Charles Street, St. James, for the Agricultural Benevolent Institution.

The current number of the 'Quarterly Review' contains a paper which will most certainly be read with much interest at the present time when the revival of coaching appears to have literally taken the British public by storm. The paper in question, entitled 'Carriages, Roads, and Coaches,' treats (and in a most exhaustive manner, too) of all sorts of conveyances used for business as well as for pleasure, their various shapes and builds, and of the materials of which they are composed, a *résumé* of which would be far too lengthy, far too much extra baggage for the already overcrowded boot of 'Our Van.' The roads on which we ride and drive are also most elaborately discussed; and the merits and demerits of wood, granite, asphalt, and macadam most artistically defined; from which it is easily seen that on the pavement of the metropolis the number of horses down each day are more than four times as many on both asphalt and granite as they are on the wood. The latter having thus been proved the best road to travel on, the writer proceeds to discuss the kind of traffic that should be allowed to occupy the different thoroughfares; and every reader of 'Baily' will of a certainty agree with him in protesting against the desecration of Bond Street by omnibuses, Tram-

ways, the greatest nuisances (barring, probably, bicycles) to driving and riding, are also fully expatiated upon; harness and other appointments are treated of in their proper places; and the whole concludes with a lengthened dissertation upon coaching, past and present; driving, professional and amateur; the times kept; the financial status of the coaches that are now on the road; a few good hints to both coachmen and guards; and a not very complimentary description of a turn-out of the Coaching Club in the spring of the present year; all of which will be found instructive as well as amusing.

We welcome an addition to sporting journalism in 'The Tin Trumpet,' which weekly blows an anything but 'uncertain sound,' and treats of the little foibles, not only of the Turf, but of Society, in a very amusing fashion. It tells us agreeable stories, and gives us 'tips,' the former spiced with some of that salt now so much in fashion, the latter especially good. The 'tipster' is one who evidently 'knows,' and is a good deal behind the scenes. He has been, though the T. T. is but an infant as far as its existence goes, singularly fortunate in some of his selections, and he had a dread of Jongleur, though not venturing, as we could, to go for him. There was a run on it last week at Newmarket, and we think the run likely to continue.

We have small space left us to dwell on the Cambridgeshire and its results, but we must pay our tribute of honour to Jongleur, the best three-year-old of his year. A great performance it was indeed, and why we did not all of us back him has been a question to which no satisfactory answer can be made. A few pages back, written before Jongleur's win, and speaking of his defeat in the Newmarket Derby by Lady Golightly, we said we did not quite see how he was to give Lord Falmouth's mare 11 lbs., looking at the form she was in. Unfortunately the wonderful reports about Rosy Cross, and what we had seen Hilarious and Manœuvre do, blinded the eyes of us all. That it takes a very smart horse indeed to carry off the double event, we know now, for Hilarious had all the best of the start, but could not keep his place. That the upper ground and 'the shepherd's track' avail nothing, was also proved to us; and Mr. McGeorge's opinion that the middle ground is about the best, would seem by the position of Jongleur (No. 20) to be correct. There has been a good deal said about the unfairness of the course, but here again the starter's opinion, that with a proper definition of the course by rails, &c., this unfairness would be obviated, seems worthy of consideration. We should indeed regret if the Cambridgeshire course was abolished. One of the principal features of Newmarket is its courses, with all their variety of conformation. To seek to assimilate them, and to fix the Judge's chair at the end of the R.M. (we have heard this ventilated a good deal lately) would be to revolutionise Newmarket. A great blow was struck at its conservative feelings by the erection of the New Stand. We do not wish to say a word against that building—in fact we have spoken in its favour. But as one innovation makes room for another, so it behoves the Jockey Club to see that they draw a hard and fast line somewhere. They have made one great concession to the public in the building that adorns the finish of the Rowley Mile. With that we trust Newmarket reforms will cease.

1877-8.

HUNTING.

LIST OF HOUNDS—THEIR MASTERS, HUNSMEN,
WHIPS, KENNELS, &c.

Those marked with an asterisk [*] have not replied to our application.

STAGHOUNDS (ENGLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
HER MAJESTY'S (<i>Windsor, Slough</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Hardwicke.	Frank Goodall.	Richard Edrupt H. Howson William Bartlett Mr. Herbert Browne John Rawle	Royal Kennels, Ascot Heath, Berks Berkhamstead Common, Herts
BERKHAMSTEAD (<i>Berkhamstead, Tring, and St. Albans</i>)	Wed. . . .	Mr. Richard Rawle.	Master		
COLCHESTER	Various . .	Messrs. Boghurst & Lugar	Mr. W. F. Lugar		East Hill, Colchester
COLLINE DALE	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. G. Nurse	Master	S. Hutchins C. T. Nurse	The Hyde, Hendon
DEVON AND SOMERSET (<i>Dulverton, Minehead, Dun- ster, Porlock, and Lynton</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. M. Fenwick Bis- set	Arthur Heal . .	George Southwell.	Exford, near Minehead, So- merset
EASINGWOLD (<i>Easingwold</i>)	Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John Battly.	Mr. Dixon Battly	Thomas Cass Mr. G. Lickiss	The Lund, Easingwold
GAUDNER'S, MR. R. . .	Thur. & Fri.	Mr. R. Garduer	Hickman. . . .	C. Wood W. English	Cowley Manor, Cheltenham
MID-KENT (<i>Tonbridge, Maidstone, Mulling</i>)	Sat. & alter- nate Wed.	Mr. C. T. Leney	E. States	F. Jones	Watringbury
NEVILLE'S, MR. THOMAS .	Wed. . . .	Mr. T. Nevill	Thos. Lock . . .	Henry Lee	Chilland House, near Win- chester
NORFOLK	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Haughton	Tom Imms	Jesse Kimber R. Reynolds . . .	Funden Hall, Wymondham, Norfolk
PETRE'S, HON. H. . . .	Tues. & alter- nate Sat.	Hon. H. Petre . .	Master	Jack Coller . . .	Westlands, Ingatesstone, Essex
ROUSSEAU'S, BARON . .	Mon. & Thur.	Baron Rothschild	Frederick Cox . .	Mark Howcott.	Essex, near Leighton Buzzard
SUREY (<i>Ingtestone, Chelmsford</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. W. M. Robinson Mr. H. Bowyer	J. Bentley	Thomas Ding . . .	Smitham Bottom, near Coulston
THURLOW'S, MR. . . .		Mr. Thurlow . . .	W. H. Adcock . .		Baynard's Park, Horsham
WATSON'S, MR. FARSELL .	Mon. & Fri. in one week, & Thur. in the other	Mr. Farnell Watson	Mr. Farnell Watson, Jun.	J. Thwaites	Henfold, near Dorking

WAVENEY (Halesworth, Harleston)	Monday . . .	Mr. Chas. Chaston .	Master . . .	W. Aldous . . .	Mendham, Harleston, Norfolk
WOLVERTON'S, LORD (Blandford)	Various . . .	Lord Wolverton .	Master . . .	W. Blako . . . J. Boreham, K.H. Arthur Wodehouse	Fontmell Magna, Shaftesbury
IRELAND.					
LIMERICK (Croome, Kiluarnock)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. John Gubbins .	The Master . . . Denis Hogan, K.H.	J. McGrath . . .	Bruce House, co. Limerick
ROSCOMON* (Castleroa, Tulshi, Roscommon)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Captain M. J. Balfe .	W. Higgins . . .	R. McIntyre . . . W. Harte	South Park, Castlereagh, Roscommon
WARD UNION (Dublin, Dunboyne)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	A Committee . . .	Charles Brindley .	James Brindley . . .	Aslbourne, co. Meath
FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND).					
ALBRIGHTON. (Newport, Shifnal, Wolverhampton)	Mon. Tu. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. F. Doughtey .	John Todd . . .	John Scott . . . Henry Shipway	Whiston Cross, near Shifnal
ATHERSTONE (Tamworth, Rugby)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. E. Oakeley .	George Castleman .	Sam Hayes . . . William Whiting	Witherley, near Atherstone
BADSWORTH (Pontefract, Doncaster)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. C. B. E. Wright .	Thos. Morgan . . .	C. Denton . . .	Badsworth, near Pontefract
BEAUFORT'S, DUKE OF (Malmesbury, Tidbury, Chippenham, Chipping Sodbury)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Beaufort .	Marquis of Worcester Charles Hamblin, K.H.	W. Cattle . . . R. Vincent . . . Walter Barnard	Badminton, Chippenham
BEDALE . . . Thirsk, Northallerton, Ripon	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. John B. Booth .	T. Perry . . .	B. Spence . . . R. Jay	The Leases, near Bedale
BEAUFORT HUNT (Grantham, Melton Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Duke of Rutland .	Frank Gillard . .	Alfred Orbell . . . J. Peako	Belvoir Castle, Granttham
BERKELEY (Cheltenham, Gloucester)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Fitzhardinge .	Ben Barlow . . .	R. White . . . T. Clark	Berkeley Castle, Gloucester
BERKELEY, OLD (Rickeneworth, Watford)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. A. H. Longman .	R. Worral . . .	C. Curtis . . . H. Beavan	Shenlish, Hemel Hempstead
BERKSURE, OLD (Abingdon, Farringdon)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Craven . .	John Treadwell .	James Howgill . . . J. Lawrence	New House, near Abingdon

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—*continued*.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BENKS (SOUTH) (Reading)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. J. Hargreaves .	Richard Roako .	W. Shepherd	World's End, Reading
BICESTER (Banbury, Bicester, Buckingham)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Viscount Valentia .	Master	John Louch R. Slovin, K.H. Tom Garratt	Stratton Audley, near Bicester, Oxon
BLACKMOOR VALE (Sherborne, Henstridge Ash)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Richard Glynn, Bart.	George Orbell .	T. Jordan	Charlton Horethorne, near Sherborne, Dorset
BLANKNEY (Lincoln, Sleaford)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Col. Edward Chaplin, M.P.	Henry Dawkins .	J. Reynolds. C. Atkinson	Blankney, near Lincoln
BLENCHINGDALE (Kewstich)	3 days a week	Mr. John Crosier .	John Porter	G. Goddard	The Biddings, Thelkeld, near Kewstich
BORDER UNION* (Loughton, Langholm)	No day fixed.	Mr. R. Fox	Master	J. Kennedy, K.H. . .	Crook, Bewcastle, Cumberland
BRAMES OF DERWENT (Newcastle-on-Tyne, Shotley Bridge)	Wed. & Sat. .	Lt.-Col. J. A. Cowen	Siddle Dixon, Jun. .	E. Brown	Coal Burns, Blaydon-on-Tyne
BRAMHAM MOOR (Boston Spa, Talcaster)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. G. Lane Fox .	Tom Smith	Henry White J. Hammet	Bramham Park, near Tadcaster
BROCKLESBY* (Brigg, Caistor, Great Grimshy, Market Rasen, Linber)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Earl of Yarborough	A. Thatcher	E. Haynes M. Cook	Brooklesby Park, Uleoby, Lincolnshire
BURSTOW, TYNE* (Chel Hill, Edenbridge)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. H. Kelsey . .	Mr. H. Gerard Hoare	John Killick	Smallfields, Burstow, Surrey
BURTON, TYNE (Lincoln)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. F. S. Foljambe, M.P.	William Dale . . .	E. Burton E. Bartlett	Reepham, Lincoln
CAMBRIDGESHIRE (Huntingdon, Cambridge)	Mon. Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. S. Lindsell .	John Bailey	Jen Bartlett G. Beale P. Toock	Caxton, Cambridgeshire
CATTISTOCK (Dorchester)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Macnaughten	J. Marden	C. Woodley John Goddard	Sydling, Dorchester
CHESSURE (North Pack) (Northwick)	Four days a week	Capt. P. Yates . .	John Jones	H. Reynolds H. Jennings, K.H.	Forest Kennels, Northwick
CHESHIRE (South Pack) CHIDDINGFOLD (Goldamind, Guildford)	2 days a week. Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. H. R. Corbet . Mr. C. Godman . .	Master Master C. Howard, K.H.	W. Haddock W. Nicoll	Alderley Park Hatch, Godalming
CLEVELAND (Redcar)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. A. H. T. Newcomen	James Tribeck . . .		Warrenby, Redcar, Yorkshire

COMBE'S MR. RICHARD. (<i>Parnham</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Combe	Charles Norris	George Jones J. Hallam	Frencham
CORNWALL, NORTH. (<i>Badmin</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. Pollard	G. Green	H. Green	St. Brevard, Bodmin
CORVON'S, MR.	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. W. Coryton	Master	J. Hignam	Pentellio Castle, near Salt- ash
COTSWOLD (<i>Cheltenham</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. A. H. Sumner	Charles Travis	J. Atkinson W. Griffiths	Cotswold, Cheltenham
COTSWOLD, NORTH. (<i>Broadway, Evesham</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Algernon Rush- out	Master	G. Carter	Broadway, Evesham
COTSWOLD (<i>Oakham, Rutland, Mel- ton Mowbray</i>)	Mon. Tu. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Lonsdale	William Neal	J. Jones Jas. Goddard P. Geary	Barleythorpe, Oakham
COVENTRY'S, EARL OF (<i>Pershore, Worcester</i>)	Three days a week	Earl of Coventry	Will Jones	G. Sheppard Frank Turlon	Croome, Severn Stoke
CRAYEN (<i>Hungerford, Newbury</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. G. S. Willes and Mr. W. Hew Dunn	D. Edwards	W. Povey	Waleod, Hungerford, Berks
CHAWLEY AND HONSHAM (<i>Chicklade, Horsham, and Handcross</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Colonel A. M. Cal- vert	George Louder	T. Bonsor James Budd R. Greenfield	West Grinstead
CUMBERLAND* (<i>Carlisle, Penrith</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P.	Major Wethergh.	T. Watson	Rochill, Raughton Head, Carlisle
DAKIN* (<i>Frybridge, Plymouth</i>)	Tues. & Sat. & alternate Th.	Admiral Parker	Mr. H. C. Howard William Boxall	T. Wilson J. Whitmore W. Glover	Woodlands, Ivybridge, Devon
DONOX, SOUTH* (<i>Norton Alford, Torquay, Teignmouth</i>)	Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. A. F. Ross	Master	A. Mason T. White	Oakford, Kingsleighton, Newton Abbott
DORSET, SOUTH* (<i>Dorchester, Wareham</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Radclyffe	J. Drayton	Levi Sheppard T. Davies	Hyde, Wareham, Dorset
DULVERTON* DURHAM, SOUTH. (<i>Stockton, Darlington</i>)	Wed. & Sat. Five days a fortnight.	Mr. Froude Bellew Mr. John Harvey	Master Wm. Claxon.	W. Summers G. Beavans G. Shepherd	Rhyll Sedgfield, Perry Hill
DURHAM, NORTH (<i>Durham, Newcastle</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Anthony May- nard	H. Haverson	J. Masters R. Hutchinson G. Carr	Newton Hall, Durham Ruswarp Whitby
ESKDALE. (<i>Scarboro', Whitby</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. H. A. H. Rastall	J. Carr	R. Yeo Fred Pitt Joe Bailey J. Hollidge	Harlow, Essex Great Burstard, Billericay
ESSEX (<i>Ongar, Harlow</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Loftus W. Ark- wright	Stephen Dobson		
ESSEX, UNION (<i>Brentwood</i>)	Tu. Wed. Th. & Sat.	Mr. W. H. White	Master		

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

Name of HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ESSEX, EAST (<i>Witham, Braintree, Hatfield</i>)	Five days a fortnight.	Lieut.-Col. Jelf Sharp	Master	Joe Sorrel . . A. Smith	Bocking, Braintree
ESSEX AND SUFFOLK (<i>Colchester</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Tyssen-Holroyd	C. Jones	W. Gibbs	Stratford St. Mary, Colchester
F. B. H. (<i>Truro, Helston, Camborne</i>)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. George Williams	James Babbage . .	W. Spiller	Truro
FERRERS', EARL (<i>Ashby-de-la-Zouch</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl Ferrers	George Gilson . . .	F. Watson	Staunton Harold and Melbourn, Derby
FITZWILLIAM'S, EARL (<i>Rotherham, Wentworth</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl Fitzwilliam . .	Master Joseph Orbell, K.H.	W. Scory	Wentworth, Rotherham
FLINT AND DENNIGH (<i>Abergele, Rhyll, St. Asaph</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Hughes } C. Rowley Conway }	Henry Wells	W. Sharpe	Kimmel Park, Abergele
GARTN'S, MR. (<i>Reading, Wokingham</i>)	Mon. Wed.	Mr. T. C. Garth . . .	Charles Brackley . .	W. Woodley	Haines Hill, Twyford, Berks
GLAMORGANSHIRE, THE (<i>Cowbridge</i>)	Fri. & Sat.	Mr. J. S. Gibbons . .	W. Cross	W. Povey	Llandough, Cowbridge
GRAFTON'S, DUKE OF (<i>Fowceter, Buckingham, Brackley, Stoney Stratford</i>)	Mon. Thur. & Fri.	Duke of Grafton . .	Frank Beers	H. Lush	Wakefield Lawn, near Stoney Stratford
GROVE (<i>Telford, Bantry</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Viscount Galway, M.P.	Master	T. Smith	Grove, near Retford, Notts
H. H. (<i>Alton, Alresford, Winchester, Basingstoke</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. H. W. Deacon . .	John Morgan, K.H. Master	C. Jones Richard Turner Albert Guy	Ropley, Alresford, Hants
HAMBLEDON (<i>Bishop's Waltham</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Walter J. Long	Master	W. Newman	Droxford, Bishop's Waltham, Hants
HAYDON (<i>Haydon Bridge</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. J. B. Ord . .	W. Hawtin, K.H. Tom Cowing . . .	H. Molyneux J. Dickinson, Jun.	Barton Mill
HEREFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (<i>Hereford, Ross</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. Rankin	J. Hollings	R. Lightfoot	Bryn-gwyn
HEREFORDSHIRE, NORTH (<i>Hereford, Leominster</i>)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Fred. Platt . . .	George Kennett . .	F. Osprey Stephen Smith . . .	White Cross, Hereford
HERTFORDSHIRE (<i>Luton, St. Albans</i>)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	A Committee	Charles Ward	E. Evans C. Harris C. Wesley	Kennesbourne Green, near Luton

HEYTHORP (Chipping Norton)	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. Albert Brassey.	A. Hazelton . . .	John Comins . . .	Common Hill, Chipping Norton
HOLDENES (Beverley)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Rt. Hon. Alan Pennington	George Ash . . .	J. Allen David Dalby . . .	Etton, near Beverley, Yorks.
HURLEY (Winchester, Southampton)	Mon. & Fri. . .	Lieut.-Col. Nicoll .	Alfred Summers .	Edward Lakin . . .	Pitt, near Winchester
HURWORTH (Croft Spd., Darlington)	Tues. & Sat. . .	Major Godman . .	Will Brice . . .	S. Goodall . . . J. Roin	Hurworth, near Darlington
ISLE OF WIGHT (Newport, Ventnor, Ryde, Cowes)	Tues. & Fri. . .	Mr. John Grimes Harvey	Master	George Jones . . . W. Manners	Marvell, near Newport, I. W.
JOHNSTONE'S, SR II. (Scarborough, Malton, Pickering)	Tues. Frid. or Sat.	Sir Harcourt Johnstone, M.P.	Chas. Barwick, K.H.	William Cross . . .	Snainton, Heslerton, York-shire
KENT, EAST (Dover, Canterbury, Folkestone)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	The Earl of Guilford	Master	John Hills, K.H. . . R. Pryor	Waldershare Park, Dover
KENT, WEST (Farningham, Sevenoaks, Thirbridge Wells)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. Ralph Neville	George Bollen . . .	J. Beavan G. Sears W. Percy	Wrotham Heath, near Sevenoaks
LEDGBURY (Ledbury, Madvern)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. Andrew Knowles	Henry Grant . . .	J. Shepherd . . . C. Turner	Ledbury
LIANGIBBY & CHEWSTOW* (Newport, Cheltenham, Usk)	Mon. Tu. Sat.	Mr. John Lawrence } Mr. Chas. E. Lewis }	Evam Williams . . .	W. Thome T. Waters	Llangibby and Crick, near Cheltenham
LODLOW (Ludlow, Talbury)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wicksted	The Master. . . .	William Lockey, K.H. A. Turner	Onilbury, Craven Arms, Shropshire
MAGEWYNE (Hlanboity)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. R. H. Powell	John Rees	T. Davies	Mageswynne, Whitland, S. Wales
MENNEL, THE (Barton-on-Trent, Derby)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Lord Waterpark. . }	Charles Leedham . .	J. Tasker	Sudbury, Derby
MIDDLETON S. LOUD (Malton, Scarborough)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. S. W. Clowes, M.P. } Lord Middleton . . }	W. Blakeborough .	C. Hawkes W. Burton Tom Carr	Birdsall, near Malton
MILTON* (Milton, Peterborough, Stamford, Oundle, Huntingdon)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Marquis of Huntly	George Carter . . .	W. Thompson F. Payne W. Drake	Milton, near Peterborough

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest TOWNS for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
MONMOUTHSHIRE (Abergavenny, Monmouth)	Three & Four days a week	Mr. F. C. Hianbury Williams and Mr. J. A. Rolis	The Master . . .	Samuel Roberts . . W. Dent . .	The Spitty, Abergavenny, & the Honda, Monmouth
MORPETH (Morpeth)	Tues. & Fri. & bye	Mr. J. B. Cookson .	Master	John Rance	Newminster, Morpeth
NEW FOREST (Southampton, Christchurch)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Sir Reginald Graham, Bart.	Mark Robinson, K.H. A. Mandeville . .	W. Primmer	Furzer's Lawn, Lyndhurst, Hants
NORFOLK, WEST* (Swaifham, Lynn)	Three days a week	Mr. A. Hamond . .	Robert Clayden . .	H. Brown	Gt. Massingham, Rongham
NORTS, SOUTH . . . (Nottingham, Newark, Bingham)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. L. Rolleston and Mr. P. Cooper	Mr. L. Rolleston . .	C. Johnson G. Shepherd, K.H. G. Edwards C. Dove	Gedling, Nottingham
OAKLEY, THE . . . (Bedford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Committee	Tom Whitmore . .	W. Jones	Milton Ernest, Bedford
OXFORDSHIRE, SOUTH . . (Thame, Oxford)	Mon. & Fri.	Earl of Maedesfield	Master	A. Cox W. Grant, K.H. C. Lowman	Shirburn Castle, Tetworth
PENBROKESHIRE . . . (Haverfordwest)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. H. Allen . .	Master	C. Williams	Haverfordwest and Priskilly Forest
PENBROKESHIRE, SOUTH . . (Pembroke, Tenby, Narbeth)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Henry Leach . .	George Merriman . .	Thomas Palmer . . .	Lawrenny, near Pembroke
PENLLERGAKE (Swansea)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. T. D. Llewelyn	David Bevan	W. Rosser	Penllergare, Swansea
PETWORTH (Petworth)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Lord Leconfield. .	Charles Sheppard . .	J. Overton	Petworth Park, Sussex
PORTMAN'S, LORD . . .	Mon. Wed. Fri.	Hon. W. H. B. Portman, M.P. Earl of Portsmouth .	J. Moss	E. Skinner	Bryanstone, Blandford
PORTSMOUTH'S, EARL OF . (Eggesford)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. R. Gosling . .	C. Littleworth . . .	C. Littleworth . . . George Shepard . . .	Eggesford, N. Devon
PUCKERIDGE (Bishop Stortford, Dunlingford)	Mon. Wed. Sat. occasionally	Mr. R. Gosling . .	Robert Allen	T. Dowdswell J. Maher J. Enever	Manewden, Bishop Stortford
PYCHLEY (Northampton, Market Harboro', Rugby)	Mon. Tues. Wed. Fri.	Earl Spencer, K.G..	Wm. Goodall	Tom Goddard Charles Isaacs . . .	Brixworth, Northampton
QUORNDEN (Leicester, Loughboro', Melton Mowbray)	Mon. Tues. Fri. & Sat. & by-day Thurs.	Mr. John J. Coupland	Tom Firr	W. Wells W. Wilson	Quornden, Loughboro'

RADNOR'S, EARL OF (Salisbury)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Earl of Radnor . .	John Dale . .	Anthony J. Dale W. Crutcher	Longford Castle, Salisbury
RADNORSH. & W. HERFORD (Kington)	Tues. & Thur. or Fri.	Colonel Price . .	Master	Rice Jones, K.H. . .	Castle Weir, Kington
ROLLE'S, HON. MARK (Torrington, Baldon, Barnstaple)	Three days a week	Hon. Mark Rolle . .	Fred Perceval . .	J. Clubb	Stevensstone, Torrington, N. Devon
RYEPOPE (Newark, Southwell, Mans- field)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. Chas. A. Egerton	Fred Gosden . .	H. Pacey	Rutford Park, Ollerton, Notts
SHREWSBURY (Church Stretton, Wen)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. M. Hulton Har- rop	Jas. McBride . .	R. Thompson	Lythwood Hall, Shrewsbury
SUDBOROUGH, NORTH. (Shrewsbury)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir V. R. Corbet, Bart	Harry Judd . .	E. Williams	Lee Bridge, Preston, Brock- hurst, Salop
SUNNINGTON Helmsley, (Pickering, Kirby Moorside)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. R. Ellerly . .	John Parker . .	T. Ashley	How Green House, Kirby Moorside
SOMERSET, WEST (Dunster, Williton)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. G. F. Luttrell . .	Henry Sebright . .	J. Bargo	Bowerhayes, Carhampton, Dunster, Somerset
SOUTHDOWN East- bourne	Mon. Wed. Fri. & Sat. & alternate Thurs.	Mr. R. J. Streetfield	Georgio Champion . .	H. Parker	Ringmer, near Lewes
SOUTHOLD Spilsby (Horncastle, Louth, Spilsby)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Mr. F. Crowder . .	Master	G. Morgan, K.H. . .	Belchford, Horncastle
STAFF COLLEGE HUNT	Tues. & Fri.	Captain Leir	The Master	W. Haynes Capt. Lutman Jol- ston	Craig's Farm, Camberley
STAFFORDSHIRE, NORTH (Stafford, Stoke-upon- Trent)	Mon. Wed. & Fri. & byc- day	Marquis of Stafford	Stephen Dickens . .	W. Boxall	Trentham
STAFFORDSHIRE, SOUTH (Lichfield)	Tues. & Fri.	Maj. J. M. Browne	Master	G. Rose, K.H. . .	Moat Bank, Lichfield
STANTON DALE	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. Allenson . .	G. Jackson	W. Bacon	Stanton Dale, near Sen- tborough
STARS OF THE WEST (Porlock, Linton)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. Nicholas Snow . .	Daniel North . .	G. Hancock	Oare, Lynton
SUFFOLK (Bury St. Edmunds)	Two days a week	Mr. Josselyn	Thomas Enever . .	R. Simmons	Bury St. Edmunds
SURREY, OLD (Croydon, Godstone, Wes- terham)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. E. Byron	Samuel Hills . .	T. Johnson	Garston Hall, Coudsdon, Surrey

FOXHOUNDS (ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest TOWNS for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
SURREY UNION (Guildford, Leatherhead)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Barnard Han- key	George Summers	John Beet	Fetcham, Leatherhead
SUSSEX, EAST (Hastings)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. E. Frewen . .	Master	C. Hamlin T. Roffey	Northiam, Rye, Sussex
TAILLY'S, MR. (Leicester, Market Har- boro, Kibworth)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. Ward Tailby	R. Summers	R. Collington W. Morley	Skeffington, Leicester
TAUNTON VALE	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Lionel Patten .	W. Bowers	J. Dale R. Smethurst	Hillmoor, Taunton, Somers- set
TEDWORTH, THE (Andover, Marlboro')	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	A Committee; Hon. Sec. Mr. J. H. Brewer	John Fricke	J. Sorrell R. Pickard	Tedworth, Marlboro'
TICKHAM Sitting- (Paversham, bourne)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. W. E. Rigden .	Master	John Bevins Joe Ford, K.H. Tom Pedley	Tickham, Sittingbourne
TIVERTON (Tiverton, Wellington)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. C. Rayer .	Mr. W. P. Collier .	R. Holmden, K.H.	Holcombe, near Wellings- ton, Somerset
TIVY SIDE Newcastle (Cardigan, Emlyn, Llandysil)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. J. R. Howell .	Master	Thomas Lewis	Noyadd Trefawr, Llandys- sil, S. Wales
TREDEGAR'S, LORD	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Tredegar . .	Master	C. Barrett	Tredegar Park, Newport, Monmouth
TYNEDALE (Hecham and Stamford- ham, Belsay)	Mon. Wed. & Frid.	Mr. G. Fenwick . .	Nicholas Cornish .	C. Barrett, Jun. William Ambler . .	Stagshawe, Cowbridge-on- Tyne
ULSWATER	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. W. Marshall	A. Pattinson	C. Beams J. Watson	Patterdale Hall, Penrith
UNITED PACK (Bishop's Castle)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. J. Harris . . .	Master	S. Francis	Clun, Salop
VALE OF GWILI	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. L. Lloyd Lloyd	E. Jones	F. Jones Owen Davis	Llanpumpsaunt
VALE OF WHITE HORSE (Carmarthen)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Earl of Shannon .	R. Price	F. Holland W. Drayton	Oakley Park, Cirencester
VINE, THE Overton, (Basingstoke, Whitechurch)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P.	J. West	Richard Russell J. Newman	Overton, Hants

WARWICKSHIRE (Warwick, Leamington, Banbury, Stratford-on- Avon)	Mon. Tues. Th. & Fri. & bye-day.	Lord Willoughby de Broke	Charles Orvis	W. Shephard J. Boore	Kineton, Warwickshire
WARWICKSHIRE, NORTH* (Leamington, Rugby)	Mon. Wed. & Fri. before Christmas; Mon. Tu. Th. & Fri. after Tues. & Fri.	Mr. Richard Lant	W. Wheatley	John Press, Junior Walter Dale	Milverton, near Leaming- ton
WESTERN (Penzance)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. T. B. Bolitho } Mr. T. R. Bolitho } Mr. W. Selby Lowndes	J. W. Thompson E. Bentley	W. Nuto G. Sear	Madron, Penzance, Cornwall Whaddon, near Stony Strat- ford
WHADDON CHASE* (Blatchley, Winslow, Stony Stratford, Leighton Buzzard, Buckingham)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. P. Purton	Jas. Alexander	H. Brand	Moor Riddings, Bridgnorth
WILTSHIRE (Bridgnorth)	Mon. & Tues. Thur. & Fri.	Lieut.-Col. Everett	Elber Long	Mark Gerush G. Irons	Greenhill, near Warrminster
WORCESTERSHIRE (Worcester, Malvern)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. Morrell	Master T. Dawson, K.H.	R. Watson Jon Blowers	Fern Hall Heath, Worcester
WYNN'S, SUR. W. (Oswestry, Wrexham, Elles- mere, Walscharch, Chester)	Four days a week	Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart.	Charles Payne	W. Pinder	Wynnslay, Rudon
YORK AND AINSBY (York)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Colonel Fairfax	C. Haggan	R. Walsley J. Jones	Acomb, near York
ZETLAND, EARL OF (Croft Spa, Harlington)	Mon. Tu. Th. & Sat.	Earl of Zetland	B. Clampton	T. Harrison T. Sheppard	Aske Hall, Richmond, Yorks.
SCOTLAND.					
BERWICKSHIRE, NORTH (Dunse)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Hon. R. B. Hamilton, M.P., and Earl of Haddington.	T. Cranston	J. Cook C. Burdett	Langton, Dunse
BERWICKSHIRE (Coldstream)	Mon. Tu. Fri. & Sat.	Sir John Marjori- banks Duke of Buccleuch	Peter Whitecross William Shore	T. Newman J. Incey	Lees, Coldstream, Berwick- shire St. Boswell's, Roxburgh- shire
BUCKINGHAM, DUKE OF (Melrose and Kilsno)	Mon. Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Johnstone	Joseph Graham	H. Smith John Roberts	Leafield, by Lockerbie
DEMARSHSHIRE (Lockerbie)	Five days a fortnight			G. Jupp	

FOXHOUNDS (SCOTLAND).

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
EGLINTON'S, EARL OF* (<i>Irvine, Ayr, Kilmarnoch</i>)	Four days a week	Earl of Eglinton	George Cox	G. Cox, Jun.	Eglinton Castle, Irvine, Ayr
FIFE (<i>Chapar</i>)	Mon. Th. & Sat.	Mr. J. Anstruther Thomson	Master	G. Palmer Tom Hastings, K.H. Fred Whitehall	Harleswynd, Ceres, Fife
Ditto, West District		Sir A. Halkett	Master	J. Shepherd J. Davis	Dunfermline
FORFAIRLIE (<i>Forfar</i>)	Mon. & Thurs.	Mr. P. A. W. Carnegie	Master	G. Rae, K.H. W. Sammons	Lour, Forfar
LANARK AND RENFREWSHIRE (<i>Glasgow</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Col. Carriek Buchanan	Philip Bishop	J. Simmons	Houston and Drumpellier
LEITHGOW AND STIRLING (<i>Edinburgh</i>)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Capt. Wauchope	John Atkinson	R. Mellows J. Woodley G. Frost	Golf Hall, Corstorphine, Edinburgh
IRELAND.					
CARLOW AND ISLAND* (<i>Carlow</i>)	Three days a week	Mr. Robert Watson	Master	Michael Conner E. Bryan	Ballydarton, Bagnalstown
CURRAGHMORE (<i>Curragh-on-Suir, Waterford</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Fri.	Marquis of Waterford	John Duke	A. Wilson H. Matthews	Curragh, Portlaw
DUNALLOW (<i>Malloy, Donatella</i>)	Three days a week	Mr. T. G. Hare	P. Dalton	C. Burns T. Hayes	Cortigan, Malloy
GALWAY COUNTY (<i>Athlery</i>)	Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. Burton R. P. Perse	Master	George Browne C. Croft	Moyode, near Athenry
KILDARE* (<i>Nass</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. & Sat.	Mr. W. Forbes	Will Freeman	T. McAlister W. Peck	Jigginstown Naas
KILKENNY (<i>Kilkenny</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Colonel Chaplin	John Tidd	W. Quin D. Carroll	Blunden Villa, Kilkenny
LIMERICK (<i>Limerick</i>)	Three days a week	Sir David V. Roche, Bart.	Master	John Kennedy, K.H. W. Conolly	Carass, near Croom, and Daragh House, Kilfinare
LOUTH (<i>Dunleer</i>)	Two or three days a week	Mr. W. de Salis Filgate	Master	Henry Hardy, K.H. John Corrin	Lissenny, Ardeo
MEATH (<i>Navan, Kells</i>)	Mon. Tues. Thurs. Fri. & Sat.	Mr. W. Newcome Waller	Frank Goodall, Junr.	John Bishop T. Jarvis	Nugentstown, Kells
MUSKERRY	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Woodley	Master	H. Rees J. Herlihy, K.H. Jas. Herlihy	Meyshall, Coachford, co. Cork

ORMOND AND KING'S CO. (<i>Roscrea, Nenagh, Borri- solane</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Earl of Huntingdon	Master	Mr. Assheton Biddulph John Fitzgerald, K.H. N. Keatinge	Sharavogue, Roscrea, King's Co.
QUEEN'S COUNTY (<i>Stradbally, Maryborough</i>)	Tues. & Fri. & Mon. Thur. Sat.	Mr. R. H. Stubber	W. Rawle	G. Mullhall	Moyné House, Durrow, Maryborough
SOUTH UNION	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. T. W. Knolles	Master	D. Mullane John Ahern	Oatlands, Kinsale
(<i>Kinsale</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. Bellamy	Master	Patrick Conesline	Fedhard, co. Tipperary
TUPELARY*	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	A Committee	H. Saunders	J. Wallace	Middleton, near Cork
UNITED HUNT (<i>Fedhard, Chancel, Cashel</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. M. Chapman	W. Mathews	J. Mason	Cullen, Mullingar
(<i>Cork, Middleton</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. D. V. Beatty	George Shephard	F. Toop J. Turpin, K.H.	Borodale, Ennisceorthy
WESTMEATH* (<i>Mullingar</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.			John Morissy	
WEXFORD (<i>Ennisceorthy</i>)					

HARRIERS (ENGLAND).

ADAMS, CAPTAIN (<i>Carno</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Captain Adams	Thomas Owen	E. Humphreys	Carno, Montgomeryshire
ASHTON (<i>Ashton-under-Lyne</i>)	Three days a week	Mr. T. A. Harrison	Nathan Lees	T. Scofield	Thomson Cross, Stalybridge
ASPILL (<i>Wigan</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Gerard	James Rigby		Aspull House, Wigan
B. V. H. (<i>Abington, Oxford, Didcot</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. C. Dundas Everett	Master Chas. Eynstone, K.H.	Mr. E. Robson	Besselsleigh, Abingdon, Berks
BIGGLESWADE* (<i>Biggleswade</i>)	Tues. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. George Race	Master	G. Barrett	The Road Farm, Biggles- wade
BONNEX, SIR THOMAS BART. (<i>Newport, Shropshire</i>)	No fixed days	Sir T. Poughley, Bt.	James Willes, K.H.	R. Sillitoe	Aqualate, Newport, Shrop- shire
BRADFORD AND AIRDALE (<i>Bradford</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Major T. J. Sunder- land	Master	Stephen Shephard	Eldwick, Bingley, Leeds
BRIGHTON (<i>Brighton</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Dewe	Master	J. Shephard	Brighton
BROOKSIDE (<i>Brighton, Leves</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. S. Beard	Master	W. Davey	Rottingdean
BURNHAM* (<i>Weston-super-Mare</i>)	Tues. Fri. & bye-day	A Committee	J. Binning	John Funnell	Burnham, Somerset

HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—continued.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
BOXTON AND PEAK FOREST* (<i>Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith</i>)	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. R. Bennet .	J. Shaw	R. Green	Chapel-en-le-Frith
CARNARVON	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Will Hayward .	John Jones . . .		Pen Bryn, Carnarvon
CORBETT'S, SIR V. M.* (<i>Shrewsbury</i>)		Sir V. M. Corbett .	Master	W. Davis	Acton, Reynald, Shrewsbury
COTLEY	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. T. P. Eames .	Master	Mr. W. D. Eames .	Cotley, near Chard, Dorset
COVERIDGE* (<i>Chard</i>)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. F. Stacy . .	Edwin Usher . .	F. Archer	Llandough Castle
CRIVEN	Mon. & Thur.	Capt. Henderson .	John Tobin . . .		Holme Bridge, Gargrave
DAIT VALL* (<i>Slington</i>)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. Charles Bowden	Jeffery Pearce . .		Staverton, Totnes, Devon
DOVE VALLEY* (<i>Totnes, Ashbourne</i>)	Mon. & Fri. .	W. Frederick Cotton	Master	John Thirly . . . Anthony Hordern	Roecester, Ashbourne, Derbyshire
EASTBOURNE (<i>Uttorester</i>)	Mon. & Fri. .	A Committee . .	James Hume . . .	J. Brown	Old Town, Eastbourne
FULFORD	Five days a fortnight	Mr. E. S. Clarke .	Master	G. Velven, K.H. .	Fulford, near Exeter
HARVEY'S, SIR ROBERT B.* (<i>Slough, Slaines, Windsor</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir Robert B. Harvey	G. Farr	Henry Hillier . .	Langley Park, Slough
HIGH PEAK	Tues. & Sat. .	Mr. R. Nesfield .	Master	E. George T. Coup	Castle Hill, Bakewell, Derbyshire
HOLCOMBE (<i>Bakerell, Wirksworth, Buxton</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. A. Ashworth .	John Jackson . .		Holcombe, Manchester
LOUIS SUD* (<i>Daunston</i>)	Mon. & Fri. .	Mr. E. Walker . .	Lewis Rowlands .		Dolgunissa, Dolgelly
JONES'S, LT.-COL. D. . .	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Lt.-Col. D. Jones .	Master	W. Harris	Danyrallt, Llandoverly
LYME	Wed. & Sat. .	Mr. W. C. Brocklehurst, M.P.	Mark Fullerton .	J. Ferguson . . .	Disley, Cheshire

MARSHALL'S, MR. C. (<i>Liskeard, Bodmin</i>)	Tues. & Thur.	Mr. W. N. Connock Marshall	Master	Hendergrove, St. Cleaz, Lis-
MONTGOMERY, NORMAN. (<i>Llanfyllin</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. R. H. Starkey	John Owen	keard, Cornwall
NANT DOS (<i>Aberystwith</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. A. Pugh Colonel Powell	T. Evans	Bwlchyllan, near Llanfyllin
NEWCASTLE & GATESHEAD*	Mon. & Thur.	F. H. Lamb	S. Dixon	Nant Eos, Aberystwith
OLDHAM*	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. T. Mayall	W. Jackson	Kenton, Northumberland
OXENHOLME*	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. C. W. Wilson	R. Jackson	Foxdoulton, Manchester
PENBROKE'S, EARL OF (<i>Salisbury, Wilton</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Earl of Pembroke	Master	High Peak, Oxenholme, Kendal
PENDLE FORTRESS*	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. R. S. Aspinall	F. Davis	Wilton, Salisbury
PENISTONE*	Five days a fortnight	Mr. Hugh Thomasson	W. Bramall	Huntroyle, Burnley
PRYSE'S, MR. (<i>Llanbydder, Llandyssi</i>)	Tues. Th. Sat. & Fri.	Mr. Vaughan Pryse	Master	Plumpton, near Penistone
RADNORSURE (<i>Llandrindod, Ilkayader</i>)	Tues. & Fri. & bye-day	Mr. S. C. Evans Williams	John Price	Bwlchyllchian, Llanbythter, S. Wales
ROMNEY MARSH (<i>New Romney, Hythe</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. W. Dering Walker	Master	Pyntirion Rhayader, Rad-
SANDLEWORTH* (<i>Greenfield, Oldham, Lees</i>)	Mon. Wed. Thur. & Sat.	Mr. J. Broadbent	Master and Mr. Allen Schofield, Greenfield	norshire Honeychild Manor, New Romney Trencherfield
SILVERTON* (<i>Lector, Tiverton</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. Webber	J. Collings	Greenslinch, near Broom
SOUTHPOOL (<i>Kingsbridge, Devon</i>)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. A. P. Halifax	J. Collins	Southpool, Kingsbridge, South Devon
ST. COLUMB* (<i>St. Columb, Newquay</i>)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. John Searle	Master	Treguslick, St. Columb, Cornwall
TORQUAY (<i>Torquay</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. W. R. Gee	Master	Shiplay, Collaton, Devon
TRAFFORD (<i>Manchester</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Sir H. de Trafford, Bart.	Robert Roberts	Trafford Park, Manchester
VALE OF LUNE (<i>High Bentham, Lancaster</i>)	Five days a fortnight	Mr. T. G. Edmondson	W. Rucastle	Low Bentham, Yorks.
V. C. H. (<i>Donbigh, Rhyl, Holywell</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Major Birch	Charles Pierce	Maes Elwy, St. Asaph

HARRIERS (ENGLAND)—*continued.*

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
WELLS (<i>Wells</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Capt. Perkins . .	Master	. .	Coxley, near Wells
WEST STREET (<i>Sandwich, Deal, Dover</i>)	Mon. Thur. & Sat.	Earl Granville . . Mr. M. B. Thompson }	Mr. M. B. Thompson	W. Stockwell, K.H. J. Isaacs	Cold Blow, Walmer
WHITBY (<i>Whitby</i>)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. E. W. Chapman	John Stonehouse	W. Carr	Poplar Row, Whitby
WHITHAMEN (<i>Egmont, St. Bees</i>)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Jefferson .	Henry Cass . . .	. .	Minchouse, near Whitehaven
WINDLESTER (<i>Winchester</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. James Dear .	Master	Tom Wilding . .	Winchester
WINDERMERE* (<i>Borlases</i>)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Mr. T. Ullock . . Major Kitching }	T. Chapman . . .	. .	Bowness, Windermere
WINDGALL* (<i>Birkenhead, Bebington, Hooton</i>)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. J. R. Court . .	G. Turner	II. Shepperd . .	Hooton, Cheshire
YATES, Mr. F.* (<i>Alresford</i>)	. .	Mr. Fred Yates . .	Master	Mr. Arthur Yates . Mr. T. Yates	Bishop Sutton, Alresford, Hants
YSTRAD MYNACH*	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. George Thomas	Peter Symonds . .	Charles Wooten . .	Ystrad Mynach, Newport, Mon.

HARRIERS (IRELAND).

ARRA VALE (<i>Arra Vale</i>)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. R. C. Chadwick.	Master	Mr. W. C. Chadwick .	Ballinard, Tipperary
AUBURN* (<i>Athlone</i>)	Tues. & Fri. .	Mr. G. A. D. Adamson	Master	J. Drogan	Auburn Glasson, Athlone, Westmeath
BELLINTER (<i>Navan</i>)	Three days a week	Mr. J. J. Preston .	Master	J. Lyons J. Suter	Bellinter, Navan
CASTLE CONNELL*	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. C. J. Finch . .	Master	Patrick Bradley Maurice Doyle . .	Castle Connell, Limerick
CASTLEFREKE (<i>Clonakilty</i>)	Mon. & Thur.	Lord Carbery . . .	Mr. R. Stourds . .	. .	Castlefreke, Clonakilty, eo. Cork

CORK. (Cork)	Tues. & Fri.	A Committee	W. Burns	Patrick Moloney	Blackpool, Cork
DERRY* (Londonberry)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Watt	J. Deniceo		Glendernott Hill, Derry
DUPPATIN (Comber)	Wed. & Sat.	A Committee	D. Murphy	J. Murphy	Comber, co. Down
HENDRICK'S, MR.* (Naas)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Hendrick	Master	John Roo Michael Boyle	Kerdistown, Naas, co. Kildare
IVEAGH (Banbridge)	Tues. & Sat.	Mr. J. J. Whyte	J. Lindsay		Kilpike, Banbridge, co. Down
KILDARE (Kildare, Monastercavan)	Tues. & Fri. and a bye-day	Mr. T. G. Waters	Master	One of the Master's sons	Kilpatrick, Monastercavan
KILLURAGH* (Lisburn, Antrim)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. T. R. Stanners	T. Phillips	John Painter	Lisburn, co. Antrim
KINSALE (Bandon, Kinsale)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Gillman	Master	C. Rily	Sandy Cove, Kinsale
LEGALE (Downpatrick)	Mon. & Thur.	Colonel Fordo	T. Rudwick	C. Brown	Seaford, co. Down
MCCARTHOON'S, MAJOR* (Onagh)	Mon. & Thur. & Mon. Wed. & Fri.	Major Perry McIntock	Master	P. McHugh H. Dennis	Seskinore, Onagh, co. Tyrone
MANSERGH'S, MR.* (Charles and Cashel)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. O. L. Mansergh	Master	Jas. Henclay	Springfield, Holycross
MEATH UNOS* (Monaghan, Tue*)	2 days a week Mon. Wed. & Sat.	Mr. Philip Blake Lord Rossmore	Master H. McElroy	Paul Duffy J. Richardson	Ladynath, Navan, co. Meath Camla, near Monaghan
NEWBRIDGE* (Newbridge)	Mon. Wed. & Fri.	A Committee	John Culleton		Newbridge
NEWRY (Newry)	Mon. & Fri.	Mr. T. Darcy Hoy	Master	Pat Rice	Newry
ORMOND (Cloughjordan)	Wed. & Sat.	Mr. W. T. Trench	Master	J. Smith, K.H. T. Smith	Loughton, Monycage
POLLOCK'S, MR. (Ballinasloe)	Twice a week	Mr. J. Pollok	Master	J. Galway, K.H.	Lisnary, Ballinasloe

HARRIERS (IRELAND)—*continued*.

NAME OF HUNT, with nearest Towns for Visitors.	Hunting Days.	Master.	Huntsman.	Whips.	Kennels.
ROCKENHAM* (Cork City)	Variable . .	Mr. Noble Johnson.	David Barry . .	None	Rockenham, co. Cork
ROYAL CORK YACHT CLUB* (Queenstown)	Tues. & Fri.	Mr. H. Duggan . .	John Mulcahy . .	Capt. Holmes . . Luke Egan	Ballynoe, co. Cork
STACPOOLE'S, MR.* (Ennis)	Mon. & Thur.	Mr. Richard Stacpoole	Master	P. Cunningham . . John Carroll	Eden Vale, Ennis
TYNAN ABBEY (Tynan, Caledon, Armagh)	Mon. & Thur.	Sir Jas. M. Stronge, Bart.	G. M'Arco	J. Spence	Fellows Hall, Tynan, co. Armagh
WARRURTON'S, MR.* (Portllington)	Irregular.	Mr. R. Warburton .	Richard Kenny . .		The Copse, Garrylinch, Portllington
WICKLOW (Rathdrum)	Tues. & Fri. .	A Committee . . .	G. Shephard. . . .		Glassnarget Rathdrum, Wicklow

B A I L Y'S

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNT GALWAY, M.P.

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LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1877.

DIARY FOR DECEMBER, 1877.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	S	Birmingham Agricultural Exhibition Show.
2	S	FIRST SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
3	M	
4	Tu	Sandown Park Club Races. Pulborough Coursing Meeting.
5	W	Sandown Park Club Races. [Meeting.
6	Th	Kingsbury Races and Steeplechases. Stoncham Park Coursing
7	F	Kingsbury Races. Colesbourne Coursing Meeting. [Meets of.
8	S	Kingsbury Races. South London and South Hornsey Harriers,
9	S	SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
10	M	Smithfield Club Cattle Show at Islington.
11	Tu	Bromley Steeplechases. Alexandra Palace Dog Show. South Essex Coursing Meeting.
12	W	Selby, Whittlesea, Spetchley, and Croome Coursing Meetings.
13	Th	Ridgway and Sussex Clubs Coursing Meetings.
14	F	
15	S	South London and Thames Hare and Hounds.
16	S	THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
17	M	[Meeting.
18	Tu	Three Counties Union Club. Ince and Thornton Coursing
19	W	
20	Th	Bolton Fell End, Cumberland, Coursing Meeting.
21	F	
22	S	Spartan Harriers Open Novice Steeplechase.
23	S	FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.
24	M	
25	Tu	CHRISTMAS DAY.
26	W	Kingsbury Races and Steeplechases. Bank Holiday.
27	Th	Kingsbury Races and Steeplechases.
28	F	Kingsbury Races.
29	S	
30	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.
31	M	



Galway

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VISCOUNT GALWAY, M.P.

GEORGE EDWARD MILNES MONCKTON ARUNDELL, seventh Viscount Galway in the peerage of Ireland, born 1844, educated at Eton and Christ Church (B.A. and 2nd Class in Law and Modern History 1866), a Deputy Lieutenant and Magistrate for Nottinghamshire, Captain in the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry, and M.P. for North Notts since 1872.

So much for Debrett. It is in his capacity as Master of the Grove, formerly called 'The Sandbeck Hunt,' that we have to do with the subject of our present sketch. Constantly with hounds from the time he could first bestride a pony, it is small wonder that he took to the sport with ardour as years drew on. His father was the keenest of sportsmen, and his mantle, it is not too much to say, has fallen on his son. The late Lord Galway, when Member for East Retford, was known often to vote in a division in the House at one or two in the morning, then take the newspaper train from King's Cross and be at the covert-side with the hounds by half-past eleven. The present Lord frequently does the same. There used to be a story afloat in the county that, in the first letter he wrote to his grandfather, Richard Monckton Milnes, after he left home, he said he would much rather be a whipper-in than at his private tutor's. But for all that he took honours at Oxford as we have said, and he exhibits, as one of his blood and breeding should (his mother is the sister of the present Lord Houghton), much ability in his parliamentary career.

We have said that Lord Galway was accustomed to hounds from his boyhood, and when he went into residence at Christ Church he hunted, for one season, the harriers named after that college, and the same year won the Christ Church 'Grind,' as it was called, on a favourite hunter. His father was then, we believe, Master of the Grove, having succeeded the present Lord Scarborough when that nobleman was unfortunately afflicted with paralysis. In the days of

the Sandbeck Hunt, too, the hounds were kept by an Earl of Scarborough, who left them to the late Mr. Savile Foljambe, and it was on the loss of his eyesight that he lent the hounds to the present Earl. The old kennels were near Osberton, but incessant kennel lameness counselled their removal, and new kennels being built at Grove, near Retford, in the late Mr. Foljambe's time, 'The Grove' have remained there ever since. About seven or eight years ago the late Lord Galway purchased the hounds of Mr. Foljambe, and they are now the property of the present Viscount. They have always been considered a very highly-bred pack, as both Mr. Foljambe and Lord Galway took every pains to cross them with the best blood. The 'ladies' are noted for their good looks, and at the last Hound Show at York the present Master was fortunate in taking several prizes.

Lord Galway is a very genial and keen sportsman; a first-rate performer across a stiff country, and always with the select few at the finish. He shows great patience with his hounds, and this season has taken the horn, retaining 'Flying' Jack Morgan (for whom 800*l.* was recently collected in the hunt) as his kennel huntsman. He is a very quick shot too, and has fine shooting grounds, for he, like his late father, enjoys the exclusive shooting over the Duke of Portland's Scotch moors. He is extremely popular in the county, has shown great tact in Parliament, and in all the relations of a resident landlord and country gentleman thoroughly does his *devoir*.

A TURF *ANNUS MIRABILIS*.

IN the great yearly race for supremacy among 'winning owners,' Lord Falmouth's number has been run up first on the slide, and to parody a famous racing verdict of the olden time, it is a case of 'his lordship first and the rest nowhere.' For the chief patron of Heath House Matthew Dawson has invariably secured a good place in the financial finish of the racing season; but on the present occasion all previous efforts have been outdone, and a return of over 35,000*l.* in stakes may be said to have crowned the work of a long connection between master and servant, in which mutual good understanding has never been in danger of interruption, and all things have worked smoothly and easily towards a consummation such as the results of that *annus mirabilis*, some of the leading features of which we deem worthy to be recorded in these pages. Oddly enough, Matthew Dawson stands out as a principal character in another year of wonders, when he placed his former employer, Mr. Merry, at the head of affairs with a sum remarkable in those days, but not amounting to much more than half the amount with which Lord Falmouth is credited in Messrs. Weatherby's books at the present time. We have no intention, however, of entering into calculations with a view to comparisons; for during the seventeen years

which have elapsed since Thormanby did the Derby trick so handsomely for Mr. Merry, many and wondrous changes have been wrought, not only in the economy of the Turf, but also in opportunities and facilities for making winning scores heavier than before. Formerly, races like the twin 'Guineas' at Newmarket, the Epsom Derby and Oaks, and the Doncaster St. Leger, stood out like stars of the first magnitude among the minor luminaries of heaven; whereas for some years past, but mostly dating from the so-called 'plunging era,' formidable rivals, in a monetary point of view, have sprung up in all directions, and though the position of the 'great races' may not be immediately threatened, in process of time they may be rivalled in value by the munificent stakes which now adorn the programmes of our leading centres of sport. Putting out of the account the ever-increasing additions to important handicaps, the owner of racehorses twenty years ago could never look to replenish his exchequer by such rich 'foundations' as the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates, and other two-year-old races with fabulous entries and 'cool thousands' of added money, to say nothing of Champion and Challenge Stakes, and Plates of a 'monkey' value in place of the regulation 100 sovereigns. It must be recollected that the chances of rendering a racing campaign successful have enormously increased, and it is on this account that we hold all comparisons to be useless. But even in these days of lavish additions to stakes, the sum won by Lord Falmouth is one which but few can hope to rival for many years to come, when we take into consideration the circumstances under which it has been placed to his credit. And it will not be unprofitable to draw therefrom certain conclusions which may have escaped the attention even of those anxious to follow in the path of success, who, whether having embarked, or being about to embark, upon the perilous waters of the Turf, have determined to set before them some *exemplar*, and who naturally regard men of Lord Falmouth's calibre as guiding stars over the seas of doubt and uncertainty over which all must travel who cast in their lot with racing men. Again, we would remind our readers, that Lord Falmouth is no blazing 'comet of a season' with portentous tail elongated into his monster winning account, but a constant, steady shining light among his fellows, almost from the day when, as 'Mr. T. Valentine,' he graduated in honours in the great racing university of the North, and thus early made his mark with the shapely Queen Bertha.

It has been dinned into our ears often enough, that there is no royal road to success upon the Turf, but men seem to have contented themselves with the bare enunciation of the evident truism, and not to have cared to penetrate farther into the subject, and to inquire whether if the smiles of fortune could not be constantly secured, they did not most consistently fall upon those who courted them after a method least liable to fallibility. Looking back on the bead-roll of sportsmen most distinguished for their uniform successes during

the last quarter of a century, we certainly are able to discover a certain similarity of procedure and likeness in policy, sufficient at any rate to show that though no 'royal road' may exist leading up to the desired goal, yet there are landmarks here and there which, duly observed, at least prevent our footsteps from straying in the direction of loss and disappointment. Taking those sportsmen whose careers upon the Turf have been of sufficient length and importance to justify us in citing them as examples, men of the Hawley, Merry, and Rothschild stamp, we find that though occasionally successful in handicaps, they did not care to lay themselves out so much for this sort of game as for weight-for-age races, and that their two-year-olds played a most important part in swelling their annual returns. Men of this kidney invariably flew at the highest game of the Turf, leaving it to abstruse calculators of weights and astute concoctors of 'plants' to batten upon the proceeds of diversions in racing with which they did not care to be associated. Whatever occasional betting disclosures may reveal, Turf statisticians have but rarely recorded more than an ephemeral success on the part of the 'clever' division, and it is by this latter standard that we must measure our men, putting aside betting considerations as a factor not allowable in our present discussion. And this the more so, because the nobleman whose winnings on the Turf for 1877 furnish subject-matter for our article, stands almost by himself as representative of a class who regard racing apart from speculative considerations, and have no concern with the Ring, either as layers or backers. Lord Falmouth has consistently followed the course marked out by him at the commencement of his Turf career, and though he may occasionally, 'flutter' in a handicap, it is but by way of utilising some of his racing material which is incapable of holding its own in the good company usually affected by its owner. Like the men we have mentioned above as types of consistently successful followers of racing, Lord Falmouth has for many years bred his own horses, eschewing altogether the yearling ring-side, except in the character of a critical spectator, and holding his hand from intermeddling with the heavy purchasers who come up smiling after so many knock-down blows year after year. Much has been said and written, both in these pages and elsewhere, concerning the hotly disputed point as to whether it is more profitable to breed or to buy, and we have no desire to reopen this burning question; but admitting that there is much to be said on both sides, we cannot but point to the indisputable fact of our greatest winners having adopted the former system, though it is but fair to add that many of them have been buyers also, and that the late Baron Rothschild and Lord Falmouth are the only two cases we can cite where private resources were exclusively relied on for the supply of horses to the training stable. Setting on one side altogether the consideration whether yearlings are or are not made up for sale, and thus in many cases put out of gear for the rest of their lives, it must be admitted by any observer of average common sense and ordinary experience, that thoroughbred

youngsters stand a far better chance of development, and consequently of distinction in after life, when they are permitted to remain as long as possible in a comparative state of nature before given over to the teacher of their earliest lessons in racing. Even assuming that not one extra feed of anything is given to a yearling, in order to make him show as well as possible in the sale-ring, he must be 'taken up' and made presentable by the eventful day, and while the many interviews with strangers (and some not of the gentlest kind), the inevitable hurry and excitement engendered by a crowd of sight-seers, and sudden change of quarters consequent upon delivery after sale, cannot be reckoned as otherwise than injurious to nervous temperaments, it should be remembered that all this subversion of the natural order of things takes place at a period of life when its effects are liable to be more than ordinarily disastrous. Consequently Lord Falmouth made a happy choice when he determined to be his own caterer to the Heath House stable, and the end has certainly justified the means in his case. To many racing men the cares of a stud-farm would be intolerable, and an enforced consultation of the stud-book no more acceptable than a visit to the dentist's. For such men as these, and likewise for those who purchase merely with an eye to the main chance, caring nothing for the theoretical aspect of the transaction; for such as these public breeders will always be able to furnish an abundant supply: and it will, of course, happen in many cases that owners of horses possess no facilities for home breeding, and thus are forced to resort to open market. In the management of a stud of brood mares there must be love in the heart as well as knowledge in the head; and both of these qualifications Lord Falmouth possesses in the highest degree, finding well-nigh as much delight in watching the young bud of promise unfold as in perfecting the expanded flower. He lives among, and we had almost said for, the aspirants to be bearers of his magpie jacket; and he has adopted the sound policy of keeping no stallion of his own at Mereworth, lest he should be tempted to dip into him more freely than judiciously, and thus, in many instances, miss the most desirable cross. His mares, a remarkably fine collection in themselves, and nearly all of them former bearers of his colours, are mated according to their owner's judgment with the most successful and fashionable stallions of the day, with the result that he has fewer weeds than most people, and those few are at once disposed of, with the knowledge that the 'first loss is always the best,' and that they could not by any possibility attain to the standard of excellence by which his representatives are measured. Prodigious in entering his young hopefuls, Lord Falmouth so contrives that most of them shall be returned winners at two years old; and he has generally adopted Mr. Merry's policy of running them out for their engagements as far as practicable, though he will not take the chance of allowing their powers to be abused by the running off of a dead heat, nor by being stripped twice in one day, save under exceptional circumstances. If he has, as the saying goes, 'half a good horse,' he almost invari-

ably succeeds in winning a race with him in the end ; and the only instance of a seeming error in judgment in him we can call to mind was running his Derby winner, Kingcraft, in handicaps and such like, after his heart had palpably left him ; thus, though not irreparably, damaging his prestige as a sire, now only just commencing to revive after a period of unwonted neglect on the part of breeders. Among the public, it is almost unnecessary to state, the name of Lord Falmouth's followers is legion ; for who would not range himself under the banner of a nobleman *sans peur et sans reproche*, a veritable racing Bayard, loving the sport for its own sake alone, served by the ablest in their profession of trainers and jockeys, and racing on a munificent scale, if not in point of number of horses, at least as regards his method of entering them for all the most important stakes, in which he is seldom without a worthy representative ? Above all, there is the knowledge that the owner of all these magnificent animals 'never 'bets a shilling,' and so an admiring public confidently puts down the 'pieces,' knowing that 'financial considerations' will never prevail, so as to stir up the bitterness and reproach consequent upon an eleventh-hour scratching, such as we have lately experienced at the hands of those in high places. Success, of course, has always been, and ever will be, the mark of jealousy, but it may be said of Lord Falmouth that he has provoked it less than most men ; and if, in the spirit which caused his fellow-citizens to hate to hear the Athenian always called 'the just,' some few among us profess to weary of always hearing the well-known cry 'Lord Falmouth wins,' we fancy that Envy holds her own only for a moment, and that with reflection comes the assurance that, after all, he best deserves his many victories who strives after them in so single-minded a spirit. It may be said that Lord Falmouth lives for racing alone, and that such an enthusiast in the sport is bound to succeed ; but others who have gone into Turf pursuits with equal ardour and zest, unbounded wealth, and splendid opportunities, have cut but sorry figures on the stage, so that it is something out of the common to have excelled in the one particular line of life carefully laid down and diligently followed out. And we may take to ourselves a lesson, that to succeed in any pursuit, whether of business or pleasure, heart and soul should be in the work, and that even relaxation, to serve its most useful ends, should be taken up and carried out with earnestness and thoroughness, if it be desired to make the best of it.

Thus we have endeavoured to show, that, if Lord Falmouth has achieved a remarkable success, it has been accomplished by those means most likely to insure it ; and in them we recognise the safest way to be able to show a winning balance at the end of the year. How widely different is the process by which racing adventurers endeavour to recoup themselves for what are euphemistically termed 'spirited outlays,' it needs not the acutest observation to discover ; and it must be sufficiently patent that, in the great majority of cases, those who embark upon the troubled waters of the Turf may deem themselves exceptionally lucky to be able to 'report progress' at

the end of the season. Nothing can be more fallacious than the figures set forth at the close of each financial year, marshalling winning owners in the order of merit, and apparently authorizing deductions which cannot be sustained until after an examination of both sides of the account. We often hear of an owner being congratulated upon being able to look at his trainer's bill without anxiety when the day of reckoning arrives; but let even the most superficial calculation be entered into, with figures at anybody's disposal, and without entering upon the *terra incognita* of profit and loss through dealings in horse-flesh and betting transactions, it will be found that a very substantial sum is required as a set-off against entries for stakes, jockeys' fees, and other incidental training expenses. The outside world sees only the glitter, the show, and what may be termed the sensational side of racing; but it fails to take into account the cost at which even splendid and signal successes have been achieved, and is too apt to delude itself into the belief in the existence of racing Eldorados painted in their most glowing and attractive colours by enthusiasts without experience in the cost of their discovery.

But whatever hallucinations may exist in the minds of racing optimists, we would fain allow them to indulge in their dreams of fortunes to be made on the Turf, by presenting to them the brilliant picture of a season's success, which it has been our lot to chronicle in connection with Lord Falmouth's stable. We may admire the pluck by which more than one of those bearing household names in the annals of racing have pulled through, by the very skin of their teeth, crises which must be faced and overcome by sheer determination; we may applaud the 'dashing better' who has fought the Ring single-handed and come off victorious against apparently hopeless odds; we may appreciate, if we cannot esteem, the tact and diplomacy of 'clever divisions,' bent on some well-devised and admirably executed *coup de main*: but after all this expenditure of transitory applause, popular sentiment reverts, in its less excited moments, to a more enduring appreciation of the few who have touched pitch and not been defiled, who have passed unscathed through the burning fiery furnace of craft and chicanery, and who have held their own in spite of the forces of double-dealing arrayed against them. Prone to gamble as we may be, we can appreciate forbearance in others, and are proud to point to such a representative model sportsman as Lord Falmouth, if only for the sake of making our boast that some such still exist among us, and that the old spirit of chivalry has not yet died out in the land. And in looking back upon his career, from the time when he first 'took silk' at Whitewall to his crowning triumph in the present year, and noting how much his example has done for the reputation of the Turf, if only in a sentimental point of view, who will not re-echo our wish that we had more of such men to leaven the lump?

AMPHION.

FARMING AND FOX-HUNTING.

BY R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

FARMERS, listen to the ditty
Of a friend who loves you well ;
If you will not, more the pity,
Nothing but the truth I tell.

Let us while we each our work do
In good fellowship unite ;
Why should we, as Russ and Turk do,
Fox-hunters and Farmers fight ?

If the noble sport decrying,
Growl you will, we can but laugh ;
Freely from the farmstead buying
Oats, we do not want your chaff.

Spent by what we call a 'splitter,'
Steeds are bedded in the stall,
You who grow such costly litter
Men of straw we cannot call.

Selling till the sport is over
Many a waggon load of hay,
Surely you must live in clover,
Surely fox-hunting must pay.

Therefore should your fence be broken,
Post and rail to grief consigned,
Let no angry word betoken
Damage to your peace of mind.

Bone-dust sown the pasture sod on,
Should the surface smooth and flat
By the tramp of hoof be trod on,
You must make no bones of that.

Should the green wheat in December
By the field be overrun,
Wait till yellow in September
Ere ye sue for damage done.

Should the henroost robb'd dismay you,
Renard guilty of the theft ;
Wives, be sure the Squire will pay you
Double for the ducklings left.

Sad indeed, though lines of wire be
Harmless underneath the wave,
From his saddle should the Squire be
Telegraph'd into his grave.

Plainly by my pen depicted,
 Let the evil and the good,
 Profit won or harm inflicted,
 Both be fairly understood.

Each dependent on the weather,
 One for scent and one for growth,
 Farm and Kennel linked together,
 Let us drink success to both!

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.*

CHAPTER VI.

‘I, pedes quo te rapiunt, et auræ,
 Dum favet nox, et Venus; I secundo
 Omine’—HOR.

‘Hæc res et jungit, junctos et servat amicos.’—HOR.

TOWARDS the end of 1825, or the beginning of 1826, an event affecting the happiness of Russell’s life, at home and abroad, bid fair, at least for a time, to imperil the devotion which, up to this period, he had so exclusively shown to the goddess of the silver bow, the enchantress of the woods. Hitherto Diana had claimed him for her own, and at her shrine he had thus far sacrificed every spare moment of his time with a true and undivided loyalty; her charms had been triumphant, her sway complete, and beyond all doubt she had reigned in his heart without a rival.

But strong and enduring as the bonds were in which the goddess retained her willing captive, the time had now arrived when they were destined to prove but as green withs compared with those of Aphrodité, whose power, as *Venus Victrix*, both the gods and men have alike shown to be irresistible. In that famous trial, for instance, on Mount Ida, when Paris was the judge, we all know how the latter distanced her competitors and carried off the golden prize, in spite of the blue eyes of Athené, and the majestic figure even of Jove’s Queen.

Anacreon, too, asserts the supremacy of love in one of his most charming odes, when his lyre, attuned to loftier strains, refuses to pour forth any sound but those of love.

‘Ἡ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
 Ἔρωτα μόνον ἤχεί.

Love, we are told, is the purest of all passions, as it is acknowledged to be the master of all; and so the mighty hunter found it; for about this time he met with a lady whose attractions at once arrested the current of his woodland thoughts and brought him on

* The full-length Portrait of the Rev. John Russell, 21 by 14 inches, price one guinea, proofs on India paper, is now ready.

bended knee to sue for her hand. That lady was Miss Penelope Incledon Bury, the daughter of Admiral and Mrs. Bury of Dennington House, near Barnstaple. Both the father and mother being pure North-Devoners, and claiming descent from two good old county families, they were proud of the 'haveage' to which they belonged. Nor could they have taken exception to Russell's pedigree; he himself being a descendant of the Russells of Kingston-Russell; for, at the time of the Sampford Courtenay riots in the West, Lord Russell, then at Exeter, appointed one of his own relatives to preach against the old religion; and from him came the Russells who have remained in the county ever since.

The Admiral's family came with the Conquest; and according to Risdon, Westcote, and Sir W. Pole, John de Buri held the Manor of Berry-Narbor, Temp. Edw. I. John Prince, too, in his 'Worthies of Devon,' published A.D. 1701, has left us the following record of an ancestor of the Admiral's who flourished A.D. 1643, R. R. Car. I.

'Bury.—John, Canon Residentiary of the Cathedral of St. Peter, Exon, was Born at the famous town of Tiverton, in the County of Devon, An. 1580. Descended from the antient and gentile Family of his name, still flourishing at Coleton, in the Parish of Chumleigh, a noted market town in this Province, also a seat which heretofore did for many generations belong unto a Tribe of the name of Cole, whose Heir General, brought these Lands, in King Rich. the second's days into the possession of Bury; which name has flourished there in great Reputation ever since, unto this Day, which is now above Three hundred years.'

Mrs. Bury, the mother of Penelope, was a Chichester of Hall, whose pedigree is thus chronicled by the worthy Vicar of Berry Pomeroy.

'Chichester.—As to the knightly family of this name, which resides at Hall in Bishop's Tawton, the first that settled there Temp. I Jac. was Richard Chichester Grandson of John Chichester and Thomasin Raleigh his wife, the first of this name that possessed Raleigh—Richard Chichester aforesaid married Thomasin daughter and heir of Simon Hall of Hall by whom he had this fair inheritance—Whose posterity match'd in many eminent Houses, as Gough of Aldercombe in Cornwall, Ackland of Ackland, Marwood of Westcot, Basset of UMBERLEIGH, Strode of Newnham, Pollard, Carew, &c., and yet prospers well in this place.'

If Russell, then, had an eye to a 'lass wi' a lang pedigree'—a point he would have considered of the first importance in selecting a horse or a hound—he could scarcely have made a better choice. But it is obvious that other and broader views must have influenced his judgment in this matter; for a more sensible, warm-hearted, generous woman than Penelope Bury proved herself to be, never breathed the breath of life. Russell must have stood an inch higher in stature when he found himself first favourite for so fair a prize—the only real prize in life he may, with truth, be said to have ever won,

'Bona bonis prognata parentibus.'

But the event should not be anticipated. When Mr. George Templer of Stover parted with his big pack to the Rev. H. F. Yeatman, in the early part of 1826, Russell and Templer paid him a visit at Stock House, near Sherborne; when, under his inauguration, the Blackmoor Vale country was first established. To entertain his friends, whether indoors or out of doors—a felicitous gift he possessed beyond ordinary mortals—Mr. Yeatman ordered out his own famous pack of harriers (which, by-the-by, were dwarf fox-hounds, as perfect in shape as they were in work), and showed them a capital day's sport; when the hare was sinking, Russell, to save her, put his horse at a chained gate, rode over it, and picked up the hare in front of the hounds.

Nearly fifty years after that event, Mr. Digby of Sherborne Castle, finding himself in company with Russell at, I believe, Lord Poltimore's house in Dorsetshire, asked him if he remembered the first time they met in the hunting-field?

'Perfectly well,' replied Russell; 'it was with dear old Yeatman's hounds in 1826; the first time Templer and I stayed with him at Stock House.'

'Quite true,' replied Mr. Digby; 'you rode over a chained gate, and took up the hare before me. I could have shot you on the spot.'

'You'd have spoiled some sport, if you had,' said Russell, not a little amused that the incident, and youthful jealousy it had given rise to, should be remembered after the lapse of so many years.

That very night, after the dinner and day's sport had been duly discussed, Russell mounted a hack, ~~one~~ he had brought with him from South Molton, and starting from Stock he shaped his course, as he best could, directly for Bath, hoping to reach that city, a distance of some fifty odd miles, before the inns and stables were all closed for the night. At Warminster, however, he found it expedient to leave his own horse behind him, and hire a fresh one, the landlord of the principal inn being quite ready to supply him with 'a rare goer,' which he averred 'would carry him like an infant in a cradle, and cover the ground in less than two hours.'

'Bring him out, then,' said Russell, 'as quickly as you can; that will suit me exactly.'

The night was now pitch dark; not a moon nor a star in the sky; not a ray of light, except that from a dim horn-lantern, enabling Russell to distinguish the head from the tail of the horse on which he was about to mount. However, he was soon in the saddle; the beast, too, was a willing one, being probably, like John Gilpin's horse,

'——— right glad to miss
The lumb'ring of the wheels;'

but never before nor since did Russell undergo such a bumping as on the ribs of that Warminster hack.

On his arrival at Bath, long after midnight, happily for him one hostelry still remained open, the White Lion Inn; where, finding he

could obtain a bed for himself and a stall for his horse, he rested for the night. But when he quitted the animal and committed him to the charge of the ostler, such was the darkness still prevailing, that Russell knew no more about the shape, appearance, and colour of the beast than he did about the Greek horse that entered Troy. He might have known, however, that the heroes inside that wooden steed must have had a rough time of it, if its movements were not easier than those of his Warminster hack.

'Feed him well,' said Russell, to the ostler, as he groped his way out of the yard; 'and don't forget to bring him in the morning to 'No. 9 Milsom Street, exactly at eleven o'clock.'

The Pump Room books of that day, if in existence, would still show the names and numbers of the visitors who were then occupying No. 9 in that fashionable locality; they were no other than Admiral, Mrs., and Miss Penelope Bury, from Dennington House, North Devon.

Here then was the guiding star which had led Russell to abandon both friends and hounds at Stock; and, in spite of the gloom, had lighted his path with a hopeful ray to the city of waters, at which we now find him safely arrived. He had promised Miss Bury to ride with her in the morning, and of course took care to be in attendance at No. 9 in good time before the horses were ordered and the lady prepared to start. Other cavaliers, however, had been invited to join the party; notably, the Rev. Alexander Baillie, a fine handsome young fellow, as agreeable as he was good-looking, and a perfect beau; also the long-lamented John Bayly, a finished horseman and one of the best men across country in all England; besides one or two more, mounted on steeds well bred and with skins glossy as satin itself.

Miss Bury, too, was now in the saddle; and but for a short delay, occasioned by the non-arrival of Russell's horse, the whole cavalcade were prepared to start at the appointed time. At length the ostler made his appearance, hurrying forward, as he best could, an animal that seemed only fit for a dog-kennel: he was black as ink, had no hair on mane or tail, and scarcely an ounce of flesh on his bones; for, literally,

'His strutting ribs on both sides show'd
Like furrows he himself had plow'd;
For underneath the skirt of panel,
'Twixt every two there was a channel.'

Above all, an old-fashioned post-boy's saddle, brass-mounted and secured by a huge crupper to his rat-tail, formed a conspicuous feature on the garran's back; and that, coupled with his poster-like appearance, was quite enough to stir up first a titter, then a roar of laughter, as it quickly did, among the lookers-on.

Never, perhaps, was lover placed in a more trying predicament; the shafts of ridicule being the most fatal of all weapons to a man bidding for promotion, if he is made the unhappy butt at which they are aimed. Many a hero, with courage enough to head a

Balaclava charge and face the deadliest foe, would have shuddered to mount that beast under existing circumstances, and would certainly have darted off in search of another charger less picturesque in his points, and more befitting the light brigade assembled in Milsom Street on that eventful morn. Comparing their steeds with his own, he might well have thought that the companionship of such a Rosinante would not only compromise his own dignity, but outrage the feelings of his gay and well-mounted comrades.

But Russell had no such apprehension; he stood his ground and joined heartily in the laugh; told them of the landlord's craft at Warminster, and his own inability to detect it, owing to the Stygian darkness that prevailed at the time and throughout his journey. He then sprang into the saddle; and by him at least, if not by one other of the party, the quaint figure and accoutrements of his horse were speedily forgotten; nor, for one moment, did they appear to trouble his thoughts during the rest of the day—a day he still records as one among the happiest, if not *the* happiest of his long life.

But if, on this memorable visit to Bath, there were other gallants in the field better mounted and better equipped than the Devonshire parson, certain it is that he, like Ulysses of old, held his own against all comers; for, on the 30th of May, 1826, the fair Penelope honoured him with her hand, and converted him thenceforth into a happy Benedict. Soon after this auspicious event, he retired from the charge of George Nympton and South Molton parishes; and, after devoting but a brief period to the usual hymeneal holiday and its attendant mysteries, he removed with his handsome bride to Iddesleigh, near Hatherleigh; and, his father being the rector, he accepted the curacy of that parish under him.

There is a story current, however, that before he finally quitted South Molton, he and Mrs. Russell attended divine service at that church, and occupied of course a pew together. Now, at that time, there lived at Whitechapel Farm, near South Molton, a celebrated character called John Sanger, an eccentric hard-riding yeoman, who, although weighing eighteen stone and mounted on a thirteen-hand Exmoor pony, had more than once beaten over the moor Mr. Newton Fellowes, the great Squire of Eggesford, whose hunters were notably well bred and the talk of all the country. Sanger belonged to Bishop's Nympton parish; but, on that Sunday, when Russell and his bride made their appearance at South Molton Church, he occupied a seat at a little distance off, but exactly fronting their pew.

Immediately on coming out of church he marched up to Mrs. Russell, and with hat in hand, and a profound bow, he said—

‘ Good morning to you, ma’am; I have never seen in all my life such a fine woman as you are. But you’ve spoiled my devotions; for I couldn’t take my eyes off you all church time.’

This, beyond all doubt, was no mere compliment, but the honest expression of a plain outspoken man.

It was but a short time after his marriage with Miss Bury that Russell continued to keep otter-hounds, for on removing to Iddesleigh, the proceeds of which living his father had assigned to him, he found himself in the centre of a country so gloriously wild, and so adapted to fox-hunting, that he determined at once to elevate his standard and follow that sport in preference to the other. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1826, when the woodlands were changing colour and draft-hounds their kennels, Russell, gathering together about ten or twelve couple from various sources, but chiefly from the relics of the famous Stover pack, entered on his first campaign in the wilds of Hatherleigh, 'hunting,' as he says, 'anything he could find around 'his own garden'; for the bounds of his maiden country, if such it could be called, were at first wofully confined to a very limited area.

The Rev. W. H. Karslake of Dolton appears to have been the only gentleman who at that time kept hounds within a short distance of Iddesleigh; but as they were harriers, it occurred to Russell that the enjoyment of the noble sport might well be secured in so inviting a field, not only without prejudice to that gentleman, but with the concurrence, and, as he hoped, the good-will of the two neighbouring Masters of Foxhounds, the Hon. Newton Fellowes and the Rev. Peter Glub. The latter had for many years kept and hunted a very killing pack near Little Torrington; while the former, who lived at Eggesford, occupied, with his grand pack of foxhounds, a rough and extensive country, over which, by virtue of his manorial possessions, he claimed, if he did not exercise, the almost feudal rights of a baron of the fifteenth century. For though,

'Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way.'

The kennels of both these packs were within ten miles of Iddesleigh, and nearly equidistant from that place; consequently, in so circumscribed a country, over which he might almost have flown a paper kite, the prospect of pursuing the wild animal with success would indeed have been a hopeless one. It would also have involved him in endless strife, for he must inevitably have encroached on the conventional rights of those gentlemen, and aroused their jealousy and ill-will at every turn. Iddesleigh, if he did so, he was well aware, would be looked upon as the centre of a civil war, and he as a kind of Rob Roy—a marauder and freebooter, who, by violating a law strict as that of the Medes and Persians, would be entitled to no quarter under such outrageous circumstances.

To obtain, then, an enlargement of his too narrow bounds—just a few outlying coverts get-at-able by him, but rarely drawn by them—Russell, rather than incur such odium, appealed point-blank to Mr. Newton Fellowes and Mr. Glub, both of whom readily and kindly concurred in granting him the favour he asked, namely, a slice of their respective countries on either side of Iddesleigh; so by that cession, which, with his little pack, proved to be a sufficiently ample one, he found, as he described it, 'flinging room both for 'himself and hounds.'

But notwithstanding the unexampled sport he was able to show with his first scratch lot, some of which were mute and some too free of tongue, many given to riot, to skirting and other hereditary faults, he was not long in discovering that he had still an up-hill game to play in attempting to establish an independent dynasty in that country.

The sport of legitimate fox-hunting being utterly ignored by a majority of the natives, it had long been, and still was, their practice to kill a fox whenever and however they could catch him, rigorously adopting the dictum of Tom French, the once notorious vulpecide of Dartmoor, ‘ ’Tis a nasty varmint, I tell ’ee, and aufght to be killed ‘ on a Sinday, zo well as on a wick-day ’; and fulfilling to the letter the sentiments of the Highland chieftain :—

‘ Who ever reck’d, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapp’d or slain ?’

In fact, to such an extent did this practice prevail, that for the first season or two, owing to the scarcity of foxes, Russell was compelled to adopt the primitive plan of hunting both fox and hare with the same hounds; so that when the real wild article was not to be found, the other was always at hand to give his hounds a spin and keep his field in good-humour.

He had not been long at Idlesleigh when, one day as he was drawing for a fox, at some distance from home, his ear caught the sound of a church bell, rung in a jingling fashion, and with more than usual clamour. A stranger might well have supposed it to be a signal of alarm intended to warn the country-side that a fire had broken out on some neighbour’s premises, and that the need of help was urgent and pressing. But no such thing; as Russell’s prophetic spirit too well divined, it was the signal that a fox had been tracked to ground, or balled into a brake; and the bell summoned every man who possessed a pickaxe, a gun, or a terrier, to hasten to the spot and lend a hand in destroying the noxious animal.

In a letter of Russell’s, which is now before me, he thus describes his first adventure with a party bent on murdering a fox in his new country :—

‘ During the winter of the first year I was at Idlesleigh, the snow ‘ at the time lying deep on the ground, a native—Bartholomew, ‘ *alias* Bat Anstey—came to me and said, “Hatherley bell is a- ‘ “ ringing, sir.”

‘ “ Ringing for what ?” I inquired, with a strong misgiving as to ‘ the cause of it.

‘ “ Well, sir, they’ve a-traced a fox in somewhere; and they’ve a ‘ “ sot the bell agoing to collect the people to shoot un.”

‘ “ Come, Bat, speak out like a man,” I replied, “and tell me ‘ “ where ’tis.”

‘ “ In Middlecot earths, sir; just over the Okement.”

‘ I was soon on the spot with about ten couple of my little hounds, ‘ and found, standing around the earths, about a hundred fellows—

‘ the scum of the country—headed, I am almost ashamed to say, by
 ‘ two gentlemen, Mr. Veale of Passaford and his brother-in-law, Mr.
 ‘ Morris of Fishley, the father of Colonel W. Morris of the “Light
 ‘ “Brigade”—that brilliant swordsman to whose memory a monu-
 ‘ ment is erected on Hatherleigh Moor.

‘ I remonstrated with these gentlemen, and told them plainly that
 ‘ if they would leave the earths, and preserve foxes for me, I would
 ‘ show them more sport with my little pack in one day than they
 ‘ would see in a whole year by destroying the gallant animal in so
 ‘ un-English a way.

‘ Impressed, apparently, by what I had said, both gentlemen in-
 ‘ stantly bade me a “good morning,” turned on their heels and left
 ‘ the place; while a few shillings, distributed among the *οἱ πολλοὶ*
 ‘ by way of compensation for the disappointment I had caused them,
 ‘ induced them to disperse and leave me almost the sole occupant
 ‘ of the “situation.”

‘ Then, after waiting half an hour or so near the spot, I turned
 ‘ my head towards home; but, before I arrived there, I met a man
 ‘ open-mouthed, bawling out, “They’ve a-traced a fox into Brimble-
 ‘ combe; for I hear Dowland bell agoing.”

‘ So off I went to Dowland in post haste; found out where the
 ‘ fox was lying, turned him out of a furze bush, ran him one hour
 ‘ and forty minutes—a blaze of scent all the way—and took him up
 ‘ alive before the hounds on the very earths I had so lately quitted;
 ‘ where, unfortunately for him, a couple of scoundrels had remained
 ‘ on the watch, and had consequently headed him short back from
 ‘ that stronghold.’

But Russell had not yet finished with the fox-killers; for, as he
 says: ‘The very next day after the run from Brimblecombe, a man
 ‘ came to Iddesleigh on purpose to inform me that the bell was
 ‘ going at Beaford, and that a fox had been traced into a brake near
 ‘ that hamlet. The brake, in reality, though not far from Iddesleigh,
 ‘ was in Mr. Glub’s country: but, feeling sure that the necessity of
 ‘ the case would justify the encroachment, I let out the hounds at
 ‘ once, and hurried to the spot with all speed.

‘ On arriving at the brake I found only one man near it; and he,
 ‘ placed there as sentinel, was guarding it from disturbance with a
 ‘ watchful eye. I asked him to tell me where the fox was; but he
 ‘ gave me a very impertinent answer, saying “he knawed better than
 ‘ “that; and wasn’t agoing to do no such thing.”

‘ I kept my temper, however, as well as I could; and pulling out
 ‘ half-a-crown I said, “There, my man, I’d have given you that
 ‘ “if you had told me where he was.”

‘ The fellow’s eye positively sparkled at sight of the silver. “Let
 ‘ “me have it then,” he replied, “and I will show you where he is
 ‘ “to a yard.”

‘ On giving him the money, he pointed to a tree on the opposite
 ‘ side of the valley, and said, “There, do you see that tree t’other
 ‘ “side? Take the hounds to it, and they’ll soon find him.”

“ I’ve drawn the brake inside that hedge already,” I said, “ and
“ he isn’t there.”

“ No,” he replied ; “ but he’s on the comb of the hedge, close
“ to that tree.”

And so he was. I ran him an hour, and lost him near where
he was found. Then, just as I was calling the hounds away to
go home, down came a crowd of men, women, and children,
the first chiefly from the village inn, to see this fox murdered.
Many of them had brought their loaded guns, were full of beer,
and “ eager for the fray.” And when they discovered that I had
disturbed *their fox*, as they were pleased to designate him, their
language was anything but choice.

A strapping young fellow, one of the principal farmers in the
parish, came up to me and said, “ Who are you, sir, to come
here and spoil our sport ? ”

“ You would have spoiled mine,” I replied, “ if you could.”

“ You have no business here,” he said defiantly.

“ As much as you have,” I replied ; “ for the owner has given
me leave to hunt over this estate, and I mean doing so, too,
whenever I please. So get a horse, come out with me, and I’ll
show you some fine sport, if you’ll only give up shooting foxes.”

“ We’ll shoot them whenever we can ; that I’ll promise you,”
he said, in an angry tone.

At that moment one of the hounds began to howl. I looked
round, saw she was in pain, and asked, in a threatening manner,
“ Who kicked that hound ? ”

No one spoke for half a minute, when a little boy said, pointing
to another, “ That boy kicked her.”

“ Did he ? ” I exclaimed ; “ then ’tis lucky for him that he is
“ a little boy.”

“ Why ? ” said the farmer with whom I had previously been
talking.

“ Because,” I replied, “ if a *man* had kicked her I would have
“ horsewhipped him on the spot.”

“ You would find that a difficult job, if you tried it,” was his
curt answer.

I jumped off my horse, threw down my whip, and said, “ Who’s
“ the man to prevent me ? ”

Not a word was spoken. I stood my ground, and one by
one the crowd retired, the young farmer amongst the number ;
and from that day forward I secured for myself and successors not
only the good-will and co-operation, but the friendship of some of
the best fox-preservers that the county of Devon, or any other
county, has ever seen.

The names of a few are still to be found in the parish of Beaford :
viz., Hearn, Snell, Arnold, Leverton ; and especially a well-to-do
farmer at Dolton, named Wadland, who, though harriers were kept
in his parish, preferred hunting with foxhounds ; and many a time,
as Russell relates, has he seen him and a whitesmith, called Heard

of Beaford, crossing and recrossing the Torridge on foot and in the depth of winter, following his hounds—fox-hunters both were to the backbone.

After that event there can be little doubt that the farmers, to their great credit, from one end of the country to the other, finding the kind of man they had to deal with, and the rare sport he was able to show, by degrees gave up the malpractice to which they had been so long addicted; and before two years were over, so far from persecuting the fox, many a moor farmer would rather have lost the best sheep in his flock than seen the gallant animal killed in any fashion except by hounds.

The influence, indeed, that Russell very soon acquired, not only among the farmers, but the great cover-owners of that country, was quite marvellous; nor was it an influence attributable in any respect to territorial or monetary qualifications, for, as all the world knew, he certainly was no Carabbas, nor did the tide of his exchequer ever rise above low-water mark; but it was rather due to his manly power as a sportsman, to his acute knowledge of the fox's habits, his mode of getting at him and driving him through the strongest covers, to the fascination of his thrilling cheer, and, above all, to the charm and heartiness of his own personal manner.

In truth, the feeling of the farmers towards him amounted almost to a devotion; for he was treated with a kind of hero-worship, as if he were a man formed in a different mould from other men; one, the expression of whose wish was alone sufficient, if in their power, to insure its fulfilment.

The following anecdote, kindly contributed by the Rev. H. B. Wrey, who vouches for its authenticity, affords a strong illustration how a word from a man of Russell's influence might have had such effect on a common-sense juryman as to enable mercy to triumph over the strict letter of a law which, from its undue severity, became abrogated not long after the event here recorded. It was a cruel law, and, as it deserved, *mole ruebat suâ*.

Tom Square was a man of peculiar habits—off by night and abed by day; earth-stopping in the season, and, when that business was over, discovering the whereabouts of litters, and whither the young vagabonds had afterwards strayed: these were the exploits for which Tom was renowned. His nocturnal habits, however, led eventually to serious results: the sharp moor air, acting keenly on a probably empty stomach, tempted him to look with hungry eyes on some well-to-do Exmoor hoggets, which, from time to time, the owners found to be absent without leave.

In a word, he took to sheep-stealing; and as that crime was known to be increasing in the neighbourhood, the farmers combined to set a watch and, if possible, detect the culprits. So our poor friend Tom, with others, 'got into trouble.' He was suspected, watched, caught *flagrante delicto*, and, although many believed his assertion that 'Twas the very fust time he had ever doo'd zich a thing,' yet was he proceeded against according to law; he was arraigned, tried,

found guilty, sentenced, and the extreme penalty carried out—in fact, poor Tom Square was hanged.

Shortly after this sad event, Russell happened to fall in with James R., a neighbouring farmer, who, as the former had been told, had served on the jury in the above case. ‘Why, Jem,’ said Russell, accosting him in a tone of strong remonstrance, ‘how came ‘this about? You were on the jury which tried Tom Square!—‘there surely was something to be said for the poor fellow. I’ve ‘been told it was the first time he had ever done so. You know ‘what a quiet man he was, always ready to do a good turn for a ‘neighbour. ‘Twas a pity, Jem, that you should have given your ‘voice against him.’

‘Bless us, Mistre Rissell, ye doant zay zo! My senses! If us ‘had o’ny but know’d *they* was yeur Honour’s thoughts, us wid ha’ ‘put it right, fai. But there, my Lord Jidge said he did oust to ‘be hanged—and zo us hanged un. But, bless ‘ee, if us had o’ny ‘know’d yeur Honour cared about un, us wid ha’ put it right in ‘quick time.’

Again, a case of libel was about to be tried at Exeter between Russell and a gentleman called Nott. A special jury being summoned and sworn, one of them, Captain Adney, thus addressed his brother jurymen: ‘Now, gentlemen, pray understand me! I’ve a ‘pair of new buckskin breeches on’ (he always wore them and top-boots), ‘and I’ve made up my mind to sit here, till my skin ‘comes through them to the bare boards, before I give a verdict ‘against Jack Russell.’ In five minutes afterwards the case was compromised to the relief and entire satisfaction of Captain Adney.

Some years afterwards I was present myself when Russell received the following letter from a farmer on the North Molton side of his country; it ran thus:—

‘SIR JOHN RISSELL,

‘Yeur honour will plaize to cum up to Ben Twitching wi’ ‘th’ dogs: us be ate out o’ they voxes. Mistiss kips on a telling up ‘and zeth, us shan’t ha’ a Geuse to kill, cum Chrismus. But I’ve ‘a zaid, I’d gi’ her a new gown to mak’ up for’t; zo, her ha’nt a ‘vexed zo mich zince. But do ee cum &, gi’ us a bit o’ sport ‘Sir.

‘Yeur honour’s humbl Sarvent,
‘T. T.’

To give a catalogue of all the farmers’ names, who hunted with Russell and became eventually the staunchest fox-preservers, would now be a long and difficult task; for so many were they that the list would at least fill a column or two of the ‘Times.’ A few, however, must not be omitted; such good men and true, for instance, as Mr. Peter Tanton of Wrays Farm, whose brake at Wrays never lacked a litter of foxes. He was the owner of a celebrated grey mare by Crickneck, her dam being a grey Exmoor by Katerfelto—this

last horse, the sire of such wondrous stock, and the hero of that attractive story written by Mr. Whyte Melville, is said to have been captured after his long run on Exmoor; and then bought, according to a tradition still prevalent in the region of Hatherleigh, by the Rev. John Russell, sen., the rector of Iddesleigh, and Russell's father, in whose possession the horse died. Then, there was Mr. George Brendon, of Red Windows, near Chillaton, a fine rider, with consummate nerve and good hands. The Eastcotts of Broadwoodwidge, and Norton; Brown of Hollacombe, Parson of Panson, Seccombe of Seccombe, a family that have held their own at Seccombe from a period antecedent to the Norman Conquest; Cory of Staddon, Oliver Palmer of Tinhay, Tickel of Bratton-Clovelly, and that rare specimen of a yeoman, Smale of Thorn.

But the encouragement Russell met with from the cover-owners around him was, in some respects, equally warm and gratifying; for, besides the cession of country made to him by Mr. Newton Fellowes and Mr. Glub, another large landed proprietor, Mr. John North Woolcombe of Ashbury, undertook to preserve the wild district of Broadbury for him; while he himself, although hunting three days a week with his own hounds, rarely failed to join Russell's little pack, whenever they met within reach of Ashbury. Many others, too, supported him in like manner, promising to preserve foxes, and inviting him with much heartiness to draw their covers whenever it suited his purpose to do so.

But, as a general rule, the support they gave him was limited chiefly to such concessions; material aid, in the form of a subscription, was neither asked for nor given; and, although large fields attended his meets, the sinews of war for hounds, horses, and keepers were at first, with one exception, provided by himself alone.

That exception pertains to a gentleman still, happily, among us, Mr. C. Arthur Harris of Hayne, then a young enthusiastic squire, devoted to hunting, and himself a Master of Hounds. He had made Russell's acquaintance in 1826 at the last meeting of the Chumleigh Club, which flourished for so many years under the [able auspices of Mr. Newton Fellowes, Mr. J. M. Woolcombe, 'the Lord of 'Ashbury,' Mr. L. Buck, Mr. J. Dicker Fortescue, and other Devonshire Worthies, both of the Northern and Southern divisions of the county; but of that club more anon.

One day's hunting together was alone sufficient to convince Harris that Russell's knowledge of the craft and management of hounds were of no ordinary stamp or quality; and shortly afterwards, out of sheer admiration for his 'talents,' which a few more days had confirmed, he proposed throwing in his lot with him and bearing a liberal share, but not an equal one, in the maintenance of the united packs.

They struck hands at once; the offer being accepted by Russell subject to the following reservation, namely, that the hounds should belong to him, and that he alone should hunt and control them, terms to which the younger and less experienced sportsman very

sensibly agreed. Accordingly, on a given day in 1827, the two packs met at Five Oaks, near Okehampton, in all about seventy couple, which Russell, knowing to a handful of meal the value of every hound, quickly drafted down to thirty-five couple. With this lot he proposed hunting fox alone, giving the country two days a week, with an occasional bye-day according to circumstances.

It should be mentioned, however, that previous to this arrangement, sundry interchanges of hounds, and especially of puppies, had taken place between him and Mr. Harris; all above twenty inches going to Russell, and those under that standard to the Hayne kennels. It was at this period that a hound in Russell's pack, called Daphne, by Meynell's Dreadnought, from Meynell's Princess, attracted the especial admiration of all who witnessed her marvellous sagacity and power of nose. She was perfect in every way, in drawing, in driving, and in line-hunting. With a wave of the hand from Russell she would draw a linhay, a pig-sty, or any conceivable place in which a beaten fox would try to conceal itself.

It is related of her that, after a hard chase in the Hatherleigh country, the hounds had brought their fox into a farmyard, where they threw up and failed to carry it a yard farther. Daphne, however, flinging to the front, held the line into a vacant cow-house; then on to the manger, half filled with hay, where she just whimpered, then clambering over the rack into the loft or 'tallet,' forced, as it were, the running, and out bolted the fox, ran the ridge of a thatched outhouse, jumped down into a pig-sty, and there the hounds had him in a moment. 'Mr. Woolcombe of Ashbury 'nearly rubbed his nose off with delight.'

The combination of the two packs had taken place but a short time, when, towards the end of the season 1827, an episode occurred which, but for an immediate explanation on the part of Russell, might have caused a rupture of the newly-formed alliance, and brought it there and then to an untimely end. A bye-day had been arranged near Five Oaks, in the Bratton-Clovelly country, for the purpose not only of enjoying a day's sport, but of closely testing the merits of the united pack. True to his time, Mr. Harris, accompanied by two friends who were staying with him, namely, Mr. John Glanville and Mr. William Coryton of Pentillie, made his appearance at the appointed rendezvous; but there they found no hounds, no Russell, nor a human being to greet their arrival.

After waiting for some time, not without sundry growls and misgivings, Harris, unwilling to lose the chance of sport and disappoint his friends—who had been invited purposely to witness the work of the combined forces and Russell's skill in handling them—pulled out his watch and proposed allowing another half-hour before they gave him up and returned whence they came. In the midst of this quandary the music of a pack of hounds in full cry suddenly burst on their ears; and at the same time, a countryman coming up, Harris inquired if he had seen the hounds, and whose they were then running so merrily.

‘Passon Rissell’s, sir, in coose,’ responded the man; ‘they’m a driving hard, sure enow; and he home to the tails o’ mun.’

Utterly unable to account for such an extraordinary proceeding on the part of Russell, the three gentlemen determined to go in pursuit and ask him to explain his apparent want of courtesy in throwing off so ‘wide of the meet,’ and disappointing them of their day’s sport. On coming to a turn of the road near Inwardleigh Moor, there they spied Russell, cool as a cucumber, sitting at his ease on the back of Billy, his famous pony-hunter, and quietly watching the hounds.

‘What on earth are you about?’ inquired Harris, in a somewhat hasty and impatient tone.

‘Very sorry to have kept you waiting, Arthur,’ responded Russell good-humouredly, ‘but the truth is I fed rather late last night, and the hounds being scarcely fit to trim a good fox at once, I thought I’d find a hare first, and let them clear their pipes a bit before they tackled the stouter animal. They’ll come to the road in a minute, and I’ll stop them then.’

So he did. The hounds were then trotted off to a small spinney at the back of Five Oaks, where they found at once; and away they went, straight as a bee-line, over the Inwardleigh Moor, carrying a fine head over Bowerland Moor towards Bridestow, and on to Sourton and Prewley Moor; killing him between that and Lidford, on Dartmoor. Time, one hour and forty-five minutes.

Will it be superfluous to add that, under the influence of that glorious run, the cloud of the morning vanished like a summer mist, and never more darkened a day of that brief but happy alliance?

NEWMARKET.

BY A NON-RACING MUFF WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT.

I SUPPOSE that I am within the mark if I say that ninety per cent. of my every-day acquaintance have been to Epsom, and that not five per cent. of them have ever been to Newmarket. All the world has an idea that a Newmarket meeting is sheer business, and they are not far wrong. The cause of it is simple enough, and it is because the Heath is the private property of the Jockey Club, and is under the supervision and management of the first racing men in the world, who are the law-makers of one of the most popular of English sports, and the strictest order and regularity are maintained: just the same as, at Lord’s, the Committee are the authority to the whole world in cricket, and the sport is conducted by those who have been bred and brought up in the game, and who know the value of order and good management. As you may remember, Mr. Baily, I was to have gone down with you to see the Middle Park Plate run for on the Thursday, but I missed my train all ‘along of’ the Church Congress. The fact was that a dear old country parson

was staying with me, who never came home from the Croydon Congress till after eleven o'clock at night; and having the appetite of a good honest man with an easy conscience, he wanted his supper, and after his supper he liked a long churchwarden by the kitchen fire before going to bed. Could I say 'no' to a worthy Churchman who wanted his pipe after a long day's work? The result was that when my hot water was brought at seven o'clock on the 'Middle Park' day, I told the water-carrier to carry the water to a place where it could have been kept hot, and said, 'Bother old 'Baily and Newmarket,' and turned me round for just five minutes more, and you know what that means.

Consequently I went to Newmarket alone, on the last day, by the 9.30 special, with about twenty passengers, all told; and I was alone for the first half of the racing, until I tumbled across an old Sussex professional cricketer—with whom I have played many and many a match at Eastbourne—who makes a book, and under his auspices I saw all the celebrities of the Turf who were present.

On getting out at the station I jumped into a trap, and made the fifth passenger, and completed the number, my four companions being 'outside' bookmakers, and the trap being the most rickety, and the horse the longest, boniest, and most bow-backed quadruped, up-hill, I ever saw. The remarks of my companions on the breed and performances of the noble animal which was drawing us were more humorous than polite. I don't believe that there was a portion of his body which is known to anatomical science which was not discussed and spoken of disparagingly.

Mr. Baily, the first mouthful of the air on the Heath was worth going all the way to inhale, for the day was autumnal and bracing, and within half an hour I had what I have not had for a long time, and that was a raging appetite. More power to the elbow of the people who cut sandwiches at Jarvis's booth; they are real bread and good meat, none of the crummy abomination, smeared with bad butter and lined with tough ham, which one too often gets at a railway station, but the sandwiches were a fair 'fist-full of good 'victuals,' and the beer was good too.

I am very fond of a grand sweep of country, with God's pure air blowing across it. Possibly I appreciate it the more through having been born and having lived on the Wiltshire Downs during my childhood, and my lungs are made for it. Though living now within eight or nine miles of the Grand Stand on Epsom Downs, I have only been to the races four times in thirteen years, and then I have made my pilgrimage for the benefit of some country cousins. But many times in the year, when seedy, I walk up to Epsom Downs and back for the sake of the magnificent pure air, and walk the Derby course whilst they are getting me something to eat at the Rubbing House, and when I come back don't I fall on to the grub! Many a time in the winter, as far as I could see, I was the only person on the Downs. Ay! and don't I bring back many ghosts of the past, in the days of the old gambling-booths and the immortal

Jerry, the king of the beggars, and of Lord Chesterfield, Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor, Count D'Orsay, Crockford, Gully, and hundreds of others who were pointed out to me when I saw Attila win the first Derby I ever saw, in 1842.

But I must cut Epsom and get back to Newmarket, as I am going to jot down a few notes for the benefit of those who have never been, and with a view to induce them to enjoy as much pleasure as I did on the 12th of October last. To show how unnecessary it is to have a thorough knowledge of racing to appreciate Newmarket, I may remark at this minute that I can call to mind the names of only four horses in England, viz., Silvio, Lady Golightly, Hampton, and Shillelagh, and if you were to give me a ten-pound note, I couldn't remember another for the life of me.

I think there is something contagious in the precision of racing men. Order and neatness are of course the keystone to success in a racing stable, and I often observe in travelling up and down the Epsom line how neat the trainers and jockeys are in their appointments; and so it is at Newmarket. I thought I never saw a cleaner town than Newmarket, except Epsom, which is one of the neatest places in Surrey, and when no racing is going on, one of the very quietest; and such, I presume, is the case at Newmarket.

Going back to the air of the Heath, and the charm of the scenery and quiet. There are no niggers, no three-card men, no White-chapel gipsies, no throwing at the sticks, no parade of the scum of St. John's Wood and Pimlico, painted and noisy and drunk; no witty (?) London cads squirting some filth out of a leaden squirt, or pea-shooting, or making ribald and senseless remarks; no sporting cads in tandem carts with a horn; but order and quiet prevail, the only noise heard being the roar of the betting ring.

And now I want to ask one question, and it is this. Why should the outside bookmakers (some few of whom I recognised as the worst offenders at London suburban meetings) refrain from their black-guard and filthy language at Newmarket, and why should they poison the air with their horrible oaths in the neighbourhood of London, and allow themselves to be surrounded by ticket-stealers, whom some of the bookmakers (if they don't encourage them) see stealing tickets with impunity? The reason is simple enough. It is because they would be put off the course at once by the authorities whose property the Heath is, and it would be very good policy for owners of private suburban racecourses to keep as good order as is kept at Newmarket. Mind I don't say that many of the outside bookmakers are not honest men, as I know to the contrary. I have one in my mind's eye now, who supports a very aged mother in comfort, and who is as civil as a man can be, and as honest as the day, and is trusted by his neighbours with many and many a sovereign to do his best with in backing something at the post. Moreover, some of them are not only remarkably well-behaved, but very witty and amusing to boot.

Now about this Newmarket Heath. I am talking to those who have never been there. In imagination, take a very large tea-tray,

bend the top a good way diagonally upwards, so as to make a hill with a sky-line as viewed from the centre. This sky-line is a great feature in the prospect, as from a distance horsemen and carriages look like moving toys against the sky. Looking from the bottom of the tray towards the sky-line, put down a Noah's ark in the upper left-hand quarter, and dot about the course here and there smaller Noah's arks as fixed stands for certain points of finishing. Put the bowl of a tobacco-pipe here and there about the tray to represent judges' chairs, and stick up some pieces of tobacco-pipe near the bowls, here and there, for posts, and then imagine the bottom of the tray to be an immense sweep of beautifully-kept smooth grass, divested of stones, broken bottles, or rubbish of any kind, and imagine that you have a grand view of the fen country, with the circular horizon just as you have at sea—in fact, the fen land which you see in the horizon was sea once—throw in a fine autumn day, and there is Newmarket Heath.

And how many incongruous memories Newmarket brings back ! The Rye House plot and Charles II., James II., and William III.,* and George IV. and his racing scrapes, with the Jockey Club and the Chiffneys; and Osbaldeston's great two hundred miles match, accomplished in something more than eight hours and a half—the wager being that with the pick of fifty horses he did not ride two hundred miles in ten hours; and Admiral Rous, the prince of fair play; and old ring scenes connected with Six Mile Bottom and Mildenhall and prize-fighters training on the heath. Why, a man who trained on that heath ought to be able to fight a threshing machine and lick it. Hundreds of men and things of the past are seen through the curtain of time.

Oh, the joy of the elbow-room—which enables one to walk about and look at everybody and everything—not forgetting the trainers' wives and daughters in their broughams and family phaetons, and ladies on splendid horses, who ride about without fear of having their ears shocked by oaths and blasphemy and blackguardism. Then, too, there are the little stable-boys on the yearlings at exercise, looking like children on mad spiders. It was a treat to hear them

* [A.D. 1698.] 'The ambassador [Tallard, the French ambassador] was graciously received at Kensington, and was invited to accompany William to Newmarket, where the largest and most splendid spring meeting ever known was about to assemble. The attraction must be supposed to have been great, for the risks of the journey were not trifling. The peace had all over Europe, and nowhere more than in England, turned many old soldiers into marauders.

* * * * *
'Nowhere does the peril seem to have been so great as on the Newmarket road. There indeed robbery was organised on a scale unparalleled since the days of Robin Hood and Little John. A fraternity of plunderers, thirty in number, squatted near Waltham Cross, under the shades of Epping Forest, and built themselves huts, from which they sallied forth with sword and pistol to bid passengers stand. The King and Tallard were doubtless too well attended to be in jeopardy. But soon after they passed the dangerous spot there was a fight on the highway attended with loss of life.—LORD MACAULAY'S HISTORY.

talk to their horses when restive, and to see the horses turn round and laugh at them. I suppose it must have been a 'horse laugh.' I have heard it hundreds of times stated as a fact that the hardest thing in the world is to square the little stable-boy who lives with his horse. An occasional rascally trainer or jockey may be 'got at,' as Turf history proves, but the horse and the boy are inseparable friends, and I believe the story that the horse is the last friend in the world whom the boy would sell.

Their little fresh-coloured faces looked just like cherubims' heads on a cathedral stall, though I fancy if they were to sing with the seraphims the latter would be a little astonished at some of their expressions, which, parrot-like, they pick up in the stables. One young gentleman, who might have weighed three stone or so, and who was about forty-eight inches high, related to his companions an anecdote about what he called the 'off hind leg of a tough goose' which they had on Michaelmas Day, and his remarks on the deceased bird were more eccentric than complimentary. If I was Fielding, and we were in the days of George II., instead of Queen Victoria, I would relate the story, but am afraid, Mr. Baily, I must tell it to you in confidence, and not put it in print. But upon the whole they seemed a happy lot of little fellows, who had the appearance of being kindly treated and well looked after. They are doubtless as good as any other lot of English boys, and their ringing laughter made very pretty music in the clear autumn air. There was one grand old gentleman on horseback who wore one of the old-fashioned long coats, which was neither a great-coat nor a surtout, but like a huntsman's coat of the last century, and mahogany tops and a loose white neckcloth, who was accompanied by a little curly-haired boy of about nine years old on a priceless little horse of about thirteen to fourteen hands high. The little fellow's breeches were about the size of a pair of wicket-keeping gloves, and his leggings no bigger than a lady's six-button gauntlet. He was sitting carelessly on his horse, with his reins and small hunting-whip in his right hand, and leaning on the pommel with his left hand, and remarking to his delighted grandfather, 'But, Grandpapa, Uncle George said at breakfast the Monarch could give 'Sailor Boy' (to coin two names) 'seven pounds and a beating any day.' Verily, verily, these boys are born and bred in racing.

Don't let any one listen to the nonsense which people say, that it is useless going to Newmarket unless you are mounted. Trainers, and racing men who bet heavily, and who wish to attend the ring and see all the race, must of course be mounted, but those who are content to see the finish, or see the race some way from the post, have no difficulty whatever. Half the fun is watching the troops of horsemen, and the trainers' ponies, some of them wonderful specimens, savouring strongly of Welsh ponies, New Foresters, and Exmoors. There was one rough, iron-grey, wall-eyed, little dray-horse of a pony, apparently able to carry a billiard-table on his back, whose legs were almost as thick as mine, who was so intelligent that I am sure he had a soul, and possibly a heavy book with some other

pony on the race. Talk about excitement dying out with advanced middle age—why, I saw a well-known trainer, who must be *very* long in the tooth, galloping on one of these ponies, and shrieking at the top of his voice, ‘A hundred pounds the young ’un wins!’ He was as mad as a Harrow or an Eton boy at Lord’s, pending a crisis in the match. Even one of the mounted police was on an old racer, thirteen years old, who, according to the rider’s account, had run third or fourth in the Derby one year. Why, every horse one met seemed to know all about it. If you are a stranger, any gentleman will tell one where to go for each race, and half the pleasure is walking about on the beautiful turf on a fine day. Oh, but what a terrible place it must be in rain or snow! Barring two or three scrubby bushes, there is not shelter for your corns even in the open.

Shouldn’t I like to inclose a circle of 450 yards in diameter, with a 10-feet bank, well turfed round, with a terrace on the top for spectators, and lay out a cricket ground on that heath, and not let a living soul be on the ground except the eleven, the two batsmen, and the umpires, as is the case at the dripping-pan at Lewes. What a splendid ground it would make!

I have a nasty knack of talking to myself when alone, and sometimes of quarrelling with myself out loud; so, after two hours of my own company, I was not sorry to meet my Sussex cricketer, who knew everything and everybody. I may allude to an admirable arrangement, which is having the birdcage which answers to the paddock at Epsom adjoining the Grand Stand, and open to the public as regards seeing everything, as it was a great pleasure to see the horses saddled and walked about, and the owners, jockeys, and trainers, and to see the people in the Jockey Club, and all the real English sportsmen. Let me not omit also to draw attention to another admirable arrangement, which is, having a clock tower on the Stand, which is a great convenience. They have a large clock outside the tennis court at Lord’s, and I throw out this hint for the Oval managers as well worth their consideration. I do delight to see a sport carried out by noblemen and gentlemen who really understand it, although I may know nothing of it myself, as much as I hate shams of all kinds; and although I was at Newmarket on a quiet day, I never was more pleased in my life. The enthusiasm of the female equestrians, some of whom wore Napoleon boots, and knickerbockers I *suppose*—we cannot suppose that they wear the unwhisperables, but it would be impertinent to inquire—and short habits (perfectly neat and ladylike), rode splendidly, and were as excited as I sometimes am at a cricket match, when I have a colt in a county eleven, and I fancy it is the same with them about horses. No doubt they know several of the horses from the time they were foals, and have seen them galloped many and many a time, and look on them as almost members of their own family. I was reading in some book—‘Post and Paddock,’ I think—how the landlady of an inn, who was aroused in the middle of the night by the news that some celebrated

mare had foaled, jumped out of bed and ran across the stable-yard with nothing on but her night shift to see the new arrival. Ay, and I can imagine how racing becomes a passion like anything else; and how the better half of creation take an immense interest in a noble horse for the horse's sake.

How the gentlemen of the press manage to report as accurately and well as they do is a wonder to me. Their only chance is being driven from one course to another and writing in a brougham. It is hard work enough for them to sit in a room on a cricket ground, and to note every over and hit and to furnish the admirable reports which they publish each day in the summer, which reports are the next best thing to seeing the matches; but rushing about from the betting ring to the post and back again all over the course, and writing their report in a carriage, must be very hard and exhausting work. These are the men who are the *bonâ fide* sporting press.

There now, Mr. Baily, I have jotted down my ideas of a most enjoyable place and a most enjoyable scene for the benefit of those who have never been; and I can promise them that, if they don't want to go into the Stand, and are content with an occasional good sandwich when hungry, and some good beer, *not* forgetting the home-brewed, which can be got in the town in many places, they can go first class by special express to Newmarket and back, and have their eating and drinking, for about five-and-twenty or thirty shillings all told, and get health and enjoyment, and be in rare good company, for little money. If the old parson had not kept me up over his churchwarden I should have gone with you, and should have talked your head off probably, and should not have prowled about alone, like Mr. Spectator, interviewing the manners and customs of Newmarket as I did. One thing is quite certain, which is, that if you had not spoken so enthusiastically about the pleasures of the place I should never have gone at all, and I don't think your picture was overdrawn.

Mitcham.

F. G.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS COLEMAN.

WE have reason to believe that no more popular papers have enlivened the pages of 'Baily' than the 'Recollections of Mr. Thomas Coleman,' and we feel sure that all who have been amused by his racy recitals and recollections will learn with sorrow that the voice which told them is for ever silent in death. For ourselves, we can only say that the loss is a severe and sad one: during the many hours in which we had chatted over the past with him, note-book in hand, by his snug fireside, we had come to entertain feelings of esteem and regard such as usually are rarely found from mere casual acquaintanceship; and little did we think, at the close of our last interview, that we were taking leave of our genial old friend for ever. Greatly as we know his recollections have been appreciated, his

anecdotes and stories lost much by being transferred to paper, as it was impossible to convey the quaint idiom, the merry look and appropriate gesture with which each was accompanied; we hope, however, that they have done something more than amuse, and that the wisdom gathered from the varied experiences of a very long life may help to instruct as well as amuse, and in some measure ameliorate abuses connected with man's noblest servant, the horse. Such was the wish of Mr. Coleman; and we could by no means so well carry out his ideas as by again calling attention to some points in his conversation which may perhaps have been more lightly passed over than they deserved, amongst the fun and joke with which his recollections sparkled.

First, we may say now that which we could not say when he was living; which is, that Mr. Coleman was a man quite out of the common; a man of original ideas and great observation, and by no means inclined to consider a thing right because every one did it. Born in a humble position, he raised himself by sheer force of will and intellect very materially in the social scale, and from riding gallops as an exercise-lad became the trusted counsellor, in matters connected with horseflesh, of some of the greatest men of his time. His majesty George the Fourth thought so much of him as to send horses to run at the races at No Man's Land near St. Albans, as an especial mark of patronage when he first established them. With Lord George Bentinck he was also deep in Turf matters, and there was no memory he liked better to recall than that of his transactions with the owner of Grey Momus and Crucifix; nor was he ever more pleased than when exhibiting the bundle of time-worn letters, carefully kept, that he had received from his lordship. In fact, at the time of his death, he was engaged looking up the materials for another article to be especially devoted to Lord George Bentinck, and wrote us shortly before his decease that we must not hurry about it, because he should have a good long one. But, alas! the history was never penned. With the Earl of Verulam he also stood so well, that he allowed him to hold races in Gorhambury Park. Old Mr. Richard Tattersall, the most upright and keenest of men, also held him in great respect; as did Mr. Gully, whose own achievements speak plainly enough for his acumen and penetration. With 'the Squire' also he was a great favourite, and he often stayed at his house at St. Albans. How he was the introducer of public steeplechasing and hurdle racing needs not to be told here. He saw the opening for another branch of sport in England; took it up, and made it a success; but he never trained or ran more than one steeplechaser, and, as he said, put him to it only because he was a bad-tempered brute. The present handicap system, with cut-down fences, light weights, and weedy thoroughbreds, he spoke of with the most withering contempt; and it especially roused his ire when he heard of three-year-olds being asked to race over hurdles, on hard ground under heavy weights, and he stigmatised it as nothing less than the grossest cruelty. He

certainly did not fall in with the popular notion that men ride better now than they did a generation ago, and often remarked that very few knew how to put a boy properly on a horse, so as to teach him the rudiments of a seat. Osbaldeston was his beau-ideal, as an amateur; and he was especially hard on some of his contemporaries who have made a pretty good name in the racing world. Beecher he looked on as a good horseman, and never tired of telling how Sam Chifney could sit and hold a puller. Mr. Coleman's great *forte* appears to have been winning races with horses that were no use in other people's hands; and, so far from following the present fashion of at once exalting a horse into the best of his year because he had won a pretty good race, he was often enabled to see so far through the cause of his success as to pick up something cheap amongst the beaten lot which could eventually beat him. He was emphatically a man who went about with his eyes open, and the great cause of his success with horses which were useless to others was from the fact, that he treated them just as nature dictated, and not according to the rules of the training stable. It may seem a strange thing to turn a horse out in a paddock for a time, and then win races with him, without his ever having had a gallop, but this he did with a filly bought of John Scott, as has been before related; and the strangest thing is that when she was sold for a good sum, and once more put into regular work amongst other horses, she could not beat a common hack. He had a great notion of placing horses according to ground that suited them and their formation and action, and, when he had all other circumstances as he considered favourable, cared little for weight, and would sacrifice it to get a horse ridden exactly to his mind. Hot stables were his abomination; and to the being so early put into these forcing-houses, and heavily clothed, he attributed a great deal of the deterioration amongst our blood-stock—for that they had deteriorated he was very certain. Tight rollers constantly round growing colts, which prevent the expansion of the chest to give room for the heart and lungs to work, were in his opinion a very fruitful source of roaring; and if what has been said about tight-lacing has any truth in it, there must be some foundation for his theory. The smallness of bone, and contracted feet amongst blood-stock, he also attributed to early shoeing, so that the foot and hoof had not time to grow and expand; and, as he put it, if the hoof, which is the foundation, does not grow, how can the bones above which are dependent on it attain their proper proportions? No doubt these opinions may be treated as those of a superannuated old man belonging to a bygone age, but if we examine them impartially, there will be found a sound substratum of common sense under them—and what is more, they are the opinions of a man who was eminently successful in what he undertook with horses. He did not deviate from the common path to get beaten, but to win races with horses which were no use in other hands—and that he could do so, the position in which he ended his days is ample testimony. There is nothing so successful as success, it is said; and

by that rule, the maxims of a man who raised himself as he did to an independent position in the world, in spite of very heavy losses through the defalcations of some with whom he was connected, must be worthy of consideration. With regard to breeding horses for the army and general purposes, he was equally positive, and 'You must go back to the carthorse to get sound feet and legs' was his verdict. 'It is no use to go on breeding from unsound stock, 'and almost all our blood and nearly blood-stock are unsound,' he has over and over again said to us. Here also he spoke from experience, as he had bred in that way, and very successfully.

And now our task is done, and the tribute of respect due to one who for many years held a conspicuous place in the sporting world, and came through the temptations that beset a career on the Turf, with honour to himself and advantage to his employers, is paid, and it only remains to say *Requiescat in pace*.

DOWN THE GREAT SOUTH ROAD.

THERE is no road in England like that from London to Brighton for coaching. Others may have their praises sung, may be well done, and abound in scenery which cannot be surpassed; but talk to what coaching man you will, and if he gives his unbiassed opinion, it will be that the Brighton is the king of roads—nay, is not every inch of it classic ground, and would it not be dear to the heart of lovers of the road, even supposing no coach ran over it at all? It may be said of it, in the words of Moore:

'You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.'

Is it not sacred to the memory of Mr. Stevenson, Sir St. Vincent Cotton, and Mr. Jones? is it not the last road on which coaching lingered, and the first to which it returned? It is an old love of mine, so I must ask my readers to bear with me if I write strongly in its favour. I remember it in those happy days of the revival, when Badminton's Duke, Cherry Angell, Mr. Chandos Pole (of whom the Duke only now remains), and others brought coaching once more into fashion; and I love yet to linger round the Steyne, or lounge by the Albion, and muse myself into the idea that I shall see the last-named or Tedder bring the well-known team of chestnuts in, as I people the place with absent faces. There is Mr. A. G. Scott, either on the coach or waiting to see them in on the Albion steps; Colonel Tracey-Clitherow; the portly figure of Mr. Blake, a fine specimen of an old sportsman, who owned Nabob, and Rupee, who was thought something of for the Oaks in Butterfly's year; or Mr. W. H. Cooper—most likely by his side; and sure as fate itself, Mr. Willis in his mail phaeton, with red under-

carriage, driving the greys or blue roans, pulled up on the opposite side of the road to welcome them. Often do I in fancy see all this, and as the Brighton has this season returned to its old route, I determined to add another to my list of experiences concerning it, and once more go down; one strong inducement thereto being the hope of watching John Thorogood at work. When I put my resolve into execution matters not; suffice it to say that I was early at Hatchett's—so early, indeed, that I was soon enough to see the Windsor start, with a neat team, and everything very well turned out. Another quarter of an hour, and Clark brings up the Boxhill, also very well horsed; and then as time draws on the crowd thickens, for the Guildford and Brighton both start at eleven. The former first makes its appearance, driven by T. Thorogood, and drawn by one of those grand-looking teams that Mr. Shoolbred always takes care to have on the London ground; and close behind it is the Brighton, with four short-legged, useful bays. 'A capital stamp, aren't they?' remarks Mr. Chandos Pole to me as he takes a passing look at them on his way westwards; and ere long Sir Thomas Lennard endorses the remark. There is little time for chat though now, as the hand of the clock nears the hour of departure. There is a full way-bill, and Thorogood and Ike Simmons are busy getting people to settle into their places. The latter is a great swell in his scarlet coat, but, as a bystander remarks, 'if they had him fresh shod 'and his heels trimmed he would look just as well.' Ours was a curious load, on the whole, principally made up of Liverpooldians out for a holiday, male and female, the latter for the most part packed in the hold, as Jack would say, while their worse halves enjoyed very moderate tobacco on the top. I saw this party the next day, after they had visited the Dyke, and arrived at the conclusion that Sir Wilfrid Lawson's ideas are by no means carried out in their entirety in that locality. We had also a young lady with a bird as companion, which Ike consigned to the front boot, a proceeding which caused its fair owner apparently much perturbation of mind, if I may judge from the repeated peepings in, to see that it was safe, which occurred at the stoppages, and the quantity of bread which was thrust beneath us for its refreshment. It will perhaps be inferred from this that I was more pleased with the turn-out than the passengers; yet I must say that, if not specially refined, we were a very jolly lot, and as companionships are not formed for life on a coach, it was rather amusing than otherwise. The whole turn-out is very good, as is to be expected when it is remembered who are the proprietors of the Brighton. Mr. Freeman worked us out of London, and appeared to have a handy, clever lot in the bays, who did the first and longest stage in good time, with ease to themselves, all going well, except that the off leader twisted into her companion a bit at times, I expect from causes which render mares less desirable than horses for harness work. The first change elicits a chaffing remark from one passenger, who apparently lives on coaches in general, and the Brighton in particular, on the desirability

of stopping at houses which are licensed to sell something better than beer. However, there is no redress for his grievance, and he is bound to go on without having his thirst assuaged. Thorogood here relieved Mr. Freeman, and took in hand another useful team, the near leader being one of the heroes of the sheep accident in the Steyne last season, and the only one which was injured enough to be of any consequence. He could not be sold, and so is working on as a veteran for his second season, and doing real good work, too, a few scars notwithstanding. In Croydon Thorogood showed us how four horses and a coach can be turned and twisted about amongst a crowd of waggons and carts in narrow lanes, for the main street was forbidden ground to all vehicles. Our ride for a little distance might have opened the eyes of a nervous passenger, and when he got into clear sailing again, perhaps, like the fly in amber, he may have wondered how the — he got there. But in the hands of Thorogood all difficulties appeared to vanish as if by magic, and we slipped past one thing and another with as much ease as a Leicestershire hound winds his way through a crowd of three or four hundred horsemen, all going best pace, and soon found ourselves free of the town and on the road to Smitham Bottom, not before we had to run the gauntlet of a lot of vans taking children 'for a day in the country,' about as nasty an obstacle as any man need wish to take four timid horses past. By-the-way, why must they always have flags, and shout at every one who comes near them? Smitham Bottom, with its brood bitches and their whelps in the paddocks, brings back memories of the Surrey Staghounds, Jem Beniley, the Squire, Lord Derby, Jonathan Griffin, and a whole world of sport seems to open up before us at once. It is no longer summer; the oats and wheat ripening for harvest give place to stubble, hedgerows and trees become leafless, and we are for the time being in the thick of one of those runs for which the county has so long been famous.

At Merstham, where the next change takes place, our passengers find fluid more suited to their taste than beer, and I have a whole flood of hunting recollections again upon me. Nay, was it not here that, meeting the Old Surrey one day, I saw the veritable prototype of the immortal Jorrocks himself? Who else could it have been, with that breadth of back, set off by grey hair peeping from beneath his hat of godly brim? 'Twas the man that Surtees drew to the life; the green-collared scarlet, capacious boots—ay, and even the worsted gloves were there. A right merry day I had, too, with Sam Hills. Melton men might have turned up their noses at the hills and ploughs, but nevertheless we got a bustling gallop, and killed our fox in spite of them. There was no crowd of pinks opposite the Feathers this day, and very few idlers to see us change; but had any one who attended the sale of Barnes's horses at Tattersall's not long before been present, he would have recognised in the common-looking black at off wheel an old acquaintance. Verily, here she is the right animal in the right place, for she could draw a coach herself, and is such a

rare plucked one that a Chifney is put into her mouth to keep her from doing too much—as, when so minded, she can take hold a bit, and, moreover, has the pace of all her companions. There is another in the team, also a black, that can take hold, and does it until, coupling-reins and curb-chain being taken up, he is brought to see the error of his ways. Altogether it is a very sharp lot, with perhaps the exception of the bay at near wheel, who appeared to me overpaced throughout, and to want more whip-cord than curb. The drive beyond Red Hill is exceedingly pretty; and were it not for the luncheon, I should almost regret our approach to Horley, where the coach now lunches, as it did in the old days when Tedder kept the house and drove the Brighton—and I could lay an even wager there were great doings thereat in those days. Before this time the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. Chandos Pole, and Cherry Angell ran two coaches, Pratt driving the London side. Mr. C. Hoare took a pack of harriers down and stayed at the house about 1867, and, I believe, had some very good sport there. A picture of the coaches meeting here was published as an advertisement on the back cover of the ‘Sporting Gazette,’ about ten years ago, under the title of ‘The Light of Other Days.’ But lunch is waiting, and I think our passengers were well inclined towards their work on this occasion; but the landlord, a wise man in his generation, put a stop to any very serious demonstration in that way, and without having his bill of fare disparaged either. How was it done? Very easily, by giving us blunt knives, so that when we contemplated the good fare before us, and reflected on the short time allowed for its consumption, we felt very much as I should suppose the carnivora must have done when for the first time they occupied their outdoor apartments at the Zoological Gardens, and had a good view of their ruminating brethren in captivity. I thought it quite an American move of the host, but perhaps not altogether unnecessary; for, to do our party justice, most of them maintained a noble struggle under adverse circumstances, and the knives, such as they were, got worked with an energy that did full justice to the British appetite. Nay, many a wistful glance was cast at the piece of beef which ornamented the head of the table when the summons to take our places was once more heard. There is a rare piece of trotting ground—galloping, if you like—from here to Crawley; and on the left you pass Lowfield Heath, where the coaches lunched before Tedder took the Chequers, and where, I believe, Mr. Freeman changed last year. We have a good fair team over it, though the near leader seemed a little inclined to shirk his work; and every coachman knows that to give such a gentleman a reminder under the bar, without letting the rest know what is going forward, is an art that is not learnt in a day, especially when you have an eager one at wheel. I cannot help thinking also that his companion would not worry him so either (for he keeps making snatches at him), were he driven in a bearing-rein; but, of course, as I have observed that none of the horses on this road are driven in them, I hold my peace on the subject, and digest my

thoughts in silence, as at the present time the driving world is well-nigh in arms on the subject. And, truly, Mr. Flower has cast a veritable apple of discord amongst the knights of the whip, which is likely to keep them as much divided as the parties to a divorce suit, though the advocates for the abolition of bearing-reins remind me very much of the total abstinence men—they are not content with discontinuing them on their own part, but want to make every one else do likewise, at times by means which should almost be described as questionable. By-the-way, is it not a pity that men in this present age do not think before they speak upon a subject or rush into print? That they do not do so is evident enough, or we should not hear and read the nonsense we do in connection with driving, where verily babes and sucklings think they can tell us more than men who learnt to handle the ribbons when driving was a necessity, not a recreation. But, as Carlyle says, Vox is the god of this universe at present. A coachman who has been more years on the box than many who now speak as those in authority on the subject of driving have lived, not long ago said to a friend of mine, of the modern school of coachmen, “If they’d only sit still they’d be all right, but directly they begin to move they display their ignorance.” This reminds me of a good thing which occurred on this very road, and near the spot of which I am now writing. The late Mr. Chandos Pole was approaching Lowfield Heath with his coach, when a man on horse-back met them. The horse shied a little on passing, and the rider hit it a sharp cut on the off shoulder. The Squire turned to his companion and said, ‘That was an unlucky hit, for we didn’t know what a fool he was.’

There are few prettier villages than Crawley; and those who care for such associations can see the house built for George IV. to rest at on his journeys to and fro, and the last time I spent a night at the inn called the George some of the cups and saucers were remaining of a set made for his use. He habitually changed horses here. There also is the place where Mark Lemon lived—as snug a little spot as need be wished for; while others of a different turn of mind may perhaps find interest in seeing the site of the old Crawley and Horsham kennels. Leaving here there is a strange coincidence, which I have never seen mentioned; you ascend a slight hill, this is called Hogg’s Hill, and the name of the farmer who lives at the top is Gammon.

Either at Handcross or Albourne, I cannot exactly charge my memory which, I was much amused by an ostler, who must have been dug up somewhere, for such a specimen of the old school could certainly never have existed through those days when coaches were not. At first I was inclined to believe that he was the veritable ostler I had previously seen at the Exhibition of Old Coaching Pictures, in the large one exhibited by the Duke of Beaufort, so strong was the likeness between them; but when he moved and spoke the delusion dropped, and I could see that he was really flesh and blood. Those knee-breeches (excuse me, they used the word in

ancient days), stockings, and low shoes, must have been very old long before the Regency, I suspect, and the man must, by appearance, have been older still. I longed to talk with him, and learn if he had any recollection of the time when fast coaches first started, or if not that, how the thing was done in Sir St. Vincent Cotton's time—whether he remembered the Prince coming down the road, and whether Mrs. Fitzherbert was really as fine a woman as was represented, or hear what he could tell about 'The Beaufort' driven by the then Marquis of Worcester, a well-known fashionable coach in its day. Then he might have thrown some light on the vexed subject of the deterioration of our horses (only these fossilised individuals always act on the *laudator temporis acti* plan), and have set many doubts at rest; but, alas, time was short, and without a doubt he was deaf—these men always are deaf, it's a peculiarity of theirs—so I had no chance of questioning one who appeared as if he had risen from the dead, and may go on forming my own opinion, no doubt an erroneous one, on such subjects as he could have set at rest. In old days the beer and cider used to be excellent at Handcross; the man had deliciously cool cellars, and drew the liquors on the arrival of the coach. They did not change, but only watered there. Here is the junction of two roads to Brighton, the one on the right going by Hickstead, the other by Cuckfield, which Mr. Meek, known as 'Handsome Meek,' induced the proprietors of a former coach to take, so that they might change at his stables on Staplefield Common—Mr. Meek horsed the coach from Lowfield Heath to this place. A little farther on are the present Crawley and Horsham kennels, and then you reach quaint quiet Cuckfield, with the wonderful view from its churchyard. Then on the right the ancient home of the Sergisons with its Elizabethan gateway, Cuckfield Place, rendered immortal by Harrison Ainsworth in his novel of 'Rookwood,' the plot of which is laid there. Still farther on is St. John's Common, where were the remains of a religious house connected with the order of St. John. But I am wandering, and must get back to Handcross, and the other road, which is the best for horses, though Cuckfield, is the more populated and interesting. The stage to Albourne was in a great measure taken up on my part in framing petitions that we might not meet a bicycle, for some one on the coach unfortunately let it out in my hearing that our off leader had such an antipathy to that means of locomotion, that it would take two men to hold him while one passed. I share his dislike to the obnoxious wheels, and cannot find it in my heart to blame him for showing it, especially as he is not likely to be haled before a 'beak,' and fined for his manner of expressing his feelings; but as we did not meet one, and all went smooth, I must admit my ride would have been more enjoyable had I been in ignorance as to his dislikes. I am not specially nervous, but confess that the idea of going from the top of a coach down a drop of fifteen or twenty feet into a field, or perchance a pond, is not to my taste. And you know not at what odd corner a bicyclist may pop out on you; they apparently select secret places,

where they can meet you unawares, and then, before those two men could get to the horse's head, why, I might have been enlightened as to a future existence. I counsel all who ride on coaches, if they know any secrets concerning the horses that draw them, to keep them to themselves, lest they spoil a fellow-traveller's pleasure; then if a smash should occur, and they have the faculty of speech left, with what importance they can bring out: 'Ah, I knew how it would be ' before the season was over; that brute always did so-and-so, and ' was bound to come to grief.'

After all, perchance, there was nothing in it, and some one was taking a rise out of us. The next lot felt a little inclination to make a bolt for the corn-bin when set going, but were quickly righted, and I am thankful to say there was no one to make unpleasant suggestions as to their likes and dislikes, though one gentleman confided to me that the off leader was one of the best hunters in England. Well, he did look like galloping and jumping under a certain weight, for he had a rare back and tremendous hocks and thighs; but how my informant came to know his capabilities is beyond me, though I often meet men who do know all these kinds of things, and can give you such an amount of information that verily, were it all true, which I am prone to doubt, they must spend their lives in finding out the history of other people's horses. Truly, with this team we did come across a cad on castors, but they entertained no ill-feeling for him, so we wind up the hill by Clayton Holt safely, which brought back the recollection of the most uncomfortable half hour I ever spent. On one of those days which I can only now look on as periods of mental derangement (no doubt I should have been shut up, save for the fact of being poor), I was induced to get up at an unearthly hour and meet the South Down foxhounds at this famous covert, for cub-hunting, which I found meant sitting still on the top of the hill while the hounds amused themselves below. In the midst of the performance, such a storm swept the front hill as I scarcely ever experienced before, and never wish to again. There was nothing for it but to turn your back, grin and bear it, then to go home and find dry clothes. Nevertheless, it is a great covert, is that Clayton Holt, and has given them runs galore, especially with one well-known old fox, who lodged here for three seasons, and always got such a start that he beat them, after good runs, turning fairly white at last with trouble, until Champion contrived one very hot day to steal a march on him and opened his jacket. But we get past into the hare-hunting country, where Mr. Dewé rules, and as we reach Patchem Ike Simmons treats the villagers to what passes for a tune on the horn. He is a wonderful trumpeter, and it is said can perform on various other instruments, so that he would have made up a band for King Nebuchadnezzar and his golden image in his own proper person; and as I am told of his proficiency, I thank my stars that only one of the various organs of music he can handle is allowed on the coach, and should by no means die of grief if that one were corked up. At Preston

I note that good sportsman Mr. J. Philcox, out to see the coach pass, and remember, not without a smile, when he and I found it not impossible to lose hounds on a clear day on the South Down hills, and rode home abashed. Five o'clock lands us at the Ship, and a stroll in the King's Road reveals the fact that Brighton is not the same all the year round, and that Brighton in summer and Brighton in autumn are two places, the sea notwithstanding; that does not change, save from rough to smooth, but those who disport themselves therein do, very materially; and without being particularly nice, I must say that I prefer Monmouth Street and the denizens thereof, rich and, comparatively speaking, clean, to Monmouth Street which has money yet to make, and is somewhat oblivious of soap and water. An early lunch disposes one to dinner, and I am of those who look on dinner as an institution that should be respected; yet an hotel dinner for one is but a dull affair, and generally results in, if I may use the phrase, 'great cry and little wool'; that is to say, there is a good deal of parade and expense, and very little satisfaction. So I turned me into a well-known refuge for the destitute, where ere now the pangs of hunger have been appeased on civilised and savoury viands. But, alas! I might have said with the preacher, 'All is vanity.' The bill of fare proved a delusion, the wine list but a snare, the answer being to the former either 'not ready,' or 'just out,' while the latter appeared to have been revised for the special occasion. So I went away, not full, but fervent (in anger), feeling that, like the Egyptians, I had been plagued with flies, and endured the plague for nothing but vowing it would be a long time ere I should say '*revenons à nos Moutons.*'

FROM HAND TO MOUTH.

IT is not from the hard struggle for existence, which too many amongst our teeming millions are bound to wage, that we take our title; such themes we may leave to our more ponderous contemporaries, whose range runs from weak novels to heavy political articles. The hand-to-mouth we speak of is that indefinable species of conversation which sometimes is, and always should be, carried on between the horse and his rider or driver—that species of intelligence which enables them to act as it were by one impulse and one will, and has given rise to what is called the 'centaur seat' amongst horsemen. It is a strange thing, that touch, by which some men can play upon a horse's mouth as others can on the strings of a violin, and impart to him by its means their own feelings, wants, and wishes, which, when in the hands of a master, he acts on and responds to as freely as if he were guided only by his own volition. Who can explain how it is done, or impart to another that peculiar gift of establishing intelligence with the animal, for it is nothing less than a gift? No one that we ever met, and hundreds of men ride and drive all

their lives and never know the meaning of it, or, happily for them, feel the want of it. The only thing we can ascertain concerning it is that apparently the more delicate the touch, the greater the chance of obtaining that command which makes horse and rider one: hence the fair sex have a pull, and a strong pull, over us, their more even temper (we write as from the ranks of the bachelors) and delicate fingering being of immense advantage to them in the saddle. As a rule, we may divide horsemen into two classes, those who let their horses carry them with little or no interference from the bridle—a small percentage—and those who, as they say, like ‘a horse ‘that catches hold of them and goes into his bridle,’ which being interpreted means, that by the aid of reins and stirrups, and a horse who does not object to having his head made a sort of hauling-block for them to hold on by, they can manage to gallop and jump without falling off. We have seen men of both sorts hold a very good place across country with hounds, and known them day after day carried by their horses into a fair place. We say carried advisedly, because we must decline to call such a species of equitation riding, for assuredly the horse has quite as much to do with where they go as their own free will.

Between these come the horsemen, men who can do on horseback as they could do on foot, regulate a horse-stride to a nicety across ridge and furrow, or make him take off at the very point they select at a fence; drop him in and out of a double, make him fly or creep, as the nature of the case demands, and, in fact, use his legs as they would their own. These are horsemen—natural, born horsemen; they inherit a gift which no amount of teaching could give them. We take it any man may, with a fair amount of sense and patience, be taught to play the violin, but all the teaching in the world would not make most men Paganinis. So we take it that all men, taken young enough, may be taught to ride after a fashion, but all the masters in the world could not make them horsemen.

We may notice the Chifneys, father and son, Robinson, Assheton Smith, Jem Mason, and in the present day, Tom Cannon, as some of the most notable examples of what we wish to impress. We do not speak of the Chifneys, Robinson, or Cannon now as proficient in race-riding, where of course all know they were pre-eminent, but as instances of the extraordinary command they have acquired over the mouth of the horse. Beyond a doubt this fine handling was of great service to them in races, and helped them to win over and over again by enabling them to carry out their ideas as to how the race should be ridden without pulling and mauling their horses about. But there is no doubt Chifney would have been the first jockey of his day, even had he not possessed the rare faculty of holding a puller with a slack rein. That he could do so may appear to many incomprehensible, but we have seen the same thing done by Mr. Assheton Smith, who would go sailing along by the side of his hounds with a loose rein, and yet have every movement of his horse under the most perfect control. This is not that kind of leaving everything to the horse, spoken of by Lord

Granville a time ago at a dinner given to Lord Guilford, when he said a certain friend of his left everything to his horse except the pace, 'When the noble animal coming to a double, instead of jumping 'on and off, sometimes jumped on, then back again.' No horse would have done this with Assheton Smith, and it is typical of the first class of riders to which we alluded, rather than finished horsemen. Jem Mason, again, was not only a fine rider from his judicious selection of ground, but we have heard one say who knew him very well, that he could make his horse rise to an inch at a fence, and was thus enabled to negotiate a rough cramped country in safety on horses which would have put many men down half-a-dozen times in the course of a race. Strange to say, most of these men used very different kinds of tackle : Chifney would hold anything in a plain snaffle ; Mr. Smith in his earlier days used a snaffle and gag, but for many years before his death what is known as the Bentinck bit, perhaps the most severe that was ever invented, and *rode all his horses in it*. Of course in his hands it was no more punishing than an ordinary bridle, but there are, we believe, very few men to be found who could successfully cross a country on any horse, much less ride all in it. Jem Mason was very fond of a snaffle with two reins and a martingale, and rode the celebrated Lottery and the British Yeoman in that tackle, while nothing would have induced Mr. Smith to ride in a martingale, and he was once very rough with Dick Burton for putting one on a young horse he had been asked to school. The well-known Dick Webster, of Leicestershire fame, shares the same opinion ; while one of the best ladies we ever saw to hounds is seldom without a martingale on any horse, and on some even has running reins on the curb bit. So that we see doctors differ even in these matters. Old Sam Day, the man who won the Derby on Pyrrhus the First, always said a martingale was very good for a fool to hold on by. He certainly was a fine horseman ; and though many may try to emulate Jem Mason's feats in such tackle, we always fancy when we see a man so turned out, however well he may go, that he trusts to his hands as much as his legs to keep him on the shopboard.

Another thing that has caused us much wonderment is the way in which many who most unmistakably ride all day and every day in their horse's mouths, contrive to get carried safely over a country in strong bridles, as we see them often and often. Of course there is a great deal in use, and much as the ass has been extolled for patience, we doubt if the horse is far behind him in this respect, for apparently many of them will get used to anything, and we constantly see them galloping and jumping under such treatment as may be expected to land them well into the first ditch they come to. It is true if they do make a mistake it is generally a bad one, because the horse has no liberty to save himself, whereas, ridden with a light hand, if he came down at all, it would be in a very different style to the heels-over-head cropper to which he then treats his rider. Moreover, these mutton-fisted gentlemen often get a dirty coat from small open drains, sticky furrows and other traps, into which their horses, from leaning

on the bridles instead of going in a collected form, pitch their forelegs, and failing to get them out roll over, often very much to the detriment of the ribs of the man on whose hands they were leaning. Yet you may, any and every day during the season, see them go in this form and leap big places with safety. That they not only tire sooner, but wear out their forelegs much more quickly, we feel certain, than horses which are made to go lighter in hand. For a horse to gallop and go on across country, whether in the heavy ploughs or in the ridge and furrows of the grass, he must go in a collected form; and this no horse can do who has his forequarters in his rider's hands.

Now let us turn from the saddle to the coach-box, and, although we know that we are treading on very delicate ground, say a few words on the much vexed subject of bearing-reins. We will first clear our conscience by declaring that tight ones are as great an abomination in our eyes as they can be in those of Mr. Flower or any of the most ardent believers in 'Bits and Bearing-reins.' They are absurd and cruel; but that is no reason the bearing-rein should be totally abolished. We remember once hearing of a gentleman who was obliged to have a new suit of clothes for a particular occasion, and his tailor made some great mistake in the measure. He suffered torture for an hour or two; but no reasonable man would have held it as an excuse that on that account no one should again wear the peccant garments, and that society should appear ever afterwards in the garb of old Gaul, or even lighter costume. When a man knows nothing of horses' mouths, unless he has friends who can tell him whether his coachman is right or wrong, he had certainly better do without bearing-reins than run the risk of his horses being tortured. But that is no excuse for the general crusade against a very useful piece of harness. Reformers are too often fanatics, and will by no means look at both sides of the question. And perhaps Captain A., being a rich man who can afford to buy very well-bitted horses, and change them if they do not suit him, says that because he can drive his without the bearing-reins, Mr. B., who is equally fond of a good turn-out, but has not half the income, should drive his horses without also. Now the question we would ask Captain A. is, should you like to ride all your hunters across country in a single curb; and if you did so, how long do you think they would go safely or pleasantly with you?

That is just the question. All horses fit for a gentleman's use should go well on the snaffle as the riding-rein, but very few can afford to dispense with the curb at times. It is just the same in driving. A man may buy very light-mouthed free horses, on whom the bearing-rein is, comparatively speaking, useless; but on the other hand, he may get hold of a single horse, a pair, or a team, as the case may be, that will take hold of something—then, let us ask, is it not better that they should take hold of the bearing-rein than the bit they are actually driven with? It is generally allowed that a continuous strain on the curb deadens a horse's mouth, so that in time it becomes useless. Now we contend that this is just the effect likely to

be produced by the want of bearing-reins, nine times out of ten. They may not actually pull, but as a rule most horses, unless with very light mouths, or evenly balanced action, will lean, or endeavour to lean, on the bit. In riding with a double bridle, a judicious use of curb and snaffle will obviate this, by bringing the more severe bit into use when wanted ; but put a man on a coach-box with only one bit in his horses' mouths, and what is he to do ? Very good hands may and do overcome the difficulty, but given a man inclined to lug at them, as most coachmen are, and he soon gets their mouths into such a state that he might nearly as well hold a bull by the tail. Put him on a bearing-rein, they will bore at that, and he can use the curb, as Chifney said, like a silken thread, and when it is needed the bit is brought to bear on a part of the bars hitherto all but untouched, and that prompt obedience which is the very essence of good driving is the result. We know that gag bearing-reins are a great cause of offence in the eyes of many ; give liberty enough, and we have not the slightest objection to them, as they are calculated to give more play to the mouth and keep it more alive under such circumstances than the fixed one. In fact, so long as the horse does not get his head below a certain level, he may pretty well choose for himself where the bit shall touch him.

There is also another consideration, that of a horse taking to milling. We all know that if you can keep a horse's head up he cannot do much in that way. What greater safeguard could there be had than the bearing-rein ? Another case : a man driving four horses, with indifferent mouths, may hold his own pretty well while they are fresh, but let them get tired and hang on him, then calculate the weight dependent on his arms and the relief bearing-reins would afford. Let no man, however, presume to condemn them on wheelers, at any rate until he has been on a coach where a wheeler has hung his bridle in the pole hook and pulled it off going down hill, with a heavy load behind him ; then, if the horse is a little timid or rough in his temper, and does not like to be pressed on, and any one who has been a passenger at the time will aver on his conscience afterwards that bearing-reins ought to be dispensed with, we will throw up the sponge, and admit that he is right. In the meantime we uphold that a bearing-rein which would prevent such a thing is a very comfortable fence between ourselves and danger ; and while doing all honour to those who would mitigate in every way the pain caused by necessary labour to our noblest servant, advise them to look at both sides of the question, and reprobate the *abuse*, not the *use* of a certainly very useful adjunct to good driving. We could name a very well known brown mare that worked in quite the best of our modern London coaches for a long time—in fact she was nearly as well known as the owner himself ; and not to know him would be to argue yourself unknown—and may state, on the best authority, that she was a very different animal when driven with a bearing-rein to what she was without. *In one she always went in capital form ; without, very often quite the reverse.*

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November *Notanda*.

How pleasant were the opening days of that month generally so dark and drear! How insensibly we glided from autumn into winter solstice! how delightful were the balmy mornings—the glorious afternoons, when the sun went down in red and gold, and gave promise of an equally glorious day on the morrow! It went down especially ro-y on our horizon, beheld from a fair city celebrated as much for its faithfulness as its beauty—a city watered by a noble river, which, before and after it flows by the walls, meanders through a bounteous land of pastures, orchards, and hop gardens, till it reaches the sea. A city of respectable antiquity, famous for its loyalty, as we have before hinted; and, above all, famous for the beauty of its women;—and our readers, of course, will at this point put down their hardly opened 'Baily,' and say, 'Psha! the Van driver has only been to Worcester Races.'

Most true. But then Worcester Races mean a good deal more than Grand Annuals, Flying Stakes, with favourites who would not fly, '2 to 1 bar 1' (which liberal odds were really to be had), &c. &c. The November Meeting held on Pitchcroft has always been a peculiarly convivial one. Either the weather has been so atrocious that visitors to the city have felt bound to live above it, or it has not: though in the latter case we are compelled to admit the results have been the same. It is a city given to hospitality in various ways. It opens its cellars and it opens its arms, and we are glad to find ourselves in both. The cellars are good cellars, boasting port of '51; and the arms—well, the arms seem as white as of yore—at least our young friends appear to be very happy; and we, we of the majority, think of the olden time, *console Planco*. The cellars were quite as good then, so were the arms; but what are reminiscences of the past in this living present? The rising generation will laugh at our beards. We will look on at the children playing their innocent games, and see if for us of the middle age there is not balm in Gilead. Assuredly there is. The faithful city provides everything, from histrionics and harmony to whiskey and the wassail bowl. There are mine hosts of the Crown and the Bell, with their respective Glee Clubs, where we meander in flowery dales, come unto yellow sands, view those scenes so charming, go into Celia's arbour, and pass a very agreeable time. Then Miss Ada Swanborough and Mr. W. H. Vernon are at the pretty theatre, showing us the hideousness of Mammon; and if that is too sombre a picture, relieving it with the lighter tints of 'A Rough Diamond.' We had missed 'Mammon' in London, and were delighted with the opportunity of seeing Mr. Vernon in a part which he has created, and in which he assumes a character out of his usual line. Nothing could be better or more finished than the assumption of the hard, stern capitalist, the worshipper of money, ready to sacrifice love, home, honour, in its accumulation. There was quite tragic power in Mr. Vernon's impersonation, especially in the scene of the parting between the husband and wife, the latter *rôle* played by Miss Swanborough. She, too, was out of her usual line of light comedy, and it was pleasant to see how aptly the fair artiste fitted herself into the new one. She, in the scene we have referred to, exhibited great pathos, and was the loving woman as well as the indignant because insulted wife. The chief interest, and indeed all the 'business,' to use a theatrical term, centres in Sir Geoffrey Heriott, and he is the figure

round which the others move. A powerful play is 'Mammon.' Then Mr. Vernon, on another evening, gave us another proof of his versatility by a charming rendering of O'Callaghan in 'His Last Legs.' We, alas, remembered how often Tyrone Power had delighted us and made us laugh immoderately by his picture of the dauntless Irishman, and we say, without the least thought of flattery, that Mr. Vernon recalled that admirable actor. His brogue was the brogue of an Irish gentleman; he caught the spirit of fun with which the farce brims over (and what a cleverly written farce it is!), and he succeeded in imparting it to those acting with him. It is not often that Worcester is so favoured as it was that week, and we regret to have to record, to Worcester's great discredit, that the houses were bad.

But surely we came to Worcester to see the races, and very good racing there was, despite the powerful opposition of Brighton, Lewes, and Lincoln. Mr. Barnett, since the regretted death of Mr. Webb, is now the sole survivor of the Race Committee, and he is, we feel sure, quite equal to the burden cast upon him. Liberal added money has this year taken the shape of 1,500*l.*, which, considering that Worcester is a small place, and has no great local support, is very good. We know that horses of great class do not come to Worcester, but we are generally sure of seeing some, as we did on this occasion. And we see also some well-remembered faces rarely met with now; that of Lord Coventry, for instance, not to speak of 'that dear Lord Dudley,' who, to the great joy and delight of the faithful citizens, shows himself for two days in the Stewards' Stand. Lord Coventry's first love is now hound and horn, but still he likes a little racing, we fancy, and he likes the jumping business, too. What the Lord of Witley likes is not so apparent, the tastes of the *grand seigneur* being of a very diversified character; but he liked, on the occasion of his visit to the racecourse, to talk to Miss Swanborough, to whom he was introduced, and very pleasant and agreeable did he make himself, Worcester's faithful ones looking on in reverential awe. Whatever the Lord of Witley does in Worcestershire is, we fancy, the correct thing, and we feel sure if Mr. Vernon and Miss Swanborough could have stayed another week money would have been turned away at the doors. As it was, Lord Dudley gave a bespeak, said he would bring a large party, and send his slaves and vassals to see 'Mammon.' Curious, was it not? Then he talked to the Conservative editor, flirted a little with the Opposition one, was confidential with Mr. Barnett, and imparted a flavour of royalty to his arrival and departure which certainly gave a tone to the affair.

And then there were other pleasant little gatherings. Gatherings in the morning in the Crown bar, where there seemed to be a ceaseless flow of Perrier Jouet; gatherings at the theatre, both in front and behind; most pleasant gatherings of all when a little supper at the Star brought those before the footlights and those behind them together, under the presidency of a host so genial and charming that prayers were, we believe, offered up in private for the success of his colours. Tears almost came into bright eyes when the next day the violet and yellow was not equal to the occasion; and this, we may remark *en passant*, was the sole drawback to our Worcester pleasure. Why did not the violet and yellow win? 'Such lovely colours, too,' said the lips belonging to the bright eyes. But there must be always a dash of sorrow mingled with our joy, or else life would be too perfect, and this was our little Worcester one. So we wished goodbye to our Worcester friends with feelings similar to that young woman whom Young Lochinvar ran away with in such audacious fashion,

'A smile in our face and a tear in our eye.'

And among the old friends we met at Worcester, none were we more glad to greet than Mr. Pickernell, the 'Mr. Thomas' of many a hard-fought field, the gallant victor of many Severn Banks and Grand Annuals over that very course, and whom we had not seen since his bad fall at Sandown Park in the spring. Still in some measure suffering, we regret to say, from the effects of that terrible mishap, he looked his old self, though a little of the buoyancy of spirit was departed, we hope and trust only for a time. He had ridden in the Severn Bank Steeplechase for twenty years, often had first passed the post on the winner; and to stand down now no doubt caused 'Tom' a pang. He may be sure his friends there—and they were many—sympathised with his feelings, and all hoped that the day might come when, in his pristine form and vigour, he might give us again some of those grand exhibitions of nerve and jockeyship that have made him the foremost man 'between the flags' of his time. We can ill spare such as Mr. Pickernell.

'But the racing,' our readers will exclaim. 'You went to Worcester to see racing; what about that?' Well, really, at this lapse of time, we feel unable to offer much opinion on the races. We know the sport was very good; also that the Race Ordinary at the Bell was excellent, and that there was some '51 port there; but we think we have mentioned that before. But our readers may rest assured that the racing was really good, that something won the Flying Stakes—its name we are at present unable to remember—that there was a dead heat between three, and that generally speaking, good as the sport was, the wrong horse won. We have remarked that at Worcester before, and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Barnett cannot obviate it. It is the sole drawback to those pleasant three or four days of geniality, conviviality, and several other 'alities' that we associate therewith. But fancy Worcester all winners! It would be too much.

And before we resume our racing pen, we wish to correct an error into which we unconsciously fell last month in some remarks we made on the Town House of the Orleans Club. We were under the impression that Sir John Astley was the proprietor, but this is not the case. The happy thought of providing a winter home for the members of the Orleans is due to Captain Henry Wombwell, and he it is to whom they are indebted for the charming little home in King Street, its comforts and luxuries. It is true the committee of the parent club bear rule in King Street as at Twickenham, elect members and administer the laws, but Captain Wombwell is responsible for the domestic concerns of the Town House, does the catering, &c., and does it well, too. The success of his venture that we ventured to predict in the last Van has already been obtained. The dinners have got a name and reputation. The ladies' dining-room is a model of taste—but that, indeed, pervades the club-house—and when the Van driver retires to that modest *otium* somewhere up the river, of which he dreams, he intends to ask Captain Wombwell to kindly superintend the furnishing. He would have no fear for the results.

And now for bleak Aintree's inhospitable land, though we are bound to admit that it was not bleak on this occasion, and it tried not to be inhospitable, but kept us in good-humour, at least for the first day, when everybody followed Captain Machell's stable, the correct thing to do at Liverpool. Trappist, however, brought us to grief in the Stewards' Cup, and perhaps Captain Prime's good horse has had nearly enough of it, for he has certainly not shown his former dash and speed of late. But Hockthorpe was a real good thing in the Knowsley Nursery, and though King Death only took the Trial Plate by a head from Caramel, it was enough. Hippias over hurdles

was another of the good things Messrs. Topham provided us on the first day, so altogether we did not do badly, though it was rather dull and there was a lack of go about the whole affair, and the attendance was comparatively small. Wednesday was much better; many more people, and the weather a great improvement on the first day. The Machell stable, however, was not so good to follow, and in the first race, the Molyneux Nursery, Bonnie Lassie could not move in the heavy ground, and King Sheppard beat Vic by a neck. Bayard, bad horse as he is, was good enough to beat such animals as Fareham and Rivulet in the Wednesday Plate, and Lord Marcus Beresford was game enough to give 120 guineas for him. 'Machell's cast-offs are good enough for me,' quoth his lordship, and the next day showed us his judgment was good. A heavy blow to the stable was the defeat of Palm Flower in the Welter Handicap by Templar, after a slashing race between Archer and Constable, both these accomplished horsemen during all they knew, and the former on Templar winning by a neck. Nothing else was backed for any amount except these two, though the Lambourne people fancied Deluder a little bit. Next came the first important cross-country affair of the season, the Sefton Steeplechase Congress, last year's winner, with only 5 lbs. more to carry than when he easily beat Earl Marshal. Lord Lonsdale ran Whitehaven also, and we believe people who fancied they knew something backed the two coupled, but they might have saved their money. Congress looked very fit and well, but still there was a great run on Lancet and Citizen, and at last you could with difficulty get an offer about the latter, who was very well handicapped, no doubt. We never saw Chimney Sweep looking better or so full of muscle, while his coat shone in the sun like a three-year-old's. There was a queer-looking little horse from Ireland, belonging to Captain Gubbins, Thiggin-thue, who had a reputation in his native land, and his party thought he would win if he stood up, which same he failed to do, as he came to grief at Valentine's brook. Whether Congress won or not, we would have laid long odds against his falling, and yet at the second fence going into the country down he came; and though Jewitt speedily mounted him again and went on in pursuit, he was too much upset by the fall to get on terms with the leaders, of whom Citizen was one. It was wonderful how Congress made up his lost ground, though, for he was with them a fence or two after Valentine's brook, but too much had been taken out of him for him to get to the front. Citizen was the first to land on the racecourse, followed by Earl Marshal, and when the latter was done with at the last hurdle Lancet took his place. Sir John Kaye's horse, however, had the race in hand, and won very easily by four lengths. We fancy old Chimney Sweep might have got into his usual position, over Aintree, of third if he had been persevered with. He is generally either third or fourth, and perhaps Congress would have won if he had stood up. Lord Lonsdale's colours were again unfortunate in the Free Handicap on Carthusian, who was backed for a good deal of money at 6 to 4, but Chevron, though they got away in close company, had won, we fancy, all the way, and when Hopkins let him out he easily disposed of Carthusian and Caramel, and won in a canter. There was a small consolation in the Croxteth Cup, which was won by Mirobolante; but for the majority the day was a bad one.

The Autumn Cup, as we all knew, looked, from the moment of the small acceptance coming out, a failure, and so to a certain extent it was. It was a great disappointment to the Messrs. Topham, and fifty-eight out of seventy-four subscribers declaring forfeit was an ill return for their liberality in the way of added money. The cause of this is rather difficult of explanation.

One or two owners were no doubt disgusted at the way their horses were seized hold of by the public, and the cream of the market taken before the handicap had been out a couple of days. Mr. Jardine, we believe, soon announced his intention of not accepting with Hilarious, and there was much doubt if Woodlands would be found among the contents. Hilarious looked very well in, certainly, but still why he should have 'spoiled the handicap,' as was said, and why the acceptance was so bad, we cannot say. The book-makers had been as bad, we fancy, as the public, helping to make false favourites—a game which they know how to play—and so it was that we had such a small and moderate field at the post for the prize. Woodlands, after keeping his backers in suspense for some time, was struck out on the previous morning, and the only change in the market was occasioned by the unexpected arrival of Sign Manual, who had been considered among the doubtful starters. However, here he was, and in such demand that he speedily drove Footstep back, and was second favourite at the start. The previous night at the Washington his price was 1000 to 40, but on arriving at Aintree on Thursday morning we found him at 8 to 1, and before the flag fell 7 to 2 was to be got, but with difficulty. He was very fit and well, and looked so, but in his walk past the Stand he went very suspiciously in his near fore-leg, which he appeared to save in a way not reassuring. Whitebait, among these changes, continued firm, but still 3 to 1 on the field, and that field consisting of eight horses, spoke volumes for the quality. Neither Footstep nor Sunray were liked when seen, especially the latter, who cantered like a rocking-horse, and looked as rough in her coat as a Welsh pony. We confess we thought Arbitrator out of it with his weight, and so did many others, but still Captain Machell, in whose care he had been since he came over from Ireland, was very fond of him, and the Irishmen, of whom there was a large contingent present, were on him to a man. He looked a little big, we thought, and if we had been asked to select the best-looking horse there, it would have been Sign Manual. But handsome is, not always handsome does, and when the flag fell Sign Manual was hopelessly in the rear. He improved this position a little, and running through his horses managed to hold a place at the distance, but failed to get beyond. Advance had looked so wonderfully well from the very first, and came into the straight holding such a good lead that there were great cries of 'Advance wins.' But at the distance Arbitrator, who had been always going in the front rank, challenged Mr. Gomm's horse, and after a splendid race, one in which Glover rode his very best, the Irish horse gradually overhauled Advance, creeping up, inch by inch, and winning in the last hundred yards or so by a neck. It was a grand bit of racing—to those who were on Arbitrator very grand indeed. The Advance men did not see it in the same light, and we are much afraid missed the grandeur of the finish. The Whitebait, Sign Manual, and Footsteps, being hopelessly out of it, appreciated it most. The way Glover kept catching Advance at every stride was a grand sight, and there is no doubt that, without imputing the slightest blame to Macdonald, Glover was the strong man, and so wore the other down. Whitebait ran as we expected that overrated horse to run, and we suppose we have heard the last of him, of which circumstance we shall be very glad. We desire to give all honour to Arbitrator's win, the more as we did not believe in him. He must be a good horse even if we estimate the field behind him as moderate—a good horse and a game one. He was giving Advance his year and 4 lbs., and though Advance is no flyer, he has performed well over a mile. Sunray finished where, from her appearance, we should have

supposed she would, and the other impostors—and they were not many—did ditto. There was, previously to the Cup, a close race for the Wavertree Handicap, or rather what ought not to have been a close race, for Lyceum had won, and easily enough, only her jockey stupidly easing her, she was as near as possible caught by Macdonald on Lancaster, and very right would it have served Manser if he had been beaten. As it was he scrambled in by a short neck. We were nearly forgetting to mention that Lord Marcus's words as to 'Machell's cast-offs being good enough for him' were verified in the Thursday's Plate, where that bad horse—at least so supposed—Bayard beat Bogie and three or four other platers easily. We suppose Lord Marcus had made him fulfil his mission, for he let him go to Robert Peck for 60 guineas more than he gave for him—not a bad thing; and if we could all make cast-offs pay their way like that, why, we should do.

The last day proved to us what a good horse Arbitrator was. It is true he only beat Whitebait by a length, but then what a length—was it not? We hope and believe that we have heard the last of Captain Stirling's horse, an impostor who has always been going to win some big race, and has provoked much heart-burning and discontent by the way his owner has been forestalled, and the degree of uncertainty as to intentions. But he not only beat Whitebait, he beat Hesper, the horse that all the talent said could not be beaten, save it might be by Tetrarch or such small deer. Then there was Mount Grace, a very 'Northern' good thing, who was backed for pounds, shillings, and pence all over the ring, and who would have rendered a good account of herself but for slipping up as she rounded the turn, falling, and bringing Tetrarch, who was close behind her, to grief also. This scrimmage allowed Arbitrator to get on terms with his horses, and Hesper being rather shut in, the Irish horse easily disposed of Whitebait and won by a length. Then—if it had not done on the Cup day—rose from earth to heaven the Irish shout of triumph, a triumph honourably won. We could distinguish the peculiar tone. We have heard it at Punchestown, when the favourite and a couple of outsiders join issue at the last fence, and could swear to it anywhere. Erin Mavourneen, may your shadow never grow less, and we wish we had been on. As it was, we fell with Mount Grace, who will rise again some day, we trust, and make us amends. That bad horse Fareham won the Friday Plate, and Trappist got beat by Fanny Day in the Toxteth Handicap. The crowning cup was drained in the Craven Steeplechase, for which Lancel looked real good goods, but Jackal beat him all the way. The race was left to these two, Gamebird and Earl Marshal being out of it from the first. So ended Liverpool—a good meeting on the whole, but one that might and ought to have been better. The Messrs. Topham have made many improvements since the summer—built new offices, weighing room, reporters' room, with large and convenient stand overhead—a thing long much wanted here. We sincerely wish them a better return for their liberality next year.

Who does not like Shrewsbury cakes and ale? Not that we can say much for the Shrewsbury lying, we are sorry to say. Rough and ready is rather Shrewsbury form—tough mutton and ancient poultry, lodgings not over luxurious, and hotels where the liquor and the serving might be better. Still we love thee, capital of proud Salopia; we love thy quaint old town, with its quaint old-world names, the stones that cry out of the wall, and the beams out of the timber that answer them. We are also glad to meet the Messrs. Frail on their own proper ground, the senior partner of that firm on his native heath. Right well does he look, too, the traces of the illness that had confined him for some time to his room last year all vanished, and

Richard himself again; ready as of old with quip and crank, with merry jest and apt quotation, and able to repose more on his oars now that his sons take the labour and heat of the day off his shoulders. Right well is the business done, too, by the junior partners, on whom the mantle of the master has fallen, and the meetings over which the firm preside are conducted with all the attention to detail that has won for them the reputation they possess. It is not too much to say that the Messrs. Frail look to everything that can tend to promote the comfort and convenience of their visitors; and though it may seem a small thing to mention, yet the way we were kept informed of the railway arrangements, the arrival and departure of trains being legibly printed on the race cards, was a great boon. Shrewsbury is no doubt the most popular of the late meetings, and this year the sort of midsummer weather given us added to our enjoyment, and made pleasanter yet the Shrewsbury pleasant places. Hardly the usual number of horses had arrived, but Worcester, Lincoln, and Liverpool had experienced a falling off in that respect, and Shrewsbury could hardly expect to be an exception. The first day opened with the Autumn Steeplechase and three mile journey, which looked a little too long for most of the competitors; for the favourites, Chilblain and Birdcatcher, were both doubtful stayers, and of the others, Rufina was not trained, Grand National looked dickey on his legs, and Craven and Gamebird were not supported. Chilblain had the call of the Duke of Hamilton's horse, but he was done with about half a mile from home, and Craven and Birdcatcher ran a rather puni-hing race home, the latter winning by a neck. We have always expected that Strike would win a race some early day, but hardly expected it would be the Wynn-stay Welter, which that rogue Timour, if he had chosen, could have taken easily, but, stopping when Jeffery brought Strike alongside him, he was beaten cleverly by Mr. Chaplin's. The Borough Members' Plate was the first of a series of Russley wins, Apple Blossom defeating Vic and Lothario easily, and then came the Groby Cup for two-year-olds, and the money was dashed down on Red Comyn in a way that showed us Russley was in earnest. A popular baronet did the commission, and everybody hastened to get on, though in a field of sixteen runners it seemed rather a risky affair taking 3 to 1 about anything. There were some reports about Reflex, Speculator, Nydia, Zanoni, &c., but Red Comyn got well off, and in attendance on Nydia, and heading her at the distance, ultimately won very cleverly by half a length. Lady Ronald was so much better class than anything else in the Cleveland Handicap that it is small wonder she so easily beat her field. Again was Robert Peck successful in the Abbey Stakes, which Merry Thought took easily enough from Fam and King Jamie: but the last race, the Queen's Plate, was a terrible disaster. Odds were laid on King Tom, Sheldrake being the only one backed of the others; and Jennings' horse, taking the lead about three-quarters of a mile from home, was never afterwards interfered with, and Great Tom was passed at the distance by Redoubt. We never were admirers of Lord Falmouth's big chestnut, who can neither gallop nor stay; but he carried a lot of money that afternoon, and helped materially to kick down the pile that had been made on Red Comyn, Merry Thought, and Birdcatcher.

Wednesday is the big day at Shrewsbury; the Great Shropshire, the great race. Helena had been spotted as the one best in the handicap as soon as it appeared, and of course, as Robert Peck's success on the opening day showed her still to be in form, a short price was taken about her this morning—much too short a price to be pleasant to her owner or trainer: indeed

the latter refused to back her for a sixpence at 2 to 1, though he was very sanguine as to her winning, and was only a little afraid of Hopbloom. There were many reports about Grey Friar, how well he had done, and how confident Tom Brown was; but the horse was not liked when seen in the paddock, and he went back in the betting. He had a rough coat, looked a good deal above himself, and altogether did not make a favourable impression. Cradle, we think, was second favourite, and Clonave, who never looked better in his life, was in some demand. Of the outside lot Distingué, Speculation, and Cæsarian were most favoured; but, after all, Helena and Hopbloom carried the money. The race is easy of description. Cradle, Helena, and Hopbloom were always in front from the time the flag fell, the last-named taking the lead after the first half mile, with Helena next the rails. Hopbloom, however, never gave her a chance of getting up, and she was beaten very cleverly by three parts of a length. Two Dukes first and second gave *écclat* to the race, and then in the eyes of many worthy sportsmen—one especially we could name if called upon—the right Duke won.

Thursday was not much of a day, and it was a bad one for backers in the main, favourites going wrong and horses winning in a most unexpected manner: Merry Thought to wit, on whom Lord Hartington only had a tenner, and Robert Peck not a shilling, a heart-rending circumstance. The ill-luck on Friday pursued the Russley stable, which had begun so well, and Lambourne also shared the same fate. Plaisante was to have been a wonderful good thing in the Hawkstone Welter Cup, and moderate animal as she is, they eagerly took 5 to 4 about her. She could only play second fiddle to Speculation. It was too much to ask Sign Manual to do the task he was set in the Newport Cup, to give Strike his year and 7 lbs.; but yet he ran wonderfully, making a dead heat of it with The Ghost for second place. Strike got away with the lead, and, favoured by his weight, made the best of his way home, the others never being able to get on terms with him. These were disasters, but we were to have it all back on Love Apple in the Whitehall Nursery—a real getting-home stakes—and lo! Love Apple compounded at the distance, to everybody's dismay. Baumber being beaten for the Wrekin Stakes after this was a comparative trifle; and then we found we should have to take 6 to 4 about Pageant for the Cup; but as his owner fared little better as to price, of course we could not complain. How the affair was so mismanaged we can hardly tell. The scratching of Norwich at the eleventh hour had something to do with it. Mr. Crawford had not backed the horse for sixpence, and he declined to run him for the pleasure of that forestalling body, the British Public. We think he was right. There really was nothing to beat Pageant, so it can hardly be wondered at that bookmakers declined to enlarge their offers in such a field; for Hopbloom, in addition to his 10 lbs. penalty, was out of his course, and what were Chesterton, Zuccherò, and Sheldrake weighed against Mr. Gretton's good horse—for good he is now, looking big and well, and as fit to run as Porter could make him. The race was never in doubt, as Tom Cannon had only to wait in front with him and draw away from Hopbloom and the others at the Stand, winning as that fine horseman likes to win, in a canter by half a length. The other events pressure on our space prevents us noticing. It was a most successful meeting, all the arrangements carried out in the usual Shrewsbury form, and the weather was delightful.

After the rain which fell at the end of October a regular change for the better took place: not only in the ground, which had been as hard as a barn floor, but the scent improved, and most of the packs in the Midland Counties

had some good runs. As the 'swells' had not then come down, nor the smaller fry, who imitate them, the small fields, no doubt, did a good deal in assisting both huntsmen and hounds—as it is not necessary for scent to be so good to insure a run with a small orderly field, who hunt for the sake of hunting, as a large wild one; but it is wonderful what a good determined pack of hounds, like the Quorn, can do with a poor scent if they are only allowed to make the best of it, and the way that they will race away every now and then, when they get a chance to keep on terms with their fox, is always a grand sight to see.

We have been favoured with the following from a Leicestershire correspondent:

The cub-hunting season in Leicestershire was not successful, the ground being so hard that seldom hounds were allowed out of covert, and some packs did not go out for a time. The Quorn had an excellent week's sport before their opening day at Kirby Gate, which no doubt induced many sportsmen to join the field earlier this season than usual.

Monday, 29th Oct., the Quorn Hounds met at Asfordby; several of the best coverts were drawn blank, which are now completely spoilt by navvies, who are making the new railways: some time was spent with cubs at Lord Aylesford's beautiful gorse, and then hounds went on to Thrussington Wolds. Firr had orders to go away with the first fox, which he quickly did. Hounds had only been in covert a few minutes, when Mr. Coupland views as gallant a fox as ever went before hounds across the ride, and 'Will' directly holloas him away on the Six Hills side with the pack at his brush, across the Melton and Six Hills road, across Mr. Coupland's farm, to Ellar's Gorse, by Wymeswold to Bunney, and they lost him on some cold ploughs at Widmerpool, after a first-rate run of an hour and a half, Mr. Coupland, Captain Middleton, and Tom Firr being the only three there.

Thursday, at Beeby, where a large field had assembled. A cub from Scraftoft gave us lots of ringing, and got to ground in a drain; we then trotted off to Humberstone Springs, where a fox was away at once and ran over a beautiful grass country to Little Stretton, where they killed him in the open, after as good a fifty minutes as could be desired.

Monday, 5th Nov., Kirby Gate.—To any one who knows Leicestershire this means that every horse and vehicle is in request to meet the Quorn on their opening day: the road from Leicester to Melton, some fifteen miles, reminded me of a race meeting. At Kirby Gate, hundreds of horsemen, carriages innumerable, and pedestrians of all classes thronged together, all having their own special love for the chase. Punctually arrives the Master, with Tom Firr and his hounds, looking the pictures of condition, with the whips and second horsemen, all splendidly mounted on slashing Leicestershire hunters. Among the members of the Quorn Hunt, every one was delighted to see that true sportsman Mr. Little Gilmour, who in his younger days was not to be beaten over Leicestershire. We trotted off to Gartree Hill, and, thanks to the Squire of Little Dalby, a fox was found at once, but being headed, he ran short and was lost in the Cottesmore country. We then had a most enjoyable gallop from Sir Robert Burdett's covert.

Friday, at Lowesby Hall.—Found at John o' Gaunt's, but did not do anything particular.

Monday, 12th Nov., Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake.—We trot off to Cossington Gorse, a complete crowd of foot-people as well as horsemen, but before the hounds are put into covert all sides are cleared; Mr. Coupland trots round, and every one obeys his order as soldiers do their officer; the consequence is, a fox breaks over the road; Firr's cheery voice brings his hounds out of

covert, and we had a delightful morning's gallop over the magnificent Hoby Vale, which is quite the cream of the Quorn country. Hounds had been running some hour and a half when the fox was lost. Now for luncheon, and a fresh horse, if you have one. Thrussington Wolds close handy, we go there to find the gallant fox that gave this pack such sport a fortnight ago; and sure enough he is at home. In dash the hounds, straight to where he is lying; away across the ride and out of covert, this bold fox leaves his home exactly the same time as before, and the hounds are away straight for Willoughby, Widmerpool, and Bunney, where from scent to view they kill him in the open in one hour and five minutes, after a good twelve miles' run. There were several very bad falls, and a great deal of grief, horses standing still in all directions. Lady Florence Dixie, who had been going admirably, had a nasty fall into the Widmerpool road, her horse quite blown. Every one was delighted to see her ladyship out again soon after. There were few who rode the run as hounds ran, and who saw the fox killed, but we believe Mr. Coupland, Captain Middleton, Lord Douglas, and Tom Firr accomplished it, much to their credit, as in the present state of the country it could not be an easy task.

Melton, we hear, is already nearly full; every house and stall is taken, and the season is expected to be as gay as ever.

At the cost of repetition we cannot refrain from giving a few notes from another hand. On Thursday, November 1st, they were at Scraptoft, and began by knocking about a lot of cubs, which had only been disturbed once before, and after running one or two to ground, they went to Humberston Spinney, a nice snug little place in a bottom; and in a few seconds, away went a fine old fox with the hounds racing away after him, up the hill pointing for Barkby Thorpe, over the brook in the next bottom, then to the right of it for about a couple of miles, and over the brook again, pointing for Scraptoft—through the gardens then, with his head straight for Mr. Tailby's country—over the Scraptoft brook, by Thurnby Spinney, to within a field of Norton Gorse; then, bearing to the right, he took them back to Stretton village, when he was rolled over in the open, after a most enjoyable run of just forty-five minutes. The country was in first-class order for riding over, the pace good throughout, the fences jumpable, the field of the proper size, composed of good sport-men, amongst whom were Mr. Coupland, Mr. Ernest Chaplin of Brookby, Captain Elmhirst, just back from India, and Miss Elmhirst, Miss Evelyn Webster, Lord Castlereagh, Mr. John Cradock, Captain King, Captain Campbell, Captain Middleton from Melton, and a few others.

They had a very fast and pretty gallop of thirty minutes on their opening day at Kirby Gate, from Sir Francis Burdett's covert, over a fine country, by Little Dalby and the Punch Bowl, to ground just in front of the hounds near Twyford. The field was larger at the meet than has been known for many years; amongst whom were Mr. Gilmour—who must have been at this meet long before the majority of the field were born or heard of—Sir H. Meysey Thompson, Lady Florence Dixie, Lord James Douglas, Colonel and Mrs. Markham, Lord Castlereagh from Keythorpe, Lord Manners from Quenby, Captains Boyce, Candy, Middleton, Smith, Wingfield, Clayton, Hartopp, Jacob-on, Elmhirst, and Brocklehurst of the Blues, the Messrs. Behrens, Powell, Chaplin, Younger, and several ladies. Melton never was so full, and a vacant stall is not to be found.

On Monday, the 12th, they met at Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake; first drew Cossington Gorse, from which a fine old fox soon went away over the fine large grass fields up to Hoby village, where he was headed; then nearly

to Shoby Scholes, through it and Lord Aylesford's covert; then a large ring over pretty much the same country, beating them at last near Ragdale. Although it was not straight, there was a lot to do, and very few clean coats to be seen at the finish. Captain Middleton found, among other awkward places, an awfully ugly bottom, which his horse got well into, and they had to saw down a tree to get him out. But more than this no damage was done, and he was seen in the next run firing away in his usual form. Then they found the same good fox which gave them such a spin from Thrussington Wolds a fortnight before, though not in the same quarter; but he went away from the same quarter as before, this time running a little nearer Old Dalby, nearly straight to Widmerpool, through the pleasure grounds, by the Hall, by the side of the brook to Bunney; exactly the same line as before, only the reverse way, through Windmill Hill Spinney, over two or three ploughs and the road into the Park, where the hounds got sight of him, and they rolled him over under the Park wall, after a fine run of one hour and five minutes, and over about twelve miles of country. Out of a large field only about a dozen saw the finish, and these were Mr. Coupland, Lord James Douglas, Captains Middleton, Elmhirst and Campbell, Mr. Storey, Mr. Sykes, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Martin, Miss Paget, Tom Firr, and one of the whips. Lady Florence Dixie, who had been going very well, had a bad fall into the Widmerpool road, but we are glad she was not so badly hurt as was at first considered, and was out again the next day with her arm strapped up, and going as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Tailby's hounds with their new huntsman, Richard Summers from the Meynell, have made a very good start. On Monday, the 5th, they met at Gumley Hall for their opening day, and, contrary to usual custom, had a very good gallop from the Laughton Hills, very fast up-wind to John Ball, and then of course slower back down-wind to Gumley, where the fox went to ground. On Saturday, the 10th, another capital run, from Holt, of thirty-five minutes, when the way in which Summers hunted the hounds was the general subject of observation by all those out who knew or cared anything about hunting; for after they had got back to Holt, and every clever man was calling out to him and telling him what to do, he never took the least notice, but trusted entirely to his hounds, got his hunted fox out and ran him slowly on to Blaston and killed. Everybody who saw it was much pleased, and it was a topic of conversation with the Pytchley at the meet at Misterton the following Wednesday.

Owing to the death of the Dowager Lady Spencer, the Pytchley did not go out for a few days until after her funeral, and when they met for the first time afterwards at North Kilworth, on Wednesday, all present were sincerely grieved to hear that Lord Spencer was, in consequence of this domestic bereavement, going abroad, and would not be out with them for some time. His absence was deeply felt, and a general wish was most heartily expressed that he might soon be back, as there was nobody in the country so capable of controlling the field as he is. On this day these hounds had a capital old-fashioned hunting run from Kilworth Sticks. The fox went at first for Walton Holt, but, being headed by a man with a white jacket, turned to the right, crossed the railway, and ran past Mr. Mill's house at Husbands Bosworth, over the Harboro' road, and on towards Welford, when, after going some little way, he turned over the Leicester road by the Sandpit, on to Sulby, where Charles Isaacs, the second whip, saw the fox in the next field, and holding up his cap, Goodall came on quickly with his hounds, which ran him by Sibbertoft village to the Hothorpe Hills, and they killed him on

Mr. John Pawlett's farm, three fields from Mr. Everett's house, after a good run of one hour and five minutes. There was a great deal of big jumping and several falls, but all who were in it agreed that it was a capital hunting run and a very good beginning.

According to custom, the first regular day of the North Warwickshire was at Stoneleigh Abbey, where a bigger mob than ever assembled, at least one-half being attracted by the well-known hospitality of Lord Leigh. Never were so many carriages seen, nor so many pedestrians, in spite of a drizzling rain, which, although it cleared off for just about the time the hounds met, came down again steadily soon after mid-day and lasted all the afternoon. Nobody expected much sport, but they found a good fox at Thickthorn, which gave them a good gallop by Leek Wootton to Woodcote, by Warwick Old Park, nearly to Hatton Asylum, where they came to a check, after having gone at a good pace over a deep, rough country for forty-five minutes; then they ran back towards Thickthorn and lost him.

On Thursday, the 8th, they met at Dunchurch, when, for the time of year, a large field assembled round the old Dun Cow, in spite of the Warwickshire meeting close by at Shuckburgh. They went to Bilton Grange, where, thanks to Mr. Lancaster, senior, who does not hunt himself, they found plenty of foxes, and had a good gallop over a strong country with lots of big fences, by Thurlaston, by Draycott, to Lester's Piece, up to Bunkers Hill, and back to Thurlaston and Lester's Piece, where they killed. We are glad to state that this day it was announced that arrangements had been satisfactorily concluded by which this hunt should once more number Cook's Gorse, which lies between Bilton and Hillmorton village, as one of its crack coverts. When Tom Mathews hunted the Warwickshire, this gorse never failed to produce a good fox and show a run over a first-rate country, but the great advantage is that it will save that dreadful long grind from Hillmorton Covert back to Bilton or Cawston. With a little attention we have no doubt that this covert will soon acquire its old reputation. They had also a rattling good day on Friday, the 9th, from Umberslade, when the hounds ran as if tied to their fox, and had three or four fields the best of it; but perhaps the blind state of the fences had something to do with it.

The first day with The Queen's was at Salt Hill on the 6th, where, in spite of the wet, a large field assembled. The deer was uncartered on Mr. Cantrell's farm, where, after the usual yelling and hullabaloo, it ran fast by Stoke Langley to Staines Moor, and on to the Forest.

We are sorry to say that Goodall had a very bad fall on Friday, the 11th, from his horse crossing his legs and kicking him on the head; truly he is a most unlucky man, and we believe has had more unavoidable bad falls since he has been with the Queen's than Charles Davis had in all his life.

Squire Rawle's opening day was at Studham Common, but as it was a wet morning not many put in an appearance. They had a good run to the Downs near Dunstable, where a false halloo put them out for a while. However, they were soon on the line again, past Dunstable to the railway, and on to Houghton Regis, where the hounds got a view; then after crossing a country which required a good deal of doing they hunted on to Harlington, where the deer was cleverly taken by Jack in a pond near Sundon, after a good run of one hour and a half. Both the Squire and his son turn out very smart in their new Waldings, and they are determined not to be outdone in appearance by any pack of staghounds in the kingdom.

After many changes within the past year or two, the old Thanet Harriers

have at length passed into the able hands of Captain Johnson of Sarre Court. The opening meet the other day was fixed for Cliff End Hall, where the best of good cheer was amply provided for all comers by Colonel Whitehead. Although the muster was not up to the usual mark on this occasion it was not to be wondered at, as the weather was as bad as bad could be. Pelting showers, with a cold driving wind, most effectually put a stop to hunting prospects, and although both Master and hounds did their best to show sport it was no use, and Puss was left in peace for another day. It is only fair to add that this useful little pack bids fair to sustain its well-known reputation, and will in the course of the season show many a pretty spin over the home circuit, where fences are few and far between, and where a rattling gallop can be enjoyed to one's heart's content.

A Hampshire correspondent informs us that the opening day of the Vine Hounds was at Oakley Hall, where Mr. Beach, the Master, entertained all comers.

It was a very fine morning, and, on leaving the hall, they first drew Bulls Bushes blank, then found in Ganderdown, ran over the Basingstoke road into the Hampshire Hunt country and back nearly to where they found, when they ran into him in the open, after a good fast ring of thirty-three minutes. Present at the meet were Lord Northbrook of Stratton Park, Sir Nelson Rycroft of Kempshot, Captain and Mrs. Vincent, Mr. Williams and his son, Colonel Bridges, Mr. and the Misses Walker of Wolverton Park, Mr. and Mrs. Thoyts, Mr. E. St. John of Ashe, Colonel Randolph from London, Colonel Hardinge, Mr. Harris of Longparish, Mr. Brooks, the two Messrs. Thornton from Beaurepaire, Dick Roake, the highly respected huntsman of the South Berks, formerly with the Pytchley—who must have thought the country round Bulls Bushes a great contrast to that round Waterloo Gorse; and keen old Jem Stracey, blessing that foe to fox-hunters, rheumatism, yet anxious to see what was going on; and no end of staunch sporting farmers. The hounds looked uncommonly well, and reflected great credit on Jack West and his assistants, and many said they had not seen the Vine turned out, as far as hounds were concerned, in better style for years. Perhaps we may be deemed hypercritical, but we thought there was decidedly room for improvement in the servants' horses.

On the 17th of November Mr. Garth's hounds met at New Lodge, the seat of the Baroness Van de Weyer, where, in addition to the usual followers of the pack, the Crown Prince of Hanover, then on a visit to Prince Christian at Cumberland Lodge, appeared to renew his acquaintance with English fox-hunting, in which he was initiated at Sandringham. The day was not remarkable for sport, and would have passed off without incident but for an accident which occurred to one of the foremost lady riders in the neighbourhood, Mrs. Cecil Peel. Her horse in going through a narrow gateway put his foot in a hole, and landed himself with his rider half under him in a deep ditch on the left side of the gate. Fortunately the hounds had only just found at Claridge Gorse, some three fields back, so that there was no lack of assistance for the unfortunate rider, who found herself pinned between the saddle and the bank, with her left foot so twisted that any movement on the part of the horse threatened to break her leg. There was but one course open, and that was to dig away the bank, a process which occupied fully half an hour, during which time the lady showed an amount of patient pluck that would have done honour to the strongest man. Ultimately, when the ground had been well loosened by spade and pickaxe, she was drawn up by a stirrup-leather passed under her arms on to the bank, and though of course stiff and bruised, we believe no permanent ill effects resulted. It took another quarter

of an hour to release the horse, so firmly was he planted on his back in the ditch. Foremost among those who rendered assistance was the Crown Prince of Hanover, who, in his shirt sleeves, wielded the spade with as much dexterity as Mr. Gladstone might have shown with his hatchet; and we feel sure that should he ever find himself in the position of the lady in question, there will be no lack of willing hands to lend their aid to this Royal Samaritan.

From Yorkshire we hear that the York and Ainsty have been doing well, and that foxes are plentiful, but the farmers complain that Colonel Fairfax goes home so early, and that after killing a fox, say about one o'clock, the day is done.

In the far west the season has commenced auspiciously. The opening day of the Dartmoor was very fully attended. The Earl of Morley, Mr. Trelawny, Mr. Bulteel, the Rev. J. Russell, Mr. Froude Bellew, Colonel Coryton and Mr. W. Coryton, the Misses Carew, and a host of strangers from distant shires made the picturesque village of Ivybridge lively, and cast somewhat of a pleasant hue even upon the vast and hideous factory that is utterly incongruous to the surrounding and beautiful scenery. The Dartmoor have a new master in Admiral Parker of Delamore, and he must have been well satisfied with the appearance of his establishment, which gave general satisfaction, especially to those who are regular attendants throughout the season. The men were well mounted, and Will Boxall brought out his hounds in blooming condition. The entry—twelve couple and a half—are a clever lot of young hounds, nearly the one half being by kennel sires, and entirely from kennel bitches, which always speaks well for a pack. The strange strains come from the kennels of Lords Yarborough, Macclesfield, and Huntly. They have entered well in every respect; good drawers, hunt well, and thrusting in chase. The litter of five by Lord Yarborough's Glider are very promising, and two couple by the Dartmoor Conqueror, by Mr. Garth's Conqueror, from Sunbeam, speak well for the Berkshire kennel. A dense fog enveloped the moor, which necessitated the drawing of the lower country. There was a find in Ludbrook at once, but the fox was headed in every direction; the hounds held him hard though, and rattling him round the covert, he went away at last, and after a scurry got into a drain. The plantations at Fleet furnished a second fox, with a miserable scent; but they worked him on to Yarninghall, and getting up to him by degrees, they rolled him over in the ride. Another went away immediately from the same plantation, and gave a burst of fifteen minutes to a drain. A very good show of foxes everywhere.

The South Devon met at Lindridge on the 5th. A vast improvement has taken place in these hounds; excellent drafts have been obtained from good kennels, and matters promise well. The men are splendidly mounted, and turn out with a nicety. A fox was found in King's Wood, and with a sharp covert run was killed. A brace was found in Luton brake, and the hounds divided; they were got together going over Little Haldon to Luscombe Woods towards Minehead—back to Luscombe—over Haldon to Timber Moor. A good show of foxes, and especially in the coverts of Mr. Templar of Lindridge.

The death of Mr. William Leamon of Wollestry Park, near Tavistock, at an advanced age, has been the subject of great regret. He was a sportsman of the old school, who might be thoroughly depended upon alike on days of good and indifferent scent. He was a thorough line-hunter, and generally accounted for his fox in spite of any impediment. He had a wild and irre-

gular country—deep woodlands, small inclosures, and then again open moors bordering upon Dartmoor. As a rule the country carried a good scent, and was fairly stocked with foxes. Personally he was one of a most amiable disposition and extremely popular, as was shown by the good-will of the farmers towards him, by preserving foxes in a very wide district, where the friends of fox-hunting were not too plentiful, and where the gun waged its usual war.

In the Vale of White Horse matters wear a smiling aspect. The meet on the first day at Bibury, of olden renown, was largely attended, as a matter of course. With a multiplicity of foxes the sport was only moderate. In the week previous, however, they had a clipper of eight miles from Condewell—straight away without a check. The new huntsman, Robert Price, is a quick and clever huntsman, a good rider, and gives great satisfaction. The men are for the most part on grey horses, and the white horse that Lord Shannon rode at Bibury worthily represents the name of the district.

This has not been a particularly good season hitherto in Hampshire, the scent having generally been very bad: there is hardly an instance of good scent in this country when the wind is in the west. The H.H. have had some good sport since the season began. The cub-hunting was not good, cubs were so scarce. On Saturday, the 17th of November, they met at Marsh House, and had a very good day, killing a brace.

The Hambledon have not had any brilliant runs to record; they have done very well in killing, having brought to hand twenty-one brace to this time. From not being able to rattle the coverts during the cub season, they are doing the work now. They had a good day on Wednesday, the 21st, from Wintershill Common, an old fox going away directly from Botley Wood over a very stiff country. Beginning with boggy meadows and rotten banks, they changed in Park Hills, Fair Oak, and again in the Marwell coverts, and were stopped at dark. William Hawtin, from the Pytchley, deserves great credit for the condition he has his hounds in.

The Tedworth Hounds have, so far as the season has advanced, enjoyed decidedly good sport; the men, hounds and horses are well and fit to go. This year's entry are fully up to the average, more especially those by Dexter from Actress, and Marksman from Barmaid. Already we have had some capital runs, notably those from Beaches Barn to Chisenbury Gorse, Jorsmead to West Woods, Southgrove to Scotts Poor, Staggs Gorse to Firgo, and Ramally to Southgrove. Lord Algernon St. Maur (the working man of the committee) and his three sons, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ellis-Agar, Sir Edmund, Captain and Miss Antrobus, Sir Claude de Crespiigny, Sir William Humphery, Rev. and Mrs. Awdry, Rev. and Miss Harrison, Mrs. Gully, Captains Wellesley, Tyssen, and Knatchbull have been out and seen most of the good things.

A new correspondent has favoured us with an account of a good run with the Essex Union Hounds, which met for the last day of a bad cub-hunting season at Hutton railway arch on Saturday, November 3rd. The hounds were thrown into Arnold Wood, one of the many certain finds on Lord Petre's large estate. A brace of foxes broke on the Hutton side, on one of which the hounds settled, and drove through Mr. Johnson's grounds to Brockley Grove, on to Ingram Thrift, where he tried the door of his native home, but the heat this time was too much for him, and he went on leading his pursuers through Thorndon Park, to Childerditch Wood, away over the large fields, to near the old steeplechase course, then to East Horndon, across Dunton Hall, where he was viewed toiling forward under a July sun to

Westwood Shaw, Laindon Hills, away at the lower end to Bushy Lees, across Mr. Spitty's farm to the Southend railway, where the hounds got a view and raced him for a mile between the metals to Vange, where he turned to Fobbing Mill, on to Whitehall Marshes, over the creek to Thames Haven station, then to Stanford-le-Hope; and at last, as several foxes were on foot, the hounds were stopped on Mr. Long's farm, and this good fox was left in his glory, to the great disappointment of the Master; but with the wind behind him and a choking hot sun in front, the hounds could never press their fox sufficiently, though many times during this sporting run he seemed doomed to be killed, but he never gave Mr. White a chance, as he had the wind behind him from find to finish. The distance the hounds ran must have been at least twenty miles, as by the map it is fifteen miles from Arnold Wood to Thames Haven station. Most of the prominent members of the hunt and many ladies were present, amongst whom were the Hon. Bernard Petre—son of the good Lord Petre, to whom this hunt is greatly indebted for his strict preservation of foxes—Mr. Edward Courage, Mr. Ind and his son, Mr. and Miss Caldicott, Mr. Cotton—a grand old Madras civilian, who goes as straight as a dart—young Mr. Richard Walmsley, the brothers Lescher, the hard-riding Saunders, Miss Tawke on her wonderful Jane, Captain Helme and his sister mounted splendidly on a white-legged horse, Mr. Helme as neat as any man could be, Mrs. E. Helme on her beautiful cob, and many others.

Up to the middle of the month the Atherstone had nothing particularly worthy of record. The opening day was on the 5th, at Bosworth Park, where there was a large field. On the 16th they had a very good run of thirty-five minutes, all over grass, from Brownsover Hall, by Church Over village, by Bensford Bridge, to ground at Gill's Corner, which greatly pleased all who had the good luck to see it.

The following letter, which was written by the Marquis of Tavistock, afterwards Duke of Bedford, Master of the Oakley Hounds from 1812 to 1830, to the late Charles Barnett, Esq., of Stratton Park, near Biggleswade, who was Master of the Cambridgeshire for thirty-nine years, is, we think, well worth the notice of all Masters of Hounds and their huntsmen:—

‘Torquay, Nov. 20th, 1829.

‘DEAR BARNETT,—You do me but justice in believing that I should feel an interest in learning from you how you are going on, and I have to thank you, which I do most truly, for the detailed account you have sent me. Nothing could be better or more satisfactory in every respect. You having killed five foxes and run one to ground in seven days’ hunting speaks for itself, and is a great deal to have done with an establishment of servants and hounds so new to each other. Continue, pray, to let your hounds make their own casts. Every day’s experience will convince you more and more of its advantages. When your huntsman has good reason for thinking that he knows better than his hounds which way the fox is gone he is, of course, justified in taking them to the point after they have checked; but if it is merely guess against guess, the odds will always be greatly in favour of the hounds, who have instinct to direct them, and the more that instinct is brought into play the more likely will they be to exercise it with success. “Practice makes perfect.” Animals, like men, are the creatures of habit, and none more so than foxhounds, and when they are taught to depend upon their own resources they will generally do better for themselves than we can do for them.

'Permit me to add one more piece of advice. It is to take every opportunity of leaving off with death whenever you can do so without making too short a day. It has many advantages which I will not attempt to enumerate, but one is which will readily occur to you. Great mischief is often done to hounds by jading and beating them after they have done well and ended successfully. Every Master of Hounds feels a pleasure in seeing his pack return to their kennel satisfied. I heard a most excellent account of Mr. T. Smith and his hounds as I passed through Hampshire and Wilts. He appears to have maintained in the Craven country the character which he brought with him from the Hambledon, and which justified my attempt to introduce him into Bedfordshire as my successor. This is a charming place, and has answered our expectations fully, but they are sadly behind us in farming and in almost everything else. Lady Tavistock joins in best remembrance to Mrs. Barnett, and I remain always truly yours,

'TAVISTOCK.'

A riding match of fifty hours, between Jesus Leon, the Mexican, upon his mustang Tom, and Mr. Newsome of Beverley, upon his thoroughbred hunter Telegram, by Thunderbolt, had been extensively advertised to come off at the Agricultural Hall, to start on the 8th of November. The match was said to be for 500*l.* a side, but we have no evidence that there was any money down. Tom is the pick of the mustangs brought over to this country last year by his master, and is a tough, wiry animal of less than fifteen hands. His colour, which is a very dark chestnut with a white blaze down his face and four white legs, gives him an underbred appearance. Moreover, he is light in the middle piece which is the more apparent from his wide hips and powerful quarters; his action is anything but gaudy, and yet it is very safe.

His opponent, Telegram, a washy chestnut, is a horse of a very different stamp, measuring nearly three inches higher. He is a trifle too long in the back, and his hind legs are put on too far behind him, although in other respects not a bad-looking horse. With his daisy-cutting action, he looked to us the very picture of an Oxford hack-hunter. There was no stipulation as to weight; and, in this respect, Telegram had a manifest advantage, his Yorkshire jockey being at least a stone the lightest. For the early part of the journey the two jogged along together very comfortably at about 'hounds' pace,' alternately taking the lead. When they had gone sixty-eight miles in about seventeen hours, the Yorkshire horse stopped, and could not be induced to move. Not that he was tired, but that he was thoroughly sick of the monotonous round, and very sensibly declined to have any more of it. When Mr. Newsome tried to force him to go on, Telegram quickly placed that jockey on the ground. Meanwhile Tom went ambling on at a pace peculiarly his own, seemingly very easy to himself and his rider, who only stopped to get a light for his cigar, and was soon miles ahead. We take no notice of his time, as it had become merely a question of door money, and it was not a criterion of Tom's powers of endurance, as they were never put to the test. Any of our crack pedestrians would have walked a greater distance in the same time.

We have heard just one more story of our old friend Monsieur Giglamps, *alias* Count Goggelheimer. Being in want of a hunter as usual, he commissioned a very well known dealer in the Midlands to select him something that should be better than other people's, which was done, but before completing the purchase, he wished to see the horse in the hunting field. As

the Warwickshire were to draw Ladbroke, which is their best covert, surrounded by grass and strong fences, it was arranged that he should see the horse perform with hounds. Accordingly on their arrival at the covert the dealer said to our friend, 'Now, sir, if you stay with me here you will get a 'good start, for the fox is almost sure to break in that corner,' and there they posted themselves. True enough, the fox did break there, closely followed by the hounds, who raced away up a large grass field at the end of which was a high, strong, live fence with a big ditch and a deep drop on the other side. Away went the dealer, saying to Monsieur le Comte, 'Follow me; we have got a rare start,' and sending the horse hard at it, got well over and disappeared; one or two at the most followed; the rest of the field, with Monsieur Giglamps, sought an easier exit. Meanwhile the hounds and the dealer had it all to themselves; and after a very sharp run of about twenty minutes they killed. The body of the field, with Monsieur, then came up, when the dealer said to him, 'Why did you not follow me? we should have had the 'hounds to ourselves.'—'Eh! vat you say, eh?'—'I observed, sir, it is a 'great pity you lost the run.'—'Mr. D.,' he replied, 'I can lose ten runs, but, 'by Go't, I can only lose one neck!'

'Home Rule' is about to be disestablished in England. On Thursday, December 13th, at the Mart, Messrs. Farebrother, Lye, and Palmer, with one stroke of the hammer, will cause 'Rule's Oyster Shop' in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, to be 'Rule's' no longer. After half a century Mr. Rule has, as the Americans would say, 'concluded to skedaddle,' and he and his sons will leave the pleasant old haunt which has been the temporary lounge of authors, actors, reporters, newspaper writers and their friends, beyond the memory of many eminent men now living. The 'bivalves' which were sold at three a penny half a century ago are about half-a-crown a dozen now, but still Mr. Rule's trade has never become dull. No matter who comes into the business *vice* Rule and Sons retired—and we wish well to the successor—a great blank must be caused in the celebrated oyster room, where the proprietor could open oysters as quickly as any man in England, and discourse of Edmund Kean, John Kemble, Madame Vestris, Talfourd, Mrs. Nisbett, Jerrold, Thackeray, Dickens, John Leech, Albert Smith, and hundreds of celebrities, all of whom he knew, and all of whom have passed away. It is pleasant to think that our old friends have not occasion to consult Messrs. 'Quilter, Ball, and Co.,' or 'Messrs. Turquand, Young, and Co.,' as to the dividend which they can pay; but that after half a century of hard work the family seek their well-earned and honourable rest.

Tabular statements of the death rate of our horses are not kept, and it is only when celebrities in the racing or hunting world disappear suddenly, from accidental casualty or epidemic, that we realise how uncertain is the tenure by which we hold our horseflesh property—no inconsiderable item, by-the-way, in our national wealth and national power. Thorn, for whom Mr Batt refused a very tempting offer, succumbed recently to an accident. The Arabs of Hampton Court have been decimated, if not in number, yet in quality, by the late mysterious epidemic which carried off that Belgravian matron Viridis and several of her associates. The hunting-fields of England and Ireland have already proved fatal to many a promising performer. All this seems to point the moral of horse insurance, of which the 'Guardian'—whose prospectus appears in our advertising pages—seems a good representative, as its rates are low and at the same time comprehensive. When even the bridal equipage of the young Lady Aberdeen is invaded, it seems only a wise precaution to insure one's carriage and horses.

Speaking of the facilities that exist for hunting-men nowadays, we know of no one place so near London which is easier of access than Croydon. There are at least three or four packs within riding distance, and for stabling accommodation of the first order, commend us to Bignell's, where the right man will be found in the right place. Every week a few of the good men and true are to be seen wending their way from town for a day with the Old Surrey, or Squire Robinson's 'staggers.' Once on the far-famed Surrey Downs, we can answer for it that rattling gallops will soon drive dull care away.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may mention the issue of a handy little volume treating of Horses and Riding from the pen of Mr. George Neville, published by Longmans. The book abounds with valuable hints on all matters relating to the stud and its appointments, and well deserves attentive perusal.

Our latest contribution in the shape of sporting reminiscences is 'Shooting, Yachting, and Sea-Fishing Trips,' by Wildowler. The author has already shown his ability as a sporting writer in various periodicals, and in these pages some of his most interesting sketches have been reproduced.

Mr. Cranfield, of Dublin, has just published a portrait of the Duke of Connaught on his favourite hunter, Black Knight, lithographed from a painting by Mr. Sturgess, so well and favourably known for his hunting pictures. The Duke is sitting easily on his splendid hunter, most admirably painted. The horse is really moving, and Mr. Sturgess has caught his every point most faithfully. In Ireland especially, where H.R.H. has achieved a popularity with all classes, from his frank, simple manners, his love of sport, and his devotion to his profession, this remembrance of him will, we have no doubt, be much prized.

One of the new features in chemical manures is the Vitesse Chemical Fertilizer. Not only are we informed that the properties of the composition surpass all others of the kind, but the company engage to analyze the earth previous to executing orders, when it is prepared to suit the requirements of the soil. Mr. Cohen, who disinfected the Agricultural Hall (with his Crown fluid-) so successfully last year, during the Cattle Show, and again disinfects this year by invitation, is the inventor of the Fertilizer. We call the visitor's attention to the stall, No. 82, in the galleries. The manufacturers undertake to fertilize soil hitherto not fit for cultivation.

In consequence of some of the Captains of the Public Schools Elevens not having replied to our application, we are reluctantly compelled to postpone the publication of the Cricket Averages until next month.

Slowly but surely, on the 15th ult., fell the hand of Death on the ever-green 'Ginger Stubbs,' and another familiar light will shine in its wonted haunts no more. Less known to the present than to the past generation, to which essentially he belonged, Mr. Stubbs may well be said to have lived every year of the century; for many indeed are the feats recorded of him on the turf and in the field, at the board of green cloth and with the cue—with which latter instrument he was, as an amateur, well-nigh invincible. Thormanby, it is true, played havoc with the veteran, but his spotless neck-cloth never lost the character associated with it in the palmy days at Pratt's, when he could count as his choicest friends the late Lords Eglinton, Chesterfield, and Forester. It was at the above club where, dressed in his unique style, he was once represented to a Leicester-hire clergyman as the 'Rector of St. James's,' and firmly was the parson convinced on leaving the room, that in strength of expression few of the clergy could compete with him to whose

care, he implicitly believed, was committed the custody of the morals of the parish of clubs.

Mr. Morton Stubbs was entered to hounds in his native county, Surrey, very early in the century, and from his fearless style of riding was christened 'Straightforward Stubbs.' However, he was more noted for taking sensational jumps than as a first-rate rider to hounds. His reputation in the hunting-field caused his services to be in request when, in 1830, Tommy Coleman got up the first great steeplechase in Bedfordshire. Upon that occasion he rode Captain Bulkeley's Giraffe, and, getting a couple of falls, he was not placed. In following years he rode Bloomfield, Leporello, and other horses, but he was not successful as a steeplechase rider.

During the season 1839-40 he, with Lord Chesterfield and others, made The Dun Cow, at Dunchurch, their hunting quarters. At that time he had a big jumping horse, The Alhambra, upon which he used to hop over gates as if they were sheep-hurdles. Another season saw him, with his friend Tom Crommelin, in the Vale of Aylesbury, hunting with The Baron's hounds, and there he nearly met his end, having been jumped upon when down in a double. After that accident he returned to Surrey, where he might frequently be seen in later years upon his favourite horse, The Farmer.

His career was a curious one, no doubt, but not singular. Those of a generation now rapidly becoming the past, have seen many instances of men getting on in society whose pretensions were not so tangible as Mr. Morton Stubbs's. Society is, after all, not the exclusive bugbear existing a good deal in novelists' imagination. It received Brummell; it welcomed Gully; it took George Hudson to its arms. To be sure, the pretensions in the latter case were golden ones, and they will always possess great weight. Stubbs had the pretensions, of ready wit, of manners that caught the tone of those he associated with—above all, of possessing dauntless nerve; a quality that, so long as the world lasts, Englishmen of every degree will admire and honour, be it exhibited in a Ginger Stubbs or a Vere de Vere.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE EARL OF HADDINGTON.

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1878.

DIARY FOR JANUARY, 1878.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	TU	Manchester Steeplechases. Aberdeen Dog Show.
2	W	Manchester Steeplechases. Wappenbury Coursing Meeting.
3	TH	Isle of Thanet and Newmarket Local Coursing Meetings.
4	F	
5	S	South London Harriers, Meet of.
6	S	EPIPHANY. Old Christmas Day.
7	M	Preston Great Horse Fair (six days).
8	TU	Beckhampton Open Coursing Meeting.
9	W	
10	TH	Carnarvonshire Hunt Races. Prize Sale of Cart Horses at
11	F	[Reading.
12	S	Thames Hare and Hounds.
13	S	FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
14	M	
15	TU	South Essex Club and Southport Coursing Meetings.
16	W	Southminster Local Coursing Meeting. Pau Races.
17	TH	Altcar Club and Isle of Man Coursing Meetings.
18	F	South of England Coursing Meeting.
19	S	South London Harriers, Meet of.
20	S	SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. Nice Races.
21	M	
22	TU	
23	W	
24	TH	Upper Nithsdale Coursing Meeting. Nice Races.
25	F	
26	S	Thames Hare and Hounds.
27	S	THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY. Nice Races.
28	M	
29	TU	
30	W	Ridgway Club Lytham Coursing Meeting.
31	TH	





Shadlington -

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF HADDINGTON.

GEORGE, eleventh EARL OF HADDINGTON, joint master with his brother, the Hon. Robert Baillie Hamilton, of the North Berwickshire Foxhounds, is a genuine sportsman by education, taste, and descent. His hunting career commenced at a very early age under the auspices of his father and of his grandfather, George Baillie, Esq., of Jerviswoode, in Lanarkshire, and of Nullerstein, in Berwickshire, a name well known and equally respected throughout Scotland. Mr. Baillie was many years M.F.H., indeed the father of the 'Caledonian Hunt,' and he resigned his country to the Duke of Buccleuch during the childhood of the subject of the present memoir. Formerly his country in the North was almost as extensive as was the Berkeley in the South; the latter stretched from the Severn to Uxbridge, Mr. Baillie's from Lanark to Bedford, near Alnwick, in Northumberland.

The Earl of Haddington has been a sportsman from the cradle. Indeed, such his fondness for hounds of all sorts, that even the less animated and exciting pastime of watching those sheeted ghosts (called greyhounds) flitting athwart a bleak heath, until their time came to measure speed after a timid hare, has charms for him; and for the last twenty years he has owned one of the largest greyhound kennels in the kingdom.

It was due to his ancestors that he should own foxhounds in the country where he resides, and where they had shown such sport—a position to which not so much his vast possessions as his courtesy and urbanity will entitle him to hold along with his brother—the thorough sportsman—that able and justly popular member for Berwickshire.

The country hunted by the noble earl forms part of that which the veteran Earl of Wemyss recently held, and which on his relinquishing was split up (like many other counties) into more than one hunt.

Lord Haddington has tried his hands at most all sports, including cricket (when at Oxford) and rowing. He is also a good shot.

Though he never owned racehorses, in the common acceptance of the term, he for some years 'sported satin' and rode as 'Mr. George' on every racecourse in Scotland, his last mount being in 1871, when he won the Ladies' Purse at the Lothian meeting.

His Lordship is Lieut.-Colonel of the East Lothian Yeomanry, and holds the rank of Brigadier-General in the Royal Archers (Her Majesty's Body Guard for Scotland). He is a Representative Peer and Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Haddington.

'TRYING BACK.'

WITHOUT any fuss or sensation whatever, but in the natural order of events which have been for some time tending in the direction we are about to indicate, two questions, lately of 'burning interest' in the world of breeding and racing, seem likely to be laid for ever at rest. They never assumed any more tangible shape than shadows, and consequently it needed no powerful exorcising influence to make them 'so depart,' and to join the many visionary forms which have from time to time arisen to disturb men's minds, and to open up avenues of thought, in the endless vistas of which all glimpses of truth and reason have been for ever lost. The 'International Stud Company' may be said never to have seen the light at all, albeit mountains laboured in its cause, and though 'turf reciprocity' was at its birth a precocious and somewhat noisy bantling, its cries gradually died away under the soothing influences of that balm of Gilead which was poured into our souls after Chamant's decline and fall in the early summer of last year. The projectors of the breeding scheme which never saw maturity, and the author of the 'cry' that rather peevishly demanded free-trade in racing with France, both had similar objects in view, although they pursued them by different paths: for while the 'Internationalists' aimed at obtaining some of those equine prizes by the instrumentality of which so much hard cash has of late years been carried across the Channel; the Cobden of the turf sought to allay the mortification of seeing his cracks cut down by the 'foreigner,' by a demand upon the enemy of participation in his spoils at home. Both propositions showed that a 'funk' of the French and other externals had been fully established; and the rather ignominious spectacle was exhibited of England, regretful of her rashness in having encouraged exportation of her best blood, sitting down to cry over spilt milk, and forcibly demanding reciprocity both in breeding and racing, as though her once vaunted superiority in both were a divine right, and a patent not to be infringed. It looked very much like eating our cake and wanting to have it, and it is difficult to say to what extent the agitation might have increased, had not the common sense of most come to the rescue, naturally reinforced and aided by the breakdown of Chamant and the sop of 35,000*l.* in stakes cast down before the noble sportsman who was among the first to raise the reciprocity banner. However, all's well that ends well, and it seems highly improbable that we

shall be scared again by the ghosts now so satisfactorily laid, though wild periodical panics may occur as often as Continental sportsmen achieve some considerable success in this country, where all are welcome to 'cut in' at our racing game.

The means by which this happy result of calming down terror and smoothing our consciences has been attained are simple in the extreme, and private enterprise has shown the way whither public spirit refused to act as pioneer, and by quietly taking the matter into its own hands has solved the question of how best we may reap some of the benefits to be derived from an interchange of blood with the nation we claim to have initiated in the mysteries of horse-breeding. That man would have been regarded as little short of a lunatic who, when France first commenced her system of importing our thoroughbred stock, had ventured to foretell that we should eventually have recourse to the blood of what we were facetiously pleased to term the drafts and cast-offs of the English markets. It is true that some of our great guns, such as The Dutchman, West Australian, and others, were exported to France, but the great bulk of sires sent across the silver streak have been what, in our wisdom, we have been apt to term second-raters, which could find no breeder in this country to take them up, and were fain to try their fortunes in other lands. It is mostly out of such materials as these that a formidable opposition has been organised, of the present supplies of which we are so anxious to avail ourselves now that they have stood the test of competition with the best blood which our home stables could bring against them.

It is curious to note how gradually the conviction dawned upon us that 'these foreigners' were actually beating us at our own game, and how long was the process of conviction which enabled us at length to look the matter seriously in the face. We began by under-rating, went on to wonder at, and finally grew consumedly jealous of, the efforts of our French neighbours in assuming the mantle of sport, which we had obligingly let slip from our shoulders to accommodate their newly acquired tastes. Contempt bred of the very light estimation in which we held them as invited participators in our national sport, induced us at first to concede allowances in weight, which was speedily taken advantage of, inasmuch as annals of the race for the Goodwood Cup disclose a formidable succession of Gallic winners in Jouvence, Baroncino, and Monarque, in the short space of five years, the two former of which were feather-weighted, for fear, as John Leech's eating-house keeper (who removed the roast beef and plum-pudding from his window in the Great Exhibition year) expressed it, 'of hurting the feelings of Mossoo.' Subsequently, after these indulgences in weights were disallowed, sundry important handicap successes, achieved under by no means lenient imposts, disturbed the minds of the 'thinking few' not a little, and we began to wonder what next, and next; and to keep our weather eyes open for squalls from the other side of the Channel. Hitherto our position as masters of the situation in the great two and three-year-old races of the season had not been assailed; but Fille de

l'Air soon came upon the scene to dispel our dream of security, and from her appearance on the English turf may be said to date our first note of alarm at a French invasion of thoroughbreds, and a sort of national uneasiness for the results of our big races at Epsom and Doncaster. If Fille de l'Air kindled the spark of jealousy, the mighty Gladiateur may be said to have fanned it into a burning flame; and suspicion furnished its usual stock of insinuations in the shape of doubts expressed as to the right age of these intruders upon our preserves. Once, indeed, they assumed a somewhat threatening attitude, as when a late eminent 'spiritualist' demanded an examination of Gladiateur's dental system at Doncaster, though nothing came of the ordeal, which took place under slightly unsatisfactory circumstances. Since that time, though suspicion and jealousy have held aloof from making their presence known, they have not ceased to rankle in the breasts of sportsmen, both noble and simple, and ever and anon a plaint has gone up, demanding certain dimly shadowed concessions to wounded English feelings, and gradually deepening into a chorus of which 'reciprocity' was lately the somewhat abject refrain. It might have been thought that, like the eels, we should have got used to the skinning process ere now; but the result of French racing triumphs has rather tended to keep the sore open, and it is difficult to say what would have happened had Count Lagrange changed places with Lord Falmouth in the recently published list of winning owners. Strangely enough the owner of Silvio, into whose lap have fallen nearly all the good things of the past season, has had his mouth closed for the time by a surfeit of success, and it is perhaps better for all concerned in the racing question that such a bone of contention has been happily removed in a manner we shall presently proceed to indicate. English breeders are now about more fully to test the capabilities of French blood as applied to their own studs, and to see if they cannot, by a return to old and in many cases long lost sources, freshen up and revive currents which, by frequent intermingling, may be suspected to have lost something of their pristine richness and vigour. Why they have not before availed themselves of the opportunities now so eagerly courted may be attributed to a variety of causes, to which we need not further allude in this place; enough that the mistake or neglect is speedily about to be remedied, and that the folly has, if somewhat tardily, been recognised of making the Channel a barrier between desirable equine alliances.

Harking back a little to the feelings excited in the breasts of our countrymen at the first blush of these French victories, we find that no ideas were immediately entertained of engrafting material which supplied such doughty representatives on our own stocks; for though English mares may have occasionally visited the haras of fashionable sires across the Channel, such instances were few and far between, albeit they represented the introduction of the thin end of the wedge in a practice which is now more familiarised among us. Here and there we might note a racer of distinction as having been foaled in France, as in the case of Prince Charlie, but excep-

tions of this character did not prevail to any marked extent, and we still clung tenaciously to home resources. The purchase of Gladiateur by the late Mr. Blenkiron was the first actual step taken to secure, so to speak, the hair of the dog which had bitten us; and if the avenger of Waterloo turned out a dismal failure, it was not for lack of patronage among breeders, for the highest dignitaries of the stud-book were to be found on his visiting list, and Captain Ray had to give a very large sum for the angular bay at the great Middle Park Sale of 1872. Since that time the Duke of Hamilton, whose colours are as well known in France as in England, brought over Barbillon, by Pretty Boy, to stand in England, but he was hardly class enough to be termed a representative horse, and we merely cite the case of his importation to show the direction in which things were tending prior to the recent infatuation (as we may term it) for foreign blood. Last year Chamant, Verneuil, and others, brought about a revival of this mania, and while those who had long been harping on the 'internationalist' string became hotter than ever in their advocacy of the system of sending mares to Mortemer and Co., the waverers also cast in their allegiance, and nothing would go down but French sires. By way of breaking the ice, Mr. Blenkiron (who would seem to inherit his father's spirit of enterprise) secured Henry and Dutch Skater from the haras of Chamant as hirelings, and advertised them to stand at Middle Park. Though the former failed to find admirers at first sight, the son of the Dutchman soon had his list filled, and it seems likely that both will turn out profitable investments. The charm of novelty doubtless exercised a considerable influence upon breeders, who were naturally eager to consult popular tastes, and the tendency of these towards foreign importations was further exemplified at the Cobham sale in June, when Mr. Bell set before his customers a quartette of German bred yearlings, by Blue Gown, Vespasian, and Soapstone, and the judgment of the manager was amply vindicated by the extraordinary sensation they created; while the highly remunerative prices they realised induced a repetition of the experiment at Doncaster, where it was equally successful. Meantime, certain of our breeders had turned their eyes in the direction of *la belle France*, and Mr. Waring was the first to dispatch a contingent from his stud to Boiard's paddocks, some few of his brethren following the example, and finding that means of transit were as easy and convenient as a journey by rail to the Yorkshire stud farms, and moreover, that the cost was reasonable, and the expense of keep cheaper than at home. Suspicion seems to have been entertained, until conviction, *sero sed serio*, was forced upon us of a better state of things, that Englishmen held a sort of patent for feeding and rearing racehorses, whereas, if the truth must be told, we may already be found lagging a little behind in the race for supremacy as breeders. We are not at all sure that they do not manage this business better in France, but at any rate their treatment of mares and foals leaves nothing to be desired, and in point of size of paddocks and general scope of ground, they are ahead of us far enough, and, as a naturalised stud-groom said to us at a certain

monster sale in June last, "Bless you, sir, one of our paddocks would swallow up the whole of this stud farm," and he went on to describe the interior economy of the establishment over which he presided, which seems to be to the full as perfect of its kind as anything we can show in this country. The desire to seek 'fresh woods and pastures new' abroad has been intensified rather than the contrary during the past season, and some of our breeders have not been slow to take the hint, laying themselves out to satisfy the cravings of their customers, and setting before them tempting dishes according to their desires. Mr. Blenkiron's hiring of Dutch Skater and Henry was to extend, we believe, over three or four seasons; and during the autumn our *premier* breeder, Mr. Cookson, always on the look-out for something to fill his high-built boxes with yearlings worthy of Neasham reputation, made overtures for, and finally secured for a few seasons, that good horse Salvator, one among the few entitled to inscribe 'Invictus' upon his shield. The infusion of Ion blood on his dam's side made Salvator still more acceptable to Mr. Cookson, who has excellent reasons for pinning his faith to it, and as we know the horse has good size and length, and is something after the style and stamp of Blair Athol, the chances are that he will turn out no unworthy successor to Buccaneer and The Palmer. Mr. Waring has gone further even than Mr. Cookson, for he has purchased Cymbal outright, and considering how well his two-year-olds ran in France last year, and how scarce the good old Rataplan blood is getting in England, the experiment of taking by the hand so good a representative cannot be deemed a rash one. Perhaps no one but M. Lefevre would have had the pluck to breed from a horse like Cymbal, whose credentials were those of a sprinter rather than a stayer; but in France their views differ from ours, and if Plutus could beget a Flageolet, what is there to prevent a far smarter and infinitely stouter-bred horse from taking the highest honours at the stud? No doubt these examples of enterprise thus set will bring about many new importations of a similar kind, while the names of Mortemer, Boiard, Mars, and other 'stars' of Gallic origin, will, in process of time, become as much 'household words' as our own Blair Athol, Scottish Chief, and Adventurer.

But useful and popular as these latest acquisitions to the *répertoire* of our blood sires in England are likely to become, breeders must needs go farther afield, and seek for their mares alliances with the best blood that France can produce. The experiment made last year will be repeated on a far larger scale during the forthcoming season; and already a select consignment of the choicest matrons at Cobham has been shipped *en route* for Chamant, destined for the favours of Mortemer and Flageolet. Others both in the north and south of England have followed suit, and have taken subscriptions to the above-mentioned pair, as well as to Boiard, and Mars is likely enough to come in request now that Jongleur has advertised him so well. In a few years we may expect a further extension of the 'idea,' and it may be that exchanges, which have been made the fashion here, will be effected by stud masters in England and

France, and thus the terms 'reciprocal' and 'international' may become more than words of little meaning. As we have already pointed out, the terrible risk and expense of transporting mares to the principal *haras* in French territory is no more than need be incurred in sending them to Yorkshire or Durham, and anxious owners may rest satisfied that all justice will be done to their favourites in the land of their temporary sojourning. By this means the system of breeding in France will become more assimilated with that which chiefly prevails on this side of the Channel; for heretofore the custom seems to have obtained in that country of each breeder, so to speak, standing on his own bottom, and having provided himself with a sire and suitable consorts, of mating them similarly year after year, in place of varying the entertainment by visits to neighbouring fathers of the stud. Hitherto, racing men in France have had to depend for instruments of sport almost entirely upon their own resources, as, up to within a very short time since, no other means were available for filling their stables with the sinews of racing warfare. It is significant, as pointing to the same conclusions we have been endeavouring to bring before our readers, that yearling and other public sales by auction in France have become far more frequent than formerly, and though not at present to be compared with business of that kind transacted here, they promise in time to assume equal importance, and it may be reckoned as certain that such opportunities for acquisition would not be neglected by our own countrymen, should they continue in the same mind as at present. Much as the alleged superior capabilities, both in soil and climate, for the breeding and rearing of thoroughbred stock in France has been ridiculed and denied, there are doubtless some secrets worth knowing in connection with the methods adopted in that country for the production of those remarkably precocious youngsters which cross the sea to dispute with us the possession of our richest prizes. Pessimists who raise periodical lamentations over the degeneration of the racehorse in this island might be induced to alter their views when it was seen, as it undoubtedly would be seen, that fully as many weedy and worthless foals are dropped in France as in England, but that Mossoo is sufficiently cute not to pit them against British cracks, nor to expose to foreigners the weak cards in his hand. That breeding will ever be placed under any Governmental department in this country we do not for one moment believe; but a more intimate acquaintance with the way they manage these things in France might possibly lead to the formation of a private association, such as that not long ago suggested by Lord Calthorpe, and which might with advantage take in hand the work of improvement, concerning which so much has been talked and written. In every way we are likely to be benefited by an interchange of ideas on such an important subject as the supply of a national necessity; and it is for this reason that we hail with satisfaction measures now effected or in contemplation, for drawing closer the bond of union between English and foreign breeders. Involved in our pride and self-suffi-

ciency we have held aloof too long, and it is not in the highest degree creditable to our foresight or perception that we have been 'funkt' into taking serious measures for the preservation of our credit as the horse-breeding nation, *par excellence*, of the world. Lastly, it is not unlikely that our preconceived notions of what stamp or style of stallion it is best to use may be rudely dissipated; and it is rather a curious commentary upon the so-called science of breeding, that it is not directly to such types of 'cracks' as The Baron, The Flying Dutchman, West Australian, and others, that the French are indebted for the weapon they have wielded so successfully against us, but rather to less distinguished importations, which, in our wisdom, we have cast aside and sold into bondage as below the 'form' on which we pride ourselves so mightily. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether we do not go too much by 'the 'book' in this country, and are not overweeningly influenced by fashion, rejecting many a sound, truly shaped, and good-actioned horse, for the reason that he has not attained that standard of excellence on the Turf which we are apt to fix in so arbitrary a manner. To those who have the opportunity we commend a study of the pedigrees and performances of stallions now in the public service in France, and we will venture to say that they will be surprised to find many well-patronised and fairly successful sires which have risen from the ranks of what we might be pleased to term the 'duffers' of racing society. Now and again such names crop up as progenitors of great winners, and our recollections carry us back to moderate performers at some distant date we had fancied long since relegated to baser uses than the reproduction of their species. But it is time we drew to a close; and it only remains for us to record our sincere conviction that the present movement in the direction of a real 'reciprocity' in breeding is one worthy of all encouragement and support, and to express a hope that it may be fully developed and carried out in a manner worthy of its importance.

AMPHION.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

CHAPTER VII.

'Even the Nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus, and became a hunter . . .

'O, said he, you will never live to my age, without you keep yourself in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness; too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out, that, while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

RUSSELL had been married one year, within a day, when, on the 29th of May, 1827, his wife presented him with his first-born son, whom they named John Bury—a precious though a short-lived offering, for the child died, and was buried in Iddesleigh Churchyard on the

following 31st of May. On the 23rd of August, however, in that year, 1828, just three months afterwards, a second son was born to them at Dennington House, and received the names of Richard Bury Russell—a gentleman who is happily still alive, and respected by all who know him.

On turning over some manuscripts relating to those early days and the versatile power of his little pack, I find, in Russell's handwriting, the following letter, which, for the uncommon day's sport it records, is entitled to a prominent place in this memoir. It runs thus:—

‘ One evening, soon after the hounds had been fed, who should ride to our door at Iddesleigh but Billy Morris, a great chum of mine, then a small boy living with his father and mother at Fishley, but afterwards a distinguished swordsman and one of the glorious six hundred in the Balaclava Charge.

‘ “ I’ve a holiday to-morrow, Mr. Russell,” he said ; “ and I’ve come to ask if you will kindly bring out your hounds, and show me a day’s sport.”

‘ “ With all my heart,” I replied ; “ but I have promised your father’s tenant at Norleigh to kill a hare for him ; so come and meet me there at ten o’clock.”

‘ “ I’ll be there to a minute,” he said, thanking me warmly, and then galloping off on his pony, “ big with hope.”

‘ It was a wretched morning—a regular downpour of rain—and no one came to the meet but dear little Billy and Lord Clinton’s steward from Heanton. Well, the hounds found a hare, and killed her ; found another, and she went as straight as a line to Gribbleford Bridge, on which we also killed her.

‘ “ Now,” said Billy, “ just throw them into uncle’s covers ; there’s a fox there, I know.”

‘ “ Not on any account,” I replied, “ till I have his permission to do so.”

‘ “ But I’m sure you may,” he continued ; “ for he told me so last night.”

‘ I begged him, however, to ride up to Passaford, half a mile off, and bring me word, “ yea or nay,” from his uncle ; and promised that I would wait an hour for his return. I did wait a full hour ; when suddenly the hounds dashed in over the road-fence, and in an instant a fox was on his legs. Ran him up close to the house, but I saw nothing of Billy ; then breaking away, he put his head straight for Dartmoor ; but the hounds raced up to him before he reached Sourton. I viewed him ahead, and saw him crawl into a large furze-bush on the open moor ; rode up to it, and, before the hounds arrived, had him in my arms. But there was no house, and therefore no bag, within a couple of miles ; so I threw him down, and they ate him—no one up but myself. I then went back to Norleigh ; but, before I arrived there, a farmer came up and asked me to kill a hare for him, which I did ; the hounds, however, tore her so much that he begged, me to try again. I did so, and found a tough old lady, that gave me as good a run as the

‘dog-fox had done, though not so straight; and I killed her also—
‘two brace of hares and a fox—a very satisfactory day’s work, which
‘was talked about at every farmer’s ordinary, far and near, and
‘established my little pack on a firm footing from that day forth.’

But to return to his coadjutor, Mr. Harris of Hayne. Owing to the hitherto malpractice of the natives for so long a time, and the consequent scarcity of foxes throughout the land, he quickly saw that unless some plan were adopted by which he could at once protect the stock and secure a find, even two days a week would be too much for the country; especially as Russell, unlike the man whom one jack-snipe supplied with sport for a whole season, almost invariably killed his fox whenever he found him. In the year 1828, for instance, Russell found thirty-two foxes—killed twenty-eight, and earthed a brace; besides killing seventy-three brace of hares with the same scratch pack, of which hares the hounds certainly ate their share, namely, thirty-six brace.

Foxes, however, and foxes only, were the sole object of the new alliance; and with a view to cultivate and increase their number, besides feeding keepers and propitiating the farmers’ wives with attractive and useful presents—a handsome red shawl to one and a family Bible to another—Mr. Harris set to work to construct artificial earths in three of the chief covers on the Hayne Estate; the plan for which had been given him by Mr. Paul Ourry Treby of Goodamoor, one of the best friends to fox-hunting the Dartmoor country ever knew.

The following rough sketch will probably enable the reader to understand the plan on which the earth was formed. It consisted simply of a narrow walled drain; which, being just large enough to admit a small terrier, was constructed on the slope of a hill in the shape of the letter Y.

In the lower or main entrance was an iron plate worked by a spring, but fixed by a padlock, and covered with earth, over which plate the foxes travelled habitually.

In the centre was a wide circular chamber, from which the upper passages branched off; and the top of that chamber being covered with a close-fitting lid, the food for the cubs was popped in through it. These were fed twice in the week until full-grown, and afterwards every Saturday.

When a fox was wanted, the spring plate was unpadlocked; and the upper entrances being stopped, each with a strong gorse faggot, the moment he entered, the plate tripped up behind him, and there he was safe and ready for the coming event.

It was usually a two o’clock affair; and when a glass or two of old sherry—that spur in the head which is said to be worth two on the heel—had been handed about in front of the mansion, Blatchford, the keeper, at a given signal, ungorsed the upper entrances just before the hounds came up; then put in a terrier at the lower end, and away.

It never failed; but it was a curious fact that foxes bolted from the Newton Wood earth, at one end of the park, almost invariably made

for the wilds of Dartmoor, while those found in the Townleigh earth, on the other side of the park, broke away in quite a different direction. It puzzled even Russell to account for the why and the wherefore of this understanding between the fox families, but so it was.

The secret was well kept for years; but the certainty of having a fox on foot, directly after the sherry had been imbibed, gave rise to many strange reports on the subject: some said it was a bagman from Leadenhall Market; others fancied—the natives notably—that there was some ‘whishtness,’ or witchcraft, in the business; it might be, as they thought, the work of Dick Down, the old huntsman who was eaten by the Hayne hounds, and whose ghost was known to haunt the covers round the park. But Mr. John Crocker Bulteel, in his humorous mood, gave another version of the matter, and amused the county with a story which Blatchford, he said, had told him when he brought down a hound to Flete from the Hayne kennels. On asking Blatchford how the world went with him, he replied: ‘Well enough, sir, thank ’ee, on the whole; but, ‘Lor, my stummick be almost a wore out by lying so long, wi’ the ‘fox in a bag, on that cold ground up to Newton Wood, a-waiting ‘for the squire’s holley, and for Passon Rissell to bring up they ‘hounds, and then to let un goo. I’ve scarce no stummick left, ‘your honour; ’tis fairly stived up wi’ th’ cold.’

The foxes, however, were no bagmen, but the real old Hectors of the moor, as they so often proved themselves to be by going straight away for their native and far-distant homes. Vixens and game were scarce in those days, and, to satisfy the cravings of nature, it was marvellous how far a fox would travel in search of the one and the other. The cubs fostered in the artificial earth on arriving at maturity soon brought immigrants to the colony from a distant land, and with one of these before him, whether found in the drain or a neighbouring cover, it was no child’s-play for Russell and his hounds to pull him down ere he reached his own diggings in some inaccessible tor on the rugged Dartmoor.

Oh! it would stir a man’s heart to the core to hear Russell describe some of those Broadbury runs, which the brush of a Carter, or the pen even of a living Charles Kingsley, would be powerless to paint with a like effect. But to have seen and enjoyed them, as he and his friends did, must have been a foretaste to them of the Elysian Fields.

‘It was said by Voltaire, that Marlborough had never besieged ‘a fortress which he had not taken, never fought a battle which he ‘had not won, never conducted a negotiation which he had not ‘brought to a prosperous close.’ So wrote Lord Stanhope; and every one who has read his charming history of Queen Anne’s reign will remember that the Duke of Marlborough’s achievements—himself, beyond all doubt, one of the first military chiefs of that or any age—could never have been so brilliant and so uniformly successful but for the support he obtained from ‘the Grand Alliance.’

In like manner—if it be permitted to compare great things with small—the war of powerful nations with the sylvan campaign which Russell was waging among the remote and peaceful Britons of the far West, it is equally certain that he too proved himself a great general in his way; killing or accounting for his fox almost every time he found him; and conquering all classes, not less by the sport he showed than by his genial fellowship, manly bearing, and consummate tact. Nor should the support he met with from his alliance with Mr. Arthur Harris of Hayne remain unacknowledged; for, beyond all question, the active and liberal co-operation of that gentleman did him invaluable service in his first start as a Master of Hounds.

Although not yet in possession of that property, his father and mother being still alive, the young squire brought all the influence of his paternal acres to bear not only, as we have seen, on the cultivation of foxes, but on the still further extension of the country; promising Russell he would not rest, nor would he let his friends rest, till he could draw every cover, if no bigger than a blanket, from Torrington to Bodmin.

In helping Russell to promote these objects, which he did with unflagging zeal and energy, Mr. Harris had the good fortune to be materially supported by a kind maiden aunt, yclept Penelope, and so zealous was she in the cause of foxhunting that, in her eighty-eighth year, she remained for some hours in her pony-carriage watching Mr. Henry Deacon, the present able Master of the H.H., drawing the Hayne covers, and finding his fox at length in Arraycot Wood.

Among the best of the hounds selected by Russell from the Hayne kennels, and afterwards drafted by him, was a litter of five, bred from the Belvoir Rosamond by a noted hound of Russell's, called Mercury; they were not only pictures to look at in point of shape and beauty, but hard drivers and never idle. Unfortunately, however, they were very small hounds, and did not nearly come up to the standard which Russell, with the prospect before him of seeing his country largely extended, was anxious to raise to twenty-two inches; so, matchless as they were both in work and form, the Rosamond lot were sent to Mr. Tout of Burrington, while others, for a like reason, went to Col. Lloyd Watkins of Pennoyre, Mr. George Coham of Coham, the Rev. E. Clarke of St. Dominick, and lastly, to the Rev. Pomeroy Gilbert of Bodmin Priory; a gentleman, in Russell's own words, 'blessed with a big heart, given to hospitality, and withal a most accomplished sportsman.'

To many a remonstrance against drafting such a valuable lot, Russell would simply quote, if not the very words, at least the opinion of a well-known authority on such matters: 'A little hound will go well in some countries: a large hound, if fed to go, will go well in all;' and he would add emphatically, 'that's my opinion too.'

But the sport he had shown, and continued to show, with his little pack had already made his name famous throughout the

western counties; insomuch that many large landed proprietors, whose covers pertained neither to Mr. Glub's hunt nor to that of Mr. Newton Fellowes, came forward and invited him not only to draw them when he pleased, but to consider them for the future as part and parcel of his own country. Among these may be mentioned Mr. J. M. Woolcombe of Ashbury, Mr. Savile of Oaklands, Mr. Tremayne of Sydenham, and Mr. Harris Arundell of Lifton Park.

But, in addition to these valuable acquisitions, the trustees of Sir William Molesworth, then a minor, were good enough still further to enlarge his border by giving Russell permission to draw the Tetcott and Pencarrow covers. Again, the Duke of Northumberland's covers at Werrington, the Duke of Bedford's at Endsleigh, those of Mr. Baring Gould, Col. Fortescue of Buckland Filleigh, Mr. Luxmoore, Mr. Buckingham, and of Lord Clinton, were all placed at his disposal, while at the same time a general promise was given that foxes, for the future, would receive fair play.

When the season, then, of 1828 had fairly set in, Russell must have felt as if the morn of a golden age were dawning upon him, so full of promise, so bright and encouraging was the prospect that now lay before him. Like the Colossus of Rhodes, he had one foot on Broadbury and the other planted on the Bodmin moors; with not one but many great rivers between them; and a country abounding in wild open moors, fairly undulated, and holding a grand scent, over which a hound and a horse could travel together *ventre-à-terre*, while every passage of a run might be seen by the rider; a country, in fact, such as Meynell and Warde never saw in their happiest dreams.

Like the 'Old Berkeley' of former days, which, when hunted by Mr. Harvey Combe and Mr. Majoribanks, with the famous Harry Oldaker for their huntsman, extended from Barnett to Cirencester, this grand moorland country stretched, east and west, literally from Torrington to Bodmin, a distance of upwards of seventy miles, including the vast intervening space, north and south, between Exmoor and Dartmoor. Then, for the convenience of the hounds in so wide a range, they occupied, according to the meets, kennels at Iddesleigh, Hayne, Bodmin, and Pencarrow; Iddesleigh, of course, being their headquarters at all other times.

It would be a long task, and in most cases a downright infliction on the reader, however patient under the recital of mahogany-runs that reader might be, if even a tithe of the brilliant and continuous sport shown by Russell from 1828 to 1832 were recorded in this memoir. For, a hundred tongues, or as old Virgil says, 'Tot linguæ, totidem ora,' would be needed to give anything like a detailed account of him and his sylvan triumphs during that period.

Nevertheless, in order to represent the man in his true colours and show that, as a huntsman, he was equally good all round, a few only of his most remarkable runs—brilliant with a burning scent, line-hunting with moderate, or, again, with a cold and catching

scent—have been selected for that purpose; nor, indeed, however little they may interest the general reader, could they well be omitted from the present memoir.

Late in the autumn of 1828, the fixture being Broadbury Castle, Russell and his little ones met with a greeting such as few have received and he could never forget—grips of welcome on ever side from the large field assembled to hunt with him in that wild country. Conspicuous among the Worthies of Devon and Cornwall were J. M. Woolcombe of Ashbury, ‘Gallant Tom Phillipps’ of Landue, the late lamented baronet Sir Walter Carew, W. Coryton of Pentillie, F. and J. Glanville of Catchfrench, Arthur Harris of Hayne, Captain M. Louis, Paul O. Treby of Goodamoor, H. Bouchier Wrey, a gentleman always well mounted, and from his spurs to his hat neat as a new pin; L. Buck of Moreton, Whyte of Pilton, Erving Clark of Buckland Toutsaints, W. Gurney of Bratton-Clovelly, and Moore-Stevens of Cross.

Russell, as it happened, was short of horses on that occasion; but, as luck and good fellowship would have it, he was gloriously mounted by a friend in need, Mr. Arthur Harris, who put him on Reuben Apsley by Gainsborough, a chestnut horse perfect as a fencer and a rare goer in deep ground. Found and away at once; over the moor at a trimming pace to Hindabarrow, where they threw up. Russell, however, in spite of advice to the contrary, caught hold of his hounds, and taking them back to a road where he had seen a hound hesitate for a moment, hit off his fox; held the line for a mile or more steadily along the high-road, then, quitting it, dashed over the moor and raced up to him in Germanswick Wood, bringing him away in view, and running into him on Brockscombe Moor. Time forty minutes.

Returning homewards, a fox jumped out of a hedgerow capped with gorse, and away they went at score, over Beaworthy, Hollow and Soper’s Moor, across Wagaford Water, running from scent to view and rolling him over on the open moor in fifty-two minutes, without the ghost of a check from find to finish.

Heavy and deep were the moorlands, while the boundary fences were big enough to stop a red-deer. Russell, in each run, went straight away with his leading hounds, taking the fences as they came, and maintaining the lead *facile princeps*, from first to last; though Phillipps on Foster, a noted hunter by Gainsborough; Morth Woolcombe on Crown Prince, Treby on Spectre, L. Buck on Alpha, Captain Louis on Harlequin, Coryton on Raven, Harris on Rosabel, and Mr. H. Bouchier Wrey on Bodkin, struggled hard to catch him; but in vain. He rode like a man, and handled his hounds, according to the opinion of all present, as no one else in Devon could then have done.

When congratulated on the place he had kept, he jocularly replied, ‘No wonder, Arthur; it was your horse; but they were my own spurs.’

Then, to begin the New Year auspiciously, on the 1st of January

1829, Russell displayed a rare acquaintance with the tactics of a dodging fox ; and, if he will pardon the comparison, a perseverance in pursuing him worthy of a sleuth-hound. Found in Harper Wood, and went away to Abbot's Hill, skirting covers and running a line of inclosures down to the Torridge, which they crossed and re-crossed with slow hunting and an indifferent scent ; Russell very patient, but now and again hazarding a wide cast to get, if possible, nearer to his fox. At length, the scent mending, he cheered on his hounds, and catching an occasional view, as the fox dodged over his foiled line, he clapped them on from time to time, forced him into fresh ground, crossed the river again, and at last pulled him down gallantly, after a long and trying chase of two hours and fifteen minutes.

It is an irksome task even to describe such a run, and more so, I fear, will it be to read it ; still it claims a place here ; for by it Russell's consummate skill as a huntsman crops out conspicuously, and shows he was not to be baffled either by a bad fox or a worse scent.

Mrs. Russell was out on the above occasion, and held, as usual, a forward place throughout the run ; the patience of her husband and the perseverance of the hounds giving her the greatest delight.

Cornwall, like its sister county, is famed, as all the world knows, for its hospitality ; and now it was that certain Cornish gentlemen threw open their halls, their covers, and their kennels, to welcome Russell across the border, and provide him and his field with a fortnight's hunting twice in the year—and such hunting, over those wild moors, the Roughor and Brownwilly wastes—the grassy, scent-holding lands of Tetcott and Pencarrow—as made the country ring with the sport from Tavistock to the Land's-end.

'Many a tale,' writes Mr. Harris, 'is even yet told in the settle of the wayside inn, of the runs that happened during that hunting period of unwonted brilliancy. No farmer within the adjoining or distant parishes, who had a horse or a pony, failed to be present ; labour was comparatively suspended ; and even the women—"care creature"—put on their Sunday bonnets and shawls to go and see Mr. Russell find a fox. The houses in the neighbourhood were full of guests, and these hunting meetings possessed rather the character of triumphal ovations than the appearance of ordinary fixtures. Petitions were made by the farmers to arrange the meets so as not to interfere with Tavistock market ; and a sale of stock was not exactly put off, but the advertisement of it was once delayed and changed until after the Russell fortnight.'

These were the Bodmin Meetings, one of the chief promoters of which was that excellent sportsman, the Rev. Pomeroy Gilbert of Bodmin Priory ; for he it was who secured Russell as his guest, whose kennels and stables were placed entirely at his disposal, and whose influence, had Russell needed it, would have been amply sufficient to insure for him a hearty reception throughout that land. At Pencarrow, too, though Sir William Molesworth was not yet

of age, friends assembled from afar, till the house was filled to the rafters; stalls for two horses being allotted to each guest; and the kennels, when required, to the use of Russell's hounds.

The country houses, in fact, vied with each other in the warmth and extent of their hospitalities; insomuch, that the old-fashioned sign of the wayside inn might have been aptly hung over their own doors: 'Good entertainment here for man and horse.'

A memorable day was the 16th of February, 1829, when Russell found three foxes together in Deviock Wood, near Bodmin, and killed all three before the sun set on Brownwilly tors. A brace broke cover at once, going away, like a loving pair, side by side; while the third stole off without being viewed, and put his head straight for the moor.

Breaking on their very brushes, the pack stuck to the former, pelting after them like a storm of hail; when, after a short burst, the foxes separated, and so did the hounds; Russell sticking to one division and screaming to his field to stop the other. Stop them, indeed! the moor was before them, the scent breast-high, and the best horse that ever was foaled would fail to head them now in their desperate onward course.

Mr. Harris on Rosabel, an Irish mare by Poteen, did his best; so did Colonel Raleigh Gilbert and many others; but they never came up even to a tail-hound.

And now occurred an incident which, but for the clever animal under him, might have terminated with serious, if not fatal results, both to Rosabel and her rider. Coming best pace to a high boundary fence, built with stone and coped with turf, the mare faced it gallantly in her stride, bucked upon top, and then, with a vigorous spring, fairly cleared a couple of bullocks standing for shelter under the moor-wall. Had either of the beasts shifted its position and turned moorwards, a collision must have occurred, which would probably have brought the day's sport to a tragic end.

But Gaylass, Woodbine, Guilty, Comedy, Desperate, Madcap, Singer, Daphne, and Mercury are running for blood, and will not be denied. And though Harris and Colonel Raleigh Gilbert, the future hero of many a brilliant campaign in India, and afterwards so famous at home both in 'Silk and Scarlet,' are riding like madmen to stop them, their efforts are utterly vain. Nay, had Jove's winged messenger been there, the god himself could never have stopped those nine merciless hounds, as on they sped, like very demons, in pursuit of their prey.

In thirty-five minutes the fox—that gay Lothario—bright as a new guinea when he first broke cover, but now beaten and begrimed with soil, bites the dust, and is torn, as Mr. Whyte Melville has it, into

'A hundred tatters of brown.'

But what of Russell? On bringing back the hounds to Helland Wood there they found him, sticking to his fox, like the Old Man

of the Sea to Sinbad the Sailor; and driving him, like wildfire, through that great cover, as if it was no bigger than a willow-spinney.

‘A fresh hat in the ring,’ thought Russell, as he greeted the nine hounds thrown in at head: ‘Now then, Arthur, we shall have ‘him in no time;’ and they killed him in an hour and twenty minutes.

On counting the hounds it was found that three of them were missing; and anon came tidings that a third fox had slipped away, and that those hounds had been seen by a turf-cutter near the Jamaica Inn, streaming away towards Brownwilly. Jemmy Reynolds, kennel-man to Mr. Pomeroy Gilbert, was then despatched after them; and, on approaching a tor of that wild moor, he heard the three hounds beneath it, marking among the cavernous rocks that lay at its base. In went his terriers; and Jemmy, soon handling his fox, brought him home that night, in great triumph, to the Priory kennels.

A friend who was present on that occasion writes thus: ‘I never ‘knew of a pack finding three foxes at once—with scent breast-high—‘and accounting for all three of them, as Russell’s did on that day.’

Perhaps there is no more remarkable feature in Russell’s long career than the hardihood of frame and power of endurance he has exhibited—and that, too, without showing fatigue—in riding long distances to cover, hunting his hounds all day, and returning home at night, from points frequently far more distant than even the morning meets. In all the annals of the Chase few men, if any, taking the outside of a horse as their conveyance, have equalled him in this respect. Wheels, indeed, would have been impracticable; for, without the help of a Julius Cæsar, who gloried in the motto, ‘Hanc viam, inviam, rotabilem fecit,’ the obstructions he would have met with on his way to cover would have stopped the course of Hannibal himself.

The late Sir Tatton Sykes, a man of Herculean strength and courage, comes nearest to him in the long-road distances he was wont to accomplish in the saddle alone. But it will be remembered that Sir Tatton rode only thoroughbred hacks, animals that travelled like oil, and, from their fine condition, did their ten miles an hour with ease to themselves and luxury to the rider.

His kennel at Eddlethorpe was at least fifteen miles from his mansion at Sledmere, and he was constantly in the habit of riding thither on hunting mornings before his hounds left for a meet yet many miles farther. It is related of him, that ‘if asked to go a hundred ‘miles to ride a race, he puts a clean shirt in his pocket, his racing ‘jacket under his waistcoat, a pair of overalls above his leathers, and, ‘jumping upon a thoroughbred tit, arrives there the next day by the ‘time of starting; and, when the race is over, canters his thoroughbred home again.’

Far different was Russell’s case from Sir Tatton’s. Subject always to a short stud and indifferent hacks, which not unfrequently

were Exmoor ponies, sometimes half-broken and wild as the red-deer, Russell fought his way over the roughest roads in England, starting often before daylight, and returning still oftener long after nightfall, guided by instinct or the stars of heaven to his far-distant home.

It may well be imagined, therefore, that in the matter of hacks and cross-country roads, Sir Tatton's performances, however long in the saddle, were scarcely more than pleasant exercise compared with those of Russell's. Still Sir Tatton was a wonder; and it will be no discredit to his memory if it be said of him,

‘Proximus huic, longo sed proximus intervallo.’

In Yorkshire, for many a future day, anecdotes of Sir Tatton's kindly but quaint habits, and especially of his manly prowess, not only as a sportsman, but as an accomplished athlete, will be cherished even as household words.

Once, on paying his annual visit to London, whither he had ridden, as usual, every yard of the way from Sledmere, he called in at Tom Spring's in Holborn, and, speaking in the shrill tone which characterised his voice, he begged to be served with a tankard of their oldest and strongest ale. Besides himself and the barmaid, the only other person in the room was a square-set, broad-shouldered man, evidently a member of the pugilistic fraternity. On seeing the tankard brought in, the man said in a mimicking way, ‘Here, Betsy, ‘bring that ale to me, and take a jug of mild beer to that old ‘woman.’

Sir Tatton turned up his cuffs and buttoned his coat—a process which brought the prize-fighter to his legs in one moment; and at it they went, there and then.

In less than ten minutes the ruffian was knocked into a coal-scuttle; and, having discovered his error, refused to continue the unequal fight any longer.

‘You may now drink the ale, my man,’ said Sir Tatton, ‘and ‘then go home and tell your wife you have been well thrashed by an ‘old woman.’

This is exactly what Russell might have done in the heyday of his Oxford life.

But now, a few examples will suffice to show how severely long were the distances to cover which Russell habitually performed, both with foxhounds and staghounds, from the first hour of his mastership down to the present day. More than once has he gone, in the grey of the morning, on horseback from Iddesleigh to Four-hole Cross on the Bodmin moors—over fifty miles—hunted so long as there was light to see a hound, then, singing ‘*Dulce dulce domum*,’ turned his horse's head and ridden, through the gloom of night, back to his home.

Milestones were never heeded by him, when the object was to meet hounds; indeed, along the wild tracts and bye-roads over which his course usually lay, no such landmarks could have been seen on the longest summer day.

During the stag-hunting period of the past season, 1877, Russell, in accordance with his custom for the last sixty years, rode to Cloutsham Ball and Hawkcombe Head, hunted all day, and returned to his residence at Tordown by eleven o'clock P.M.; the distance to either meet being about twenty-five miles, more or less, and the road in many parts little better than a mere bridle-path. Long habit, which is second nature, added to a physical frame apparently insensible of fatigue, could alone enable a man in his eighty-second year to do such distances in the saddle, not only without suffering, but with a rare appetite for the next day's sport.

But a week's work performed in the spring of 1874, when he was only in his seventy-ninth year, has, I believe, no parallel in the records of such feats. He was invited by Admiral and Mrs. Parker to stay a week with them at Delamore, their seat near Ivybridge on the southern side of Dartmoor, to meet Mr. Mark Rolle, whose hounds were about to hunt that country, by invitation from Mr. Trelawny, on alternate days in conjunction with his own.

Russell would unhesitatingly have said '*Nolo Episcopari*,' if even the Palatinate of Durham had been offered to him; but to enjoy, at the same time, the hospitality of Delamore and the treat of a week's hunting with the crack packs of his two friends was more than he could resist; so he responded to Mrs. Parker's bidding with a grateful acceptance.

Accordingly, on Monday, the 23rd of March, he was off betimes, riding part way and doing the rest by rail—a distance altogether of more than eighty miles. Arrived in time for the meet, and hunted all day with Mr. Rolle's hounds.

Tuesday, met Mr. Rolle at Ivy Bridge.

Wednesday, Mr. Trelawny, Newnham Park.

Thursday, Mr. Rolle, Brent Station.

Friday, Mr. Rolle, Delamore.

Saturday, Mr. Trelawny, Hanger Down.

Unfortunately, the weather during the week was not favourable to scent; consequently, with no lack of foxes, the sport did not prove exactly the dainty dish Mr. Trelawny's hospitality would have set before his friends. Having earthed their fox within a mile or so of Ivybridge on that sixth day, Russell looked at his watch, and finding it was just two o'clock, he took his hat off to Mrs. Parker, bid her and the field good-bye, and then, homeward bound, steered his course northwards directly over the moor.

Between his home and Hanger Down, whence he started, the distance is roughly estimated at seventy miles; and as he pricked on merrily, and never quitted his saddle, with the exception of changing his horse midway, till he reached his own stable-door at 11 P.M., it cannot be much less. He then dined heartily, slept well, and the next day, to crown the week's work, performed three full services in his parish, with his wonted animation, earnestness, and effect. 'Before he had taken anything to eat, however,' writes Admiral Parker, 'he sat down and filled a sheet of note-paper to

'my eldest daughter, saying he had tasted nothing, not even a 'biscuit, since he left our breakfast-table that morning at 10, and 'that he felt neither hungry, thirsty, nor tired after his day's work. 'The distance from Hanger Down to Dennington,' the Admiral adds, 'cannot be less than seventy miles.'

But, besides Russell, there were a few others in that country, kindred spirits and friends of his, whom no road-work could daunt when the meet was a good one; for, although there might be no Thessaly, no Vale of Tempè among the moorlands of Devon and Cornwall, there were real Lapithæ in those days in that land—gentlemen who, hunting either with Russell, Mr. Tom Hext of Restormel, or the Landue hounds, were in the habit of riding incredible distances to cover, and returning afterwards to their homes at night, because they could find no comfortable sleeping quarters in the neighbourhood of such popular meets as Tetcott, Broadbury Castle, Chapman's Well, or Dosmary Pool.

Mr. Trelawny of Coldrennick, who hunted the Dartmoor country for thirty years with such signal success, was notably one of these; but again, like Sir Tatton Sykes, the hacks he rode—Lalagè, Melmoth, and Landsend—were simply perfect.

Another of the sons of Lapithus was Mr. C. A. Harris, who, to meet hounds near Beaford, started from Pentillie Castle at 6 A.M., and, after a blazing run and a kill in Castle Hill Park, sixty-five miles from Pentillie, returned thither to dinner at half after six, the distance in road-riding alone being about one hundred and fifteen miles. It was done with a couple of hacks, Meg Merrilies and Ladybird, the last by Anacreon from Mr. H. Bouchier Wrey's Ellen, by Rainbow, doing her eighteen miles an hour each way. The country-folk, at first sight, must have taken him for Dick Turpin himself; and, if they did not raise the hue-and-cry,

'Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!'

they must have been sharp enough to discover that the mare Mr. Harris rode was a bright bay, and not the veritable Black Bess of matchless speed and historic renown.

MEN OF 'METAL.'

FROM time far beyond the memory of men now living (as Lord Macaulay would have said) Yorkshire has always been one of the most sporting counties in England, and the sportsmen have been notorious for their hardihood and endurance. In the large towns—independent of racing and hunting throughout the county, which flourishes as much as ever—the rougher sports of prize fighting, dog fighting, cock fighting, bull baiting were very popular. Though the Yorkshire cricket star was not in the ascendant this last year, a

Yorkshire eleven have always been worthy the steel of the very best players in England. Yorkshiremen are hardy and tough, but they have one very great virtue, which is an innate love of fair play; and they possess another virtue which is thoroughly English, and that is straightforwardness. When a Yorkshireman shakes hands with you he means it, and if he drinks with you he means it, and if he quarrels with you he means it; there is no half-and-half confidence about him; and if his manners are brusque sometimes, his heart is warm.* Very possibly this type of character is formed owing to the roughness and danger of the work in many of their great industries, in the collieries, the steel and iron works, the factories, and such like. When men are dealing with molten iron or steel, or white-hot masses of metal, they are like so many cogs in an engine, and every man must back his neighbour and share any danger without flinching, otherwise the risk of life would be unendurable. Suppose we give some of them a look in at Sheffield, where Nature, possibly, has been as profuse in distributing her picturesque beauties as in any part of England.

Sheffield lies in a kind of natural basin, shut in by high undulating moorland of every kind of shape, and is watered by streams which flow from the Derbyshire hills, pure as crystal, until they first come in contact with the manufactories, from which point they run like very bad-coloured black ink.

The ingenuity of the Sheffielders in building a very ugly town and ugly streets has been great, and, added to this, by the aid of hundreds of chimneys, they have created an atmosphere which, on dull damp days, far surpasses the worst London fog in denseness, and especially in odour. It is a darkness, like one of the plagues of Egypt, which may be felt. It is needless to say that Sheffield is one of the greatest places in the world for iron and steel works. In these days it requires a good deal of interest to see all the works, as the jealousy of manufacturers is now great. It is a bad thing to see too many factories on the same day, as when one has once passed the Cerberus at the gate, and is within the counting-house, the Yorkshire hospitality breaks out, and on producing your credentials, the first question, after a hearty shake of the hand, is, 'What will you take to drink, 'sir? Champagne, sherry, brandy and soda?' and more drinks than I can remember.

It would be tedious to particularise the various works, and it is better to give a running description of two or three of the principal industries. Imagine groups of goods stations standing within inclosed walls and covering many acres of ground, between which, in many

* As an instance of this, when T. Humphrey took his benefit two years since, I got into a Yorkshire corner at the Oval and sold more than a hundred illustrated benefit tickets in five minutes in memory of the occasion when he and Jupp, at the time very young men, scored over a hundred and fifty runs at Sheffield against the best bowling in England in 1864, before they were separated; and one colossal Yorkshireman, who was *Mercurius* or chief speaker, said "*Tear up the admission ticket off the card, and pay again at the gate on the day of the match like men!*"

places, railways and tramways are running. The scene much resembles the Cyclops' Cave which Æneas saw when he went into hell—where, by-the-by, he found the much-wronged Dido in the deuce of a rage. You enter through a doorway where an official inspects your permit, and he looks a very likely man to put you out quickly enough if you happen to be the wrong man. Inside the various sheds are innumerable furnaces, some closed and some open, added to which you come across gigantic steam apparatus, consisting of hammers, planes, shears, and various other contrivances, the object of them all being to break iron and steel, and cut it, mould it, and knock it about as if it were so much cheese or dough.

It is as much as any one's life is worth to wander about these works without a guide, and, moreover, without obeying the guide most strictly, as if you go 'on your own hook' you run just the same danger as an old lady does who thinks her safety in crossing the street on a Drawing-room day consists in rushing right across under the nose of one horse and under the feet of another, whereby she sometimes becomes a coroner's subject. With a good guide any one is safe; but at first it tries the nerves to step into a recess whilst a sheet of white-hot iron, the size of a billiard-table, is hurried by in an immense iron truck pushed by four or five men, the heat of which seems to penetrate every bit of your body; and whilst you are looking with astonishment at what is passing in front, the small of your back seems to be suddenly baked, and you find that more men are running another white-hot iron billiard-table along behind you.

Let us follow one of the 'billiard-tables,' and we shall see it run on to an enormous counter and caught by a massive roller like a mangle, and out it comes the other side, squeezed to half its size, with the sparks knocked out of it, and much darker in colour; and then more men move another truck and run it along, and put it on another counter, where it lies and cools and is pumped upon, to be operated on hereafter similarly to other 'billiard-tables' on other counters, some of which, after cooling, are undergoing the process of planing and trimming, which is done by a massive iron plane working apparently by itself, which travels along the rough surface and smoothes it as fine as polished marble. This ceremony being completed, enormous drills appear at stated distances, also worked by invisible machinery, which bore holes in these large masses of rolled iron as easily and noiselessly as if the substance were putty. Near to this department we come upon a pair of apparently self-acting shears, opening their jaws at a regulation pace, and as they open and shut them, a sturdy Vulcan is pushing old railway rails between them, and the shears cut them off in pieces of about four or five inches, just as easily as a lady would snip an end of thread, the pieces being used for remelting.

Passing through the numerous large sheds and dodging locomotives, I was introduced to a steam hammer which is one of the most massive pieces of casting ever done, as may be judged by the fact that it took from three to four weeks to cool. This hammer

can either come down with a thousand-ton force, or can crack a nut without injuring the kernel, or squeeze a lady's hand, or crush a massive block of iron as flat as a sheet of paper; and when the Princess of Wales went over Sheffield, she, with the usual pluck of the royal family, insisted, against the wishes of the proprietors, on placing her hand under the hammer, and having it squeezed. The next show was the Bessemer steel casting. In the centre of a large and lofty shed, there is an enormous kind of boiler somewhat in the shape of an acorn, swung by machinery, into which, from some unseen furnace, a stream of liquid steel comes tearing down a spout, all blazing and sparkling, like the water-spout of a turn-over mill-wheel, and from unknown cause the blasting commences, and a blaze of flame and sparks (like a hundred Crystal Palace fireworks gone mad), which literally puts out the light of the sun, shoots up into the air, and at a distance of several yards seems to scorch one's face. In spite of this tremendous heat, a man, stripped to the waist, was standing apparently close to the boiler, and the light and heat were so strong that we seemed to see through him. This man's duty was to transfer the boiling metal from a monster ladle, which was filled from time to time with liquid steel from the main reservoir, and carried on a revolving platform to the moulds. What that man was made of, Heaven only knows.

At night I went to the wire-drawing, which certainly is the prettiest sight of all. They were doing the wire for garden and field fencing. Imagine a large railway shed with an iron floor, the only furniture being an immense iron counter like a lot of long counters in an insurance office, surmounted by enormous deed-boxes, which are all furnaces, in metal partitions. Bang! goes a report like a gun; a largish bar of iron shoots slowly out, which is caught by four or five men in heavy tongs, and put into a pigeon-hole, and disappears, being dragged in by rollers; out it comes again, harder and darker in colour, and again the men with the tongs seize it, and put it into a smaller pigeon-hole, and in a moment a thin red-hot snake runs out on the iron floor, the snake being about the thickness of an ordinary cedar pencil, and probably some three hundred feet long, which snake is dodged by a quick-eyed little boy, with no shoes and stockings on, who tripped over the coils, and with a long pair of tongs caught the snake by the nose, and attached him to a wheel like a colossal fishing-line reel. A couple of men, working a handle on either side, wound the snake on like a monster Jack fishing-line, and the wire fencing was made and cast off on the ground to cool. It is terrifying to think what fatal consequences would ensue if the operatives lost nerve in carrying out their work. The wonderful nerve which they possess is, to my mind, reflected in all their sports. Why, when Sheffield played the Association game at the Oval I saw one who (touching the ball with the hands being prohibited by the laws) frequently played the football with his head!

Now, Mr. Bailey, I have tried not to be prosy about the works, as this is not a scientific article, and my aim simply has been to give a

sketch of the hardy Yorkshiremen at their work; and now we will go behind the scenes and interview them in social life. I got well in amongst them, as a friend with whom I was staying owned a good deal of house property, and had many operatives for his tenants; and although shy at first, when they were sure that I was not a newspaper reporter—for the Sheffield commission had not long concluded—many an evening I spent amongst the saw-grinders and others, and when cricket was the theme, even I could not get a word in. They knew every cricketer in England, and I think some of what they called the 'soft gentleman players' (as they styled the second-rate amateurs) would have been rather astonished if they had heard themselves reckoned up. My companions were the kind of men who, if the 'brass' is rather short, start off on foot to Doncaster over-night, and see the racing all day and walk back again, making from forty to fifty miles of it.

I got well in the Sheffield corner at the Leger, when Achievement, Hermit, and Julius ran one two and three, and took stock of the crowd. There was not a horse or a jockey, or a trainer or owner, whom they did not know all about, and not a soul moved from the course till the last race was over. I was introduced to a factory man who wielded the fourteen-pound hammer, who, with many others, gave up his public holiday on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's marriage on condition that they did a double day's work in the twenty-four hours, and they were allowed as much beer as they pleased (provided they did not get drunk), and an extra holiday at another time. There was then pending a heavy contract, and my friend did his two nine or ten hours of work (I forget which), taking all the meal times of two days, and drank forty-eight pints of beer, a pint every half-hour. His work was hammering iron at the anvil, close to one of the hot furnaces, and he told me that everything ran right out of him through the pores, and it did not matter whether the drink had been beer, water, or grog. Moreover, he took off his shirt and showed me his arms and shoulders, and his companions said that when Tom Sayers was at Sheffield with his circus—and of course was worshipped by the factory men—he saw and felt this man's biceps and the muscles of his back, and remarked quietly, 'Well, mate, if you were to challenge me I would leave the ring.'

They generally are fairly educated, and very good at argument. They get good wages when orders are plenty, and live on the fat of the land and take their Monday holiday, and are passionately fond of local sport of all kinds, particularly dog-racing and running-matches at Hyde Park grounds, and cricket above all; and like a little betting.

I must record one specimen of their hospitality. Having been much at the house of one of the principal grinders, on the day of my leaving I sent up a quarter of a sheep, the finest I could find in the market. The grinder's heart was opened by this gift, which he knew was sent for friendship, and not in a patronising manner;

and he made me the offer that if I could only stay over Sunday he would take me to 'The Snake on the Moors,'—a place out of Sheffield some few miles away, where the grinders spend the Sunday, and where police law is practically 'nil,'—and that he would show me a dog-fight and a cock-fight, and his son should bring off a pending fight with another man for five pounds. I was obliged to refuse, as I was bound to return, whereupon he appeared on the lawn in front of the house where I was staying, towed along by a dreadful bulldog, with an enormous head, bandy legs, a pig's tail, and no nose to speak of, and a set of teeth like the guns of a frigate. He brought the dog as a *present for my ladies at home!* If that dog had a difference with the tax-collector about his dog-tax, and if that collector had been missed by his family, I should have looked inside that dog for the missing man.

When at school we generally wound up with an example. I have one at hand. Look at broad-shouldered, cast-iron Pindar behind the wicket. Could any one mistake him for anything but a saw-grinder?

'What do you do in the winter?' I asked him last year.

'Why, go a saw-grinding,' he said, 'of course. I can earn good wages and relish my victuals, and eat well, and sleep well, and feel independent and happy, and can think about cricket all the time.'

Why, a cricket ball in his honest old fist is like a homœopathic pill; and, no doubt, when his digestion is out of order, he takes a pot of beer, swallows a couple of cricket balls, and wakes up as fresh as a bird.

Mitcham.

F. G.

MEADOW AND PASTURE LANDS:

THEIR RENOVATION AND REPAIR.*

BY J. H. SHORTHOUSE, M.D., LL.D.

LET me strike, as the key-note of this lecture, the maxim that John Bull dislikes to be stinted in his beef. It is not my intention even to touch upon the question of the importation of meat from abroad, whether alive or dead. But in this country there are two methods available for increasing the supply; one is by a large extension of artificial feeding, the other by making our grass lands more productive. It is the latter part of the subject to which I intend to confine my observations, and to which I invite you to confine your discussion when I sit down, for I believe this branch of the subject will be found to contain quite sufficient material for one evening's debate.

Stall feeding of cattle is no modern invention, though in England it was nearly unknown fifty years ago, but since that time it has

* A paper read and discussed at the Croydon Farmers' Club and Chamber of Agriculture at the Meeting, December, 1877.

become almost general. The 'stalled ox' is cited as a luxury in the Book of Proverbs. The difference between stall-fed and grass-fed oxen is marked in the daily consumption of Solomon's household: 'Ten fat oxen, and twenty oxen out of the pastures.'

But I shall deal with grass lands, and although I am not sufficiently sanguine that I shall be able to point out to you any method of increasing your pasturage to such an extent as to rival the celebrated hundred-acre field of Cestus Over, of which tradition says that on a fine showery day in May the farmer laid down his stick on a bare spot, and being hastily summoned home by the dinner bell, left the stick behind him. After his dinner he smoked only one pipe, and returned straight to the field to search for his stick, which he was unable to find, the grass in the interval having grown to such an extent as to smother it. The stick was not recovered till the succeeding winter, when the pasture had been eaten bare.

It is the custom with parsons in their sermons, and with Mr. Gladstone in his speeches, to divide every subject into three heads, and then dissect or discuss it. Not having the genius of the last-named gentleman, and not being wishful to send you to sleep by a dreary or sonorous sermon, I must content myself with a less division of my subject, and shall treat it under two aspects only, viz., renovating or repair by suitable manures, and, secondly, by the eradication of worn-out or useless grasses and of pernicious weeds, and the sowing in their place suitable seeds, which will in their turn produce a luxuriant and nutritive crop.

The kinds of manures are more various even than the opinions as to what crops they can be most beneficially applied. I take it for granted that you all concur that land does require replenishing when its elements have been removed to the shambles, to the granaries, or to the hunting stables. But you are not so unanimous as to what crop or at what time such replenishing of the ground shall be attempted. One farmer would apply home-made manure to his wheat crop, another to his turnip crop, a third to his beans, whilst a fourth would lay it on his grass land, to be, according to some carping critics, evaporated by the sun, dissipated by the wind, or saturated by the rain; and strange though it may sound, I unhesitatingly assert that in no way can it be so effectually or so profitably employed as in the manner last stated, for if a quantity of manure which will increase a crop of wheat 30 or 50 per cent. be spread on a piece of pasture land, it will increase the crop of grass (or of hay, if the crop be required to be cut instead of grazed) in a far greater proportion. There are, of course, suitable manures for particular crops; ammonia may be specially suitable to wheat or barley, and phosphorus to turnips, but grass land is benefited by almost every variety of manure, from road sand up to guano. Some land, again, which is 'sick' of one crop, will, if sown with another, produce abundantly without any manuring at all. It has the elements within it for the nurture of some particular forms of vegetation, although it has exhausted itself entirely with respect to the food of

other plants. Professor Owen had a very ingenious theory as to the building up of animal bodies. He argued that the blood, the pabulum from which every tissue was formed, had within it the elements of every tissue, and that it apportioned to each its proper quantum, thus giving to muscle the elements of muscle, to bone the elements of bone, to gland its peculiar material, and so by a process of exhaustion or exclusiveness, as it were, each organ or tissue received its appropriate creative and sustaining principle. So it may be with land : when its dock-producing properties are exhausted, it can put forth a crop of thistles ; when it is clover-sick it can maintain grass, and when tired of grass it can grow weeds—which, however, in some cases are allowed to go on unmolested, and flourish in such abundance as to smother the grass—and when too poor to grow weeds it becomes infested with mosses, lichens, and the lowest forms of vegetable life. It is my intention to advocate the breaking up of old meadows and pastures, either by means of the plough, the scarifier, or heavy harrow, and renovating them by sowing fresh seeds.

The most oppressive measure under which a farmer can suffer is to be bound down hand and foot by one of those old-fashioned leases, which, though less frequent than formerly, are by no means extinct. They seem to be perpetuated term after term, as if no alteration or amendment were possible. I have now before me a copy of a lease granted within the last quarter of a century—it is only one of many on the same estate of the same nature. The tenant is bound down, under the strictest penalties, not to break up any of the old meadow or pasture land. The consequence was that the meadow land produced little else than moss, cowslips, and that weed known as ‘lady’s smock’; why it has received such an appellation I must leave others who are more intimately acquainted with ladies and their underclothing to determine : I mean the *Cardamine pratensis*. Shakespeare, however, seems to be thoroughly acquainted with it, for in ‘Love’s Labour’s Lost’ he puts into Spring’s mouth a song of which the following is a portion of the first stanza :—

‘ When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady’s smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight.’

This song was set to music by Dr. Arne. This weed is, with perhaps the exception of the sorrel (*Rumex acetosa*), the worst pest of low-lying meadow land, and quite as pernicious as is charlock in the barley or oat crop.

The owner of that estate (Mr. Carew), as we all know, had to sell off his estates long before his death, and went to utter ruin, nor do I believe that the tenant made a fortune, for I knew him somewhat intimately, and several times over he told me that his small poultry yard was the most profitable field on his farm.

I am sure if farmers were aware how injurious is sorrel to any animals who partake of it largely they would seek its eradication

with as much determination as they do that of couch grass. Like rhubarb and docks—to which same natural order of plants (*Polygonaceæ*) indeed it belongs—it contains in its juice a large quantity of binoxalate of potash, which imparts to it its pleasant acid taste. As a rule animals will not eat it, at any rate not greedily in its green state, but when along with grass and other produce of foul meadow-land, it is made into hay, they cannot well avoid it if they must make a meal at all. In the dried state the acid taste is scarcely apparent, but the oxalate exists there nevertheless, and when taken in any considerable quantity, as it must be in hay, which is largely intermixed with it, much damage is done to the kidneys and to the nutrient functions of the blood. I am convinced in my own mind—and of no fact in animal pathology am I more firmly convinced than I am of this—that very many of the ailments from which horses and cattle suffer, and which generally go by the name of diabetes, are entirely due to this plant. Diabetes in the horse is, I think, an impossible disorder, though it sometimes exists in cattle. But diuresis, or profuse staling, is common enough, and very frequently the groom gets the credit or blame of having caused it by administering nitre or turpentine to the horse, and the owner never, and the veterinary surgeon perhaps but seldom, suspect the real cause of the malady, viz., hay largely intermixed with sorrel. When it does not exist in sufficient quantity to bring about a state of profuse diuresis, it nevertheless seriously interferes with the flesh-forming functions, and animals which partake of it in even moderate quantity cannot thrive or for long continue in good health. A plant of the ‘same kidney’ is the willow-weed, but as it is chiefly found amongst the turnip crops in wet, especially peaty, land, it does not properly fall within the compass of my address to you to-day. But all plants of this buckwheat order, whether they be docks, sorrels, knot grass, or others, ought to have war waged against them, and their extermination insured so far as it is possible.

I am confident if farmers would only seriously reflect upon the matter, and never lose sight of it, *that weeds, of whatever kind or sort, exhaust the land quite as much as the profitable crops do, we should have fewer foul meadows and pasture-lands than we are accustomed to see in our walks abroad.* Some of them, no doubt, do so reflect, but I fear they are in the vast minority. Would that it were otherwise! Perhaps the unsatisfactory relations which exist in some instances between landlord and tenant may account for much of the unclean condition of meadows and pastures.

If your Honorary Secretary, who is a lawyer, desires an easy road to immortality, let him come forth as a ‘Lawgiver on Leases,’ repeal all the old forms, and establish new ones on a rational and reasonable basis, mainly stipulating that provided the lessee kept the land in ‘good heart and condition,’ he be allowed a great latitude as to the rotation of crops, and the destruction of old pastures and the substitution of new ones.

I have now in my mind’s eye two fields, both capable of producing

good crops, but which from mismanagement produced nothing but weeds and mosses. One was an old meadow at Beddington, so overgrown with moss that I am certain it did not produce a wheelbarrowful of hay per acre, yet the lease—a copy of which is now before you—forbade that land to be broken up. At the expiry of the lease (the land in the meantime having found a new owner) the meadow was ploughed up, sown with a crop of turnips, and afterwards laid down as permanent meadow, and it is now one of the most productive meadows in the county. The other field is an upland pasture of very considerable extent. It is situate at Woodcote, not far from the Wallington Station, and when I saw it last, which was in the summer of 1874, there was but very little grass indeed upon it, and the animals which were attempting to graze upon it were in a half-starved condition. Instead of grasses and clovers, the land was covered with cowslips, dog-daisies, stemless thistles, wild carrots, a few buttercups, and numberless mosses and lichens, which rendered it soft and spongy; indeed, as it is a field of large extent, it would serve very well as exercise ground for groggy horses, or those whose ‘poor feet’ are a source of anxiety to their owners, but as a pasture it is actually worthless. I do not think that the scarifier or the heavy harrows would be the remedies in such a case, for the weeds do not preponderate merely over the grass, they actually occupy the whole surface, to the almost entire exclusion of grasses. The plough is the only proper implement in such cases, as the weeds do not merely require ‘thinning out,’ but exterminating in the mass.

But I saw in one of the adjoining counties, some years ago, a park consisting of many hundreds of acres, in which the blades of grasses were few and far between, and the clovers still fewer even. One of the finest parks in England, though the residential seat of its owner—a man who took a leading part in county matters, and was for some length of time one of its members—was abandoned as a prey to ferns, of which there were some good specimens, especially of the *Pteris aquilina*, or common brake, to mosses, to lichens, and to funguses, which existed in every variety, far too numerous to mention to you. The timber-trees, of which there were some remarkably noble specimens—or rather let me say the remains of greatness which had in some measure departed—were infested with mistletoe, fungi, lichens, and other parasites. Indeed I never in the whole course of my life saw so much mistletoe as I did on that one day. Covent Garden and other markets, even at this season of the year, do not in the aggregate contain a thousandth part so much as did that park. And the bushes of the parasite were of monstrous size, too; indeed, it is no exaggeration to say there was sufficient to have supplied a kissing bough for every bashful maiden and every ardent youth in the kingdom. Now what do lichens, fungi, mistletoe, and other lowly organised parasites denote? Poverty, decay, rottenness! And so it proved in this case, for some years later I heard, though

without surprise, that the owner was reduced to a state almost bordering upon utter destitution. This must have been especially galling to a man of his temperament, for he was very imperious, overbearing, stern, domineering, and rigorous even to harshness, not to say tyrannical. His will must be law, and he insisted and would be obeyed when it was possible. I would not have been a tenant under such a landlord or under his control in any way or under the slightest obligation to him for any consideration on earth. Happily such men are rare, and I would fain hope that he was a solitary specimen of a particular form of humanity, and that the mould in which he was cast was broken at his birth. Not only did he allow the land in his own occupation to go to wreck and ruin, but he ground down his tenant farmers in such a manner and usurped such a high-handed control over them that their lives must have been miserable indeed. The proverbial toad under the harrow must have led a luxurious and comfortable life in comparison with theirs. I have often thought—and my surmise is probably the true one—that he was the original of Colonel Boldwig immortalised by Dickens ‘whose lands were grounds and everything about him high and ‘mighty and great.’ Even if so, the representative picture fell far short of the reality. He was at one time, I believe, a man of great wealth, but his tenantry were so hampered and ground down that they were in a state bordering upon starvation. He had a numerous family, and even when he must have felt his circumstances getting more straightened year by year he refused, I am told, to let his mansion and park, or even to allow the mistletoe to be cut, which would have brought him in some hundreds of pounds a year. This case is an extreme and rare one, no doubt, and I would fain hope that it is unique. But in a smaller way and to a less oppressive extent there are, I am certain, hundreds and hundreds of cases in England in which the soil, if properly cultivated, would bring in fiftyfold what it does at present. Now, when we take into consideration the overpopulation as compared with the supply of food in this country, such conduct as that which I have mentioned cannot be regarded as otherwise than a very serious sin. I am not vain enough to suppose that my feeble voice will reach the offenders, or that any amelioration will be brought about in consequence of my efforts, but you are far more powerful and can be influential and may effect a change and, in consequence, an ampler supply of food of home production and for home consumption; less money sent out of the country and more spent within it.

If without profanation I may venture to travestie Goldsmith’s exquisite lines I would render them

‘Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where *weeds* accumulate, and *plants* decay.’

Weeds are certainly plants in one sense though not in one profitable to or understood by the farmer.

Some lands, especially upland pastures, get worn out in time

without actually being overrun with weeds; they produce nothing but thin, wiry grass, which contains but little nutriment. Such lands may be restored in various ways, by top dressing, without being ploughed up or sown afresh with seeds. The top dressings are various; the best probably is road sand, which, when to be had in sufficient quantity, is an excellent top dressing, for wherever it is spread it destroys the wiry grass, and a thick crop of clover takes its place, without any sowing whatever. But then road sand is in such request by the builders, especially in this part of the country, for the purpose of making mortar, that it is not always within reach of the farmer. Soot and salt have likewise been recommended, but they can be more advantageously applied to crops other than pasture lands. Lime ashes, by which I mean the ashes from limekilns, consisting of cinders and small lime, is also an excellent top dressing for upland pastures growing nothing but worthless spring grass. A good top dressing of this material will denude the surface of all such grass, and a thick crop of white clover will take its place without any sowing at all. This I have on the authority of one of the best and most extensive farmers in this neighbourhood, who assures me that he has used it and that it can be had from the limekilns at a merely nominal cost. When the limeworks are many miles distant from the farm perhaps the cost of cartage would exceed the cost of ploughing up the land, cleansing it, and seeding it down afresh. The choice, therefore, does not always rest with what is the best, but what is best at the price—one of those compromises between cost and expediency to which the affairs of men, farmers as well as others, in this world are so often compelled.

A practice of renovating and repairing grass lands—which I believe to be a most objectionable one—used to be very prevalent, and in the western and northern counties more so than in these parts. It consisted in sowing the meadows and pastures when they became ‘patchy’ and wanted repair, with so-called hay seeds taken out of the mangers of the horses, or from the floors of the hay-bins in which the fodder had been lodged. This was adding poison to an already over-poisoned surface of land, for if it required mending, the use of seeds grown upon it, and of which the different varieties of couch grass largely preponderated, would be the least desirable of all. For let it be borne in mind that there are several kinds of couch grass; one which may be known by its soft and flaggy leaves, and by its abundant seed-bearing properties, is more pernicious than the variety known as *Triticum repens*. Therefore in a bushel of seeds taken in the manner I have mentioned there would probably be less than a pint of desirable seeds; the remainder would be composed almost entirely of this detestable soft flaggy couch, which is very exhaustive to the soil, and in return affords but little nutriment when consumed by horses and cattle. A pretty way this of mending meadows. It only made bad worse.

The survival of mosses, lichens, fungi, parasites, couch grass, and other weeds, and the destruction or extermination of clovers,

nutritious grasses, and other plants, affords a striking refutation of the dogma, 'The Survival of the Fittest,' of the blatant windbag, who for some few years past has almost monopolised the interest in the scientific world, or rather one branch (and that not the least significant) of it, viz., natural history, but who seems to have found his level, and to have been taken at his proper worth by the *alumni* of *alma mater*, for when he appeared before them,

'Those ingenuous Youths, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Rebuked such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And showed a Darwin as they show an Ape.'

Of late years, however, several firms of seedsmen have found it a remunerative branch of their business to pay especial attention to the growth and vending of what they call pure and carefully selected seeds. If there are trades in which 'honesty is found to be the best policy,' this is pre-eminently one of them, for the march of intellect, even amongst agriculturists, has made such rapid strides within the last few years that any great delinquency would be almost certain to meet with detection. I do not know, nor is it my business here to inquire, which firm of seedsmen may be the more trustworthy, and I have little doubt more have probity than they are credited with, for it would not answer their purpose to palm off charlock for turnip seed, and spent and worthless seeds for clovers, but I find some difficulty in believing they never mix old with new seeds, otherwise how does it happen, as it unquestionably does, according to my own knowledge, and also according to 'information received' from farmers of whom I have inquired, that when a field is sown with clover, turnips, mangold, and other seeds, some of the seeds germinate and issue forth the young plants within a few days, and then, after the lapse of a fortnight, or even of a longer period, another crop will sprout up, all having been sown at the same time and at the same depth? If the seeds were all of the same year's growth, how does this event happen? The mixture of old seeds with new, or of the latter with 'killed' seeds, or those kiln-dried, is a lesser evil than the palming off of spurious seeds. Nor is that a fact which was stated in a letter to one of the daily papers a few days ago, written by an eminent firm, that old seeds will not germinate. I know as a fact that they *will* germinate, though perhaps at a later period than new ones. Indeed it is hardly possible to define the period of time at which fertility ceases in certain seeds. Three years ago I had presented to me four seeds, which looked something like sweet peas or tares, and which I was assured by the gentleman who gave them to me, and who is a man of the highest veracity, that he had the year previously taken them out of a mummy whose case had been opened in one of the pyramids of Egypt. I placed those peas in my garden, and three of them grew and produced plants of considerable height. They were certainly some kind of pea, for the flowers and the abortive pods were of the *Leguminous*

order, and I never saw peas with that kind of blossom before. But the climate of England did not suit them, for before they could arrive at maturity a severe frost came and the plants perished. Like the delicate youths and lovely maidens of whom the poet sings—

‘They budded, blossomed, bloomed and faded.’

(To be continued.)

A COCKNEY HOLIDAY.

YEARS ago, when our locks were brown and wrinkles had not come into our cheeks and forehead, it was the custom to laugh at the Cockney sportsman. Country squires and jolly old yeomen looked on him as a fair butt, and made merry at his expense. We remember one gentleman saying that a city friend of his learnt to shoot by potting blackbirds as they flew up a narrow lane, where with a gun that threw wide he could not very well miss; and can remember the look of astonishment and surprise which pervaded the field when a provincial linendraper appeared with the harriers, and actually rode over a hurdle without falling off. These were the days when Jorricks was a portrait taken from life; when city men (we use the term as applying to tradesmen in country-towns as well as London) really knew little and, for the most part, cared less about sport. Thirty years of railways and easy communication have, however, altered all this: there is, in the present day, no greater patron of sport in all its branches than your merchant, city man, or whatever you choose to call him. We have seen them hold the post of M.F.H., and do it efficiently too; while at all the fashionable hunting quarters there are to be found a number of men, well mounted, even in these days when money can scarcely buy good horses, and ready to do and dare what man may do across country; to throw down the gage of battle to all and every one, and contend for the pride of place across Leicester or Northamptonshire. As regards shooting and fishing, they have fairly ousted the original proprietors; and if anything eligible comes into the market, are always ready to take it. We are far from lamenting this: hunting is better than prizefighting; shooting, than cock-fighting or dog-fighting; and the more our citizens get into the country, the better for them and for England. They have the real stuff to make sportsmen in them; and perhaps some of the hardest riders of the present day are to be found amongst those who are not ashamed to have their names over a shop-door. What they do, for the most part they do thoroughly, whether it be hunting, coaching, fishing, or any other relaxation from business in which they indulge. Yet the Cockney sportsman is not defunct; the same eccentricities which amused our boyhood are still to be found (not so often, we admit), and the same egregious blunders perpetrated. As the class which is now fast

amalgamating with our country gentlemen gradually blundered on from ignorance to proficiency, there is still arising amongst us another class, whose ancestors were still less remote from the artisan and shopboy class, whose sporting instincts are equally keen, albeit perchance they in a measure know it not, for want of time and opportunity to develop them; but there they are; and give the son of a successful builder, a retail grocer, a coal merchant, or any other trade in which money increases faster than knowledge, a holiday, and it is somewhat more than an even chance that, following the true British instinct, he wants to go and kill something. A holiday to him without a gun or a fishing-rod is as nothing; he could no more loaf, like your Spaniard; or watch humanity on the Boulevards, like your Frenchman, than he could fly. Put him in Switzerland, and he will climb; where there is ice, and he will skate; on a green, play cricket—but do something he must, even if it be mischief. In fact, he is little more than a grown-up schoolboy, take him from his daily toil.

We have made these observations because what we are about to relate may appear strange, and hard of credence in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

To our story: In the south of London lived a most respectable man who had come to town in his younger days as a journeyman carpenter; from that he developed into a master carpenter, from a master to a builder, and so on until he became what the world designates a well-to-do man; bought plots of land; ran up houses on the cheap and nasty principle, and, in fact, became a person of some consequence in the eyes of those he had left behind in his little quiet west-country village, on account of the number of thousands which it was supposed he could command. As was not perhaps on the whole unnatural, the carpenter that was, married and had a son, who grew up with a good share of town vulgarity implanted on the ignorance which the old man had brought with him from the country, and not many of the virtues, such as they were, which had come from the same source. In fact he was, to put it mildly, about as agreeable as young men with the expectation of a good bit of money, and little education, usually are. The old man did his best to keep him to work—and hard work too; but nevertheless young Sam Baker—suppose we call him, for the want of a better name—found plenty of time for amusements which were not exactly conducive to the benefit of either his health or pocket.

Meantime news of old Baker's rise in life—with perchance some little exaggeration—had, as we before said, caused him to be regarded in a very different light since, some thirty years before, he had shaken off the dust of the village of East Spring from his feet, and set forth, with the proverbial half-crown in his pocket, to make his fortune in London. In that village lived a yeoman of good old stock: he and his forbears had held the land which he now owned, from the time of the Heptarchy, perchance; and a proud man was he when he reckoned that his was an older name by centuries in the

parish than the Squire's; and when he had, as was occasionally his wont, taken the other half of a bottle of good old port, he would say, 'We can tell when the Wychwoods came into the parish, but 'the Kens lived here a hundred years or two before that.'

Unfortunately for the Kens, the old man and his father before him lived in what were called 'the good times,' when wheat was 50*l.* a load, and making a good income lived not only up to it but somewhat beyond, so that the title-deeds, which had rested so safely in the family for generations, were transferred to other keeping. The farm was mortgaged.

Still the old yeoman had no fear that things would not last his day; and as he had only one daughter, and she a very pretty girl, there was still hope that things might be pulled round by a successful marriage. So the old gentleman hunted, shot, and drank his port the same as ever; at least he did so when the gout permitted, but, like hounds on a bad scenting day, he often came to an unexpected check.

It so chanced that being up at the Islington Horse Show, for he always had a pretty good one, he met what must, we suppose, be called his old neighbour, but who really was his old servant, for many a day's work had he done at the farm. Right glad to see him in such good case, he accepted an invitation to spend an hour at his Brixton Villa, and was much impressed with the splendour that there surrounded him; for Mrs. Baker, the daughter of a well-to-do publican, was by no means one to hide her light under a bushel, and liked, as she said, 'to do things genteelly.'

By the time the good old yeoman had smoked his sixth pipe and floored his third grog he was very materially impressed with the builder's wealth, and cogitating that they had always been honest folks, thought that if young Sam could see Mary Ken perchance there might be a few thousands to clear off the mortgage, and the two might, at his death, have the farm, and a fresh start thereon. Hence an invitation to young Baker to spend his next Christmas at the farm; an invitation he was by no means loth to accept.

Now young Sam Baker was just one of those cockneys we spoke of in the early part of this article—keen for sport, but with no more idea of the ways of sportsmen than he had of Court etiquette. Hence he looked forward to his Christmas in Gloucestershire with no small degree of pleasurable anticipation. Of course it was an excuse for him to buy all sorts and kinds of things for which he was never likely to have any use. All the appurtenances of the Chase were ordered in abundance, whips, flasks, spurs, &c. Then his shooting impedimenta could not possibly have been greater had he contemplated clearing Central Africa of all its wild denizens; and, to crown all, he purchased a fly-rod and landing-net.

Mr. Ken was just the opposite of his guest in every respect. A gentleman by nature, and as keen a sportsman as ever handled trigger, he would have derived but little pleasure from the visit of his guest had he been able to enjoy his society, which was not,

however, the case ; for an attack of gout, which, though it did not actually confine him to bed, kept him within doors, and prevented his initiating the young cockney into the ways of field sport. There was nothing for it but to turn him loose with a gun in his hand, give him the best idea possible of the boundaries of the manor, and trust in Providence for his doing as little mischief as possible.

Christmas Day was got over pretty well, between church, dinner, and a little flirting; though, to give the young lady her due, she showed but little predilection for the builder's son. The next day he was all agog to be killing something; and as soon as breakfast was over sallied forth, gun in hand, as no hounds were near. We will not follow him in his useless efforts to bring down fur or feather; suffice it to say that he fired at everything he saw, from a cock-robin to a hare, burnt an immense deal of powder, and touched nothing until the shades of evening were closing in. Let us rather await his return home and reception at the farm, whither he returned with a beaming and triumphant face, so that Mr. Ken imagined he must have had a very good day. 'Well,' was his remark, 'what sort of sport have you had?' Joe, the groom, said 'when he returned from —— with the fish, he heard you shooting 'a good deal.'

'Oh! capital! Somehow or the other I could not manage to kill 'anything all the morning; but after I had eaten the lunch you 'sent up, and emptied my flask, I killed a bird; and then just as I 'had got over a wall into a ploughed field, where there was a grassy 'bank, up jumped one of the strangest beasts I ever saw. I let 'drive at him with both barrels, and rolled him over dead as a 'stone; he's as big as a great dog,' answered the triumphant sportsman, rushing into the hall for an enormous game-bag, with which he had encumbered himself all day, and out of which he lugged a *fine dog-fox*.

Had the earth opened at his feet the stout old yeoman could not have been more astonished than he was. He turned black in the face; he gasped for breath; he sprang to his feet in spite of the gout, and tugged at the bell with a violence which threatened to bring the house down, and put his wife and daughter into mortal terror lest he had become deranged. And when he at length found utterance, he shouted for the carriage to take his guest to the station at once, swearing that no man who had shot a fox should ever sleep under his roof. The fact was the country was hunted by a very popular Duke, and where all were fox-preservers, old Ken was the keenest of the keen, so that not only were plenty to be found in the coverts on his place, but they kennelled on the sheltered side of walls, banks, and other warm places; and one of these our hero had disturbed; and, of course, quite by accident held his gun straight and rolled over.

His astonishment at such an outbreak on the part of his host, when he had no idea that he had done anything wrong or unsportsmanlike, can well be conceived, and he was quite as ready to go as

the other was to send him away, for he really thought he was mad. The good dame, however, could not so far forget the rights of hospitality as not to get him a sly snap in the breakfast-parlour, unknown to her lord and master, whose burst of temper, when it was over, put him into a worse state of health than ever. He would not be appeased until the sound of retiring wheels told him that the man he thought might have been his son-in-law was on his way to the station, whither the latter took care to take his fox (carefully hid, though), as he said it would look handsome stuffed and put under a glass case. In that guise it can now be seen by any one who calls at young Sam's smart suburban villa, whither he has taken a retired grocer's daughter in place of Miss Ken, who, we are happy to say, has made a much better match, and the mortgage no longer hangs over the old Squire's paternal acres. Mr. Ken never told a soul of what had happened, but to the present day turns deadly pale at the thought of any one coming from London to shoot, and it is our firm belief that the mention of Sam Baker's name would any day throw him into an attack of gout.

J.

CRICKET.

THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

OWING to the delays occasioned by the non-receipt from some of the schools of the statistics usually appearing in our annual article on the cricket of the chief schools during the season, we are a month later in our publication of the school averages.

In 1876 only one batsman, Mr. Forbes, the Captain of Eton, obtained more than 600 runs during the season, and unfortunately he did not go up to the Universities, so that the amateurs of 1877 lost one of the most promising all-round cricketers to be found in any public school eleven of late years. The weather during last June and July was not altogether the most favourable, and batting had not certainly the same chances as in the same months of the previous years. Indeed, generally the batting averages fall short of those of 1876, and with the exception of Messrs. A. G. Steel, the Captain of Marlborough; Whitfeld, the Captain of Eton; and Morris, the Captain of Cheltenham, no batsman has exceeded 500 runs during the season. It is not likely that we shall meet with much dissent in asserting Mr. A. G. Steel, of Marlborough, to have been the best all-round public school cricketer of 1877. In batting his average is much about the same as that of Mr. Whitfeld, of Eton, as both captains have over 42 runs and a fraction for each innings played. Mr. Steel's average is not so good as in 1876, when he showed over 45 runs for each of thirteen innings, but Mr. Whitfeld shows a marvellous improvement, with 556 runs for thirteen innings against 276 for fifteen in 1876, and these two undoubtedly showed the best batting form of

the year. Mr. Morris, the Cheltenham Captain, obtained as many as 533 runs, but he took part in seven more innings than Mr. Whitfield, and in point of average he was not so successful as Mr. Meek, the Captain of the Harrow eleven, who scored 393 runs for eleven innings; or G. S. Saxton, of Clifton, who is credited with 381 runs for the same number of innings. In bowling there was no one to approach the doings of Messrs. Dobbie and Wood for Charterhouse in 1876, but the feats of the two Carthusians that year have never, it is just to state, been approached, and the school-ground in the country quarters at Godalming has not produced as yet anything like a long innings. Messrs. Steel, the Captain of Marlborough, and Hemsley, of Westminster, stand out conspicuously as the best bowlers, and it was to the former's very effective bowling alone that the Marlburians were able to get their opponents out so consistently for small scores. Mr. Hemsley's figures make the better show, as in all he took seventy wickets at a cost of 480 runs, or just under 7 runs per wicket; but it appears as if the averages include school games, as well as foreign matches, and considering that the Marlborough Captain is a slow round-arm bowler, and that he is credited with as many as seventy-one wickets, at an average of less than $7\frac{1}{2}$ runs per wicket, we should be inclined to adjudge him the most successful bowler of the public schools. Mr. Abernethy, of Westminster, with underhand slows, has a very good show of twenty-six wickets for 143 runs, and Mr. Growse, the Captain of Charterhouse, took as many as fifty-nine wickets at a cost of 549 runs; but, with these exceptions, the bowling generally was not quite up to the standard of 1876. Among the minor schools there were few signs of any extraordinary talent, such as brought Uppingham so well to the front a few years ago, with Messrs. Patterson, Lucas, D. Q. Steel, Luddington, and Schultz; and excepting that Eton, Marlborough, and Clifton were quite as successful as in 1876, and that Harrow had all round a much superior eleven, there was little to mark the past year as in any way memorable.

THE ETON ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Total Runs.	Average.
H. Whitfield	13	3	109	556	42'10
Hon. I. Bligh	14	1	69	481	34'5
J. E. K. Studd.	16	1	100	373	23'5
H. C. Goodhart	11	1	62	131	11'11
G. H. Portal	10	0	92	178	17'8
C. M. Smith	10	2	33	118	11'8
G. B. Studd.	14	2	54	364	26'0
C. T. Studd.	12	0	53	151	12'7
A. J. Chitty	9	1	8	49	5'4
A. B. Ridley	10	0	32	100	10'0
L. W. Matthews	6	4	13	42	7'0

THE ETON ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Wides.	No Balls.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Wicket.
G. H. Portal	10	3	903	73	391	37	10·21
C. M. Smith	0	0	1087	84	403	35	11·18
J. E. K. Studd	0	0	203	7	115	8	14·3
C. T. Studd	5	0	379	29	153	8	19·1
A. B. Ridley	0	0	464	22	254	11	23·1
L. W. Matthews	8	0	388	21	221	14	15·11

Eton had six old hands in its eleven, although it lost Mr. W. F. Forbes, who had been the foremost public school cricketer of the previous year. Eton had a good batting team, with four really good players in Mr. Whitfeld, the Hon. Ivo Bligh, and the brothers J. E. K. and G. B. Studd. Mr. Whitfeld showed a marvellous improvement on his batting of 1876, and he was 75 runs in front of the Hon. Ivo Bligh, with one innings less. He was a host in himself in the match with Harrow at Lords, as will be remembered; and the two brothers Studd both proved themselves reliable bats, Mr. G. B. Studd having, for a first year in the eleven, a fine average of 26 runs for fourteen innings. Mr. Goodhart, who looked like training on into a first-rate bat, showed a great falling off, while the Hon. Ivo Bligh made as marked an advance, scoring 481 runs for fourteen innings, against 276 runs for seventeen innings in 1876. In bowling the eleven had no one so successful as was Mr. Forbes in the previous year, and Messrs. Portal and C. M. Smith were neither up to the standard of that season, when each had an average of less than 10 runs per wicket. The Etonians had no one to compare with Mr. Forbes, their Captain of 1876, and on the whole they do not appear to have been so good all round. They had four good and thoroughly sound batsmen, but, with the exception of Messrs. Portal and Smith, their bowling was weak, and their fielding generally was not quite up to the best school standard.

THE HARROW ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Number of Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
H. E. Meek	11	1	393	104	104	35·8
A. B. Giles	12	0	169	41	41	14·1
C. J. E. Jarvis	7	1	31	10	10	4·3
Lord E. Hamilton	12	1	290	58	58	24·1
F. C. C. Rowe	9	2	282	82	107	31·1
W. H. Patterson	7	1	160	69	69	22·6
E. M. Lawson	5	2	19	11	11	3·4
P. J. T. Henery	8	1	68	18	18	8·1
T. G. H. Moncrieffe	10	1	63	22	23	6·3
H. F. de Paravicini	9	1	61	17	17	6·7
J. H. Stirling	10	0	92	29	29	9·1

THE HARROW ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Number of Balls.	Total Wide Balls.	Total Balls.	Total Maiden Overs.	Total Runs.	Total Wickets.	Average.
H. E. Meek	0	2	389	17	216	13	16·8
A. B. Giles	1	1	438	26	159	9	15·5
C. J. E. Jarvis	0	2	181	13	120	6	20·0
W. H. Patterson	0	0	157	13	61	7	8·5
P. J. T. Henery	0	0	894	52	342	23	14·20
E. M. Lawson	0	0	636	44	224	19	11·15
T. G. H. Moncrieffe	0	0	175	12	78	3	26·0

Harrow had only its Captain, Mr. Meek, and two other members left of its eleven of 1876, but it was as successful last season as it had been unfortunate during its immediate predecessor. Mr. Meek was in better hitting form, and his average was a great improvement, with an increased average of more than 11 runs per innings. Mr. Rowe, a left-handed batsman, for a first year showed brilliant form, with 282 runs for seven completed innings, and to these two batsmen, with Lord Ernest Hamilton, is due most of the success that attended the Harrovians. Otherwise, with the exception of Mr. W. H. Patterson, the eleven was weak in batting, and their bowling was considerably helped by the excellent fielding of the whole team. The bowling figures do not read quite so well as in 1876, and the brunt of the attack had to be borne by the two slow round-arm bowlers, Messrs. Henery and Lawson, with Mr. Meek's fast round as the best change. To them fell sixty-five out of the ninety wickets taken during the season, and it was fortunate that the Harrow Captain was able to secure two slow bowlers so straight and full of promise as Messrs. Henery and Lawson, both of whom, we believe, will be available again. Most of the eleven seem likely to be to the fore again next year, and to judge from the excellent cricket shown against Eton at Lords by Mr. Rowe, whose driving was some of the best we have seen for many a year, there will be one good batsman at least to help Harrow in 1878.

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Runs.	Highest Score.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Average.
A. H. Rooper	100	30	10	0	10·0
J. A. Fort	218	70	12	0	18·2
A. H. Trevor	335	100	12	0	27·11
J. Eyre	136	40*	11	1	13·6
A. W. Moon	50	12	11	0	4·6
P. C. Parr	89	23	12	2	8·9
G. G. Gutterses	129	41	9	0	14·3
E. A. Lee	85	33*	8	2	14·1
C. T. Weatherby	145	31	11	3	18·1
A. W. C. Sanders	161	55	8	0	20·1
F. C. Chater	23	12	9	3	3·5

* Not out.

THE WINCHESTER ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Balls.	Number of Maiden Overs.	Total Runs.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Wicket.	Wid's.	No Balls.
A. H. Rooper	1115	76	500	40	12½	10	0
P. C. Parr	938	59	426	24	17¾	22	12
F. C. Chater	363	32	135	5	27	9	0
A. H. Trevor	241	10	179	10	17½	0	0
A. W. Moon	275	15	109	5	21½	5	0

As was the case with Harrow, Winchester had only three old hands in its eleven, but there was generally little improvement on the cricket of the previous year. Mr. Trevor, whose first year it was in the eleven, was the foremost in batting with a good show of 335 runs for twelve innings; and Messrs. Sanders and Fort, the latter one of the old three, both acquitted themselves fairly. Mr. Moon, whose average in 1876 was upwards of 17 runs for fourteen innings, last season showed a woful falling off with only 50 runs for eleven innings, and what little bowling he did was more expensive. Mr. Rooper, the Captain, bowled with much about the same success, in point of average, as in 1876, though he took ten wickets less; and Mr. Parr also was useful with the ball, though his bowling was costly. In bowling, the Wykehamists were unquestionably weak, but they seem to have drafted one new player into the eleven likely to be a great acquisition—Mr. Trevor, who not only was considerably in advance of the rest in point of runs, but was occasionally useful as a change bowler.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Total Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Times not out.	Average.
A. F. M. Gamble	12	168	21	39	3	14'0
B. M. H. Rogers	15	150	22	42	1	10'0
H. W. Abernethy	11	206	36	43	4	18'8
A. M. Hemsley	15	172	32	41	1	11'7
H. C. Benbow	13	154	68	68	0	11'11
J. S. Abernethy	12	135	79	79	1	11'7
C. V. Wilks	13	52	19	25	0	4'0
W. F. G. Sandwith	13	158	45*	48	2	12'12
H. P. Robinson	14	67	18	18	0	4'11
T. F. F. Williams	6	34	21*	21	2	5'4
R. S. Owen	6	27	11*	11	2	4'3

* Not out.

THE WESTMINSTER ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average.
A. M. Hemsley	270	80	480	70	6	6·6
C. V. Wilks	180	46	580	52	9	11·8
A. F. M. Gamble	164	48	396	37	1	10·26
H. W. Abernethy	50	20	143	26	2	5·13
W. F. G. Sandwith	21	12	58	4	4	14·2
R. S. Owen	18	7	45	2	1	22·1

Westminster only retained five of its eleven of 1876, but the results of last season showed a great improvement on those of that year. It is true that there was no star like Mr. C. J. Fox, but the eleven generally came out better with the bat, and the bowling figures are much superior. Mr. Gamble, the Captain, claims an average of 14, against 6 in 1876; and Messrs. Rogers, H. Abernethy, and Hemsley are all in much better positions. The bowling averages will compare favourably with those of the previous year, which were regarded as exceptional; and for a medium-pace bowler, Mr. Hemsley has even a better analysis than had Mr. C. J. Fox at the end of the preceding season, as his score of 70 wickets, at an average of under seven runs, is certainly the best performance among the different Schools. Mr. H. Abernethy's underhand slows secured 26 wickets, at a cost of $5\frac{1}{2}$ runs per wicket—a great feat; and Messrs. Gamble and Wilks both got a large number of wickets at a moderate expense. Westminster, indeed, had two very useful all-round players in Messrs. H. Abernethy and Hemsley, and collectively the cricket of the eleven was of a much superior order to that we had to record in December 1876.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Number of Innings.	Total Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Times not out.	Average.
E. F. Growse	15	129	59	59	0	8·9
W. T. B. Hayter	14	44	8	8	0	3·2
E. L. Colebrooke	16	292	75	75	2	20·12
O. Evan Thomas	13	133	58	58	0	10·3
E. G. Colvin	17	186	36	47	2	12·6
H. Somers Cocks	13	100	45	45	0	7·9
Ll. Evan-Thomas	12	62	26	26	0	5·2
J. Wakefield	4	10	10	10	1	3·1
J. F. M. Prinsep	15	182	64	64	1	13·0
H. W. Devenish	16	55	18*	18*	5	5·0
E. M. Williams	11	94	19	19	0	8·6

* Signifies not out.

CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maiden Overs.	Wickets.	Wides.	No-balls.	Average.
E. F. Growse. . . .	1660	549	97	59	30	0	9'13
H. W. Devenish. . .	930	497	28	30	3	0	16'17
T. F. M. Prinsep . .	671	271	35	13	6	1	20'11
Ll. Evan-Thomas . .	644	242	41	27	12	0	8'26
J. Wakefield	334	125	23	15	4	2	8'5

Charterhouse had five members remaining of its eleven of 1876, but unfortunately the results of the last season show a painful falling off by comparison. It was hardly likely that the eleven would be able to discover new hands to fill the places of two bowlers so destructive as were Messrs. Dobbie and Wood, who took 210 of 223 wickets secured by the School team in 1876, although the bowling figures of 1877 will generally bear comparison with those of the other Schools. For some reason or other best known to those who have the care of cricket at Charterhouse, batting has not flourished on the new soil at Godalming, and it would behove the authorities to consider the advisability of securing some thoroughly competent professional to direct the batting of the boys, which seems to have gone to seed. Mr. E. L. Colebrooke had a very fair average of over 20 runs for sixteen innings, but otherwise the figures are not promising, and whereas in 1876 thirteen out of fifteen matches were won, of the same number only one resulted in a victory in 1877. Of the bowlers, Mr. Growse was the most successful, as he in all took 59 wickets, at an average of less than 10 runs each, though to his discredit is at the same time to be registered the unusual proportion of thirty wides. Messrs. Ll. Evan-Thomas and Wakefield were effective in a lesser degree, both under an average of 10 runs per wicket; and probably, had the batting of the eleven only been stronger, the eleven might have made a fair show.

THE RUGBY SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Total No. of Runs.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Least in an Innings.	Average.
F. E. Speed	19	302	4	62	8	20'2
S. E. Jones	17	241	1	45	3	15'1
F. L. Evelyn	21	378	3	101	0	21'0
C. F. Leslie.	24	417	2	65	2	19'0
F. W. Capron	24	216	3	39	6	10'6
T. A. Stokes	20	247	1	40	1	13'0
A. J. Bailly	20	213	0	76	0	10'13
F. D. Gaddum	19	122	3	44	0	7'10
B. Fitzgerald	14	123	0	30	9	8'11
E. Briesley	14	98	0	31	0	7'0
C. A. S. Leggatt	15	65	8	18	0	9'2

Only three old hands were left in the Rugby eleven of 1877, and

here too there was a sensible deterioration in the cricket shown by the team. It was unfortunate that Mr. F. E. Speed, the Captain, who had secured the largest number of runs in 1876, should have been generally in ill-health during the season, as a school team requires to be kept well together especially in good discipline as well as in good temper. Whatever the causes, Rugby cricket last year was in no way up to the old standard in the days of Cooper, Yardley, Pouncefote, and Francis. Mr. Speed's average was not so good as in 1876, when he made 363 runs for fifteen innings, but Mr. Evelyn showed a decided advance from 8 to 21, and he scored as many as 378 runs. Mr. Jones dropped from 21 to 15 runs per innings, and there seems to have been no particularly shining talent among the new members of the team, as the only one fortunate enough to secure an average of over 11 runs was Mr. Leslie, to whom was credited the largest aggregate of the season, and whose figures represent the one feature of promise in the batting averages. No records of the bowling have been furnished to us, and hence it is not possible to frame a comparison between Rugby and the other schools in this special department. The accounts that have reached us from old Rugbeians speak highly of Mr. Gaddum as a good slow, left-hand, round-arm bowler, who fields his own bowling well, though he wants more command over the ball. Mr. Jones proved himself to be a useful fast bowler, though Mr. Steel's free hitting caused him to be somewhat expensive in the match with Marlborough at Lord's, and Messrs. Leslie and Leggatt were effective, in a small way, as occasional changes.

THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Average Runs per Wicket.
A. G. Steel	1463	132	530	71	1	7'33
C. P. Wilson	1266	114	592	42	9	14'4
F. M. Lucas	94	4	46	2	4	23'0
J. R. Napier	168	17	79	4	5	19'3

Marlborough has been singularly fortunate in having had at the head of its affairs for the last two years a player so keen and so thoroughly efficient in managing the cricket of the school as Mr. A. G. Steel. If any monument were wanted to record his successes, it would be enough to state that during the two last seasons seventeen matches were played with only one defeat, and that in 1876 of nine fixtures eight were won and one drawn. It will not be provoking comparisons, we fancy, to describe him as the best all-round public school cricketer of 1877, and as he is now in residence at Cambridge the University eleven should have in him a very valuable acquisition. For the second year in succession he was first both in batting and bowling, and was again entitled to the bat given for the best average in the two departments. His batting average was not quite so good as in 1876, showing a fall from 45 to 42, but in bowling he showed

a great improvement on his wonderful form of 1876, and his average of $7\frac{1}{2}$ runs for seventy-one wickets is an extraordinary feat, taking into consideration that his delivery is slow-round and that his style of bowling is usually more expensive than the faster actions. Adding to these credentials, his brilliant fielding has to be taken into account, and when it is also stated that he proved himself a shrewd judge of the game and a very able captain, it can be estimated how much Marlborough has owed to him during the two last seasons. Mr. Wilson of the old hands showed a great improvement on his excellent form of 1876, and throughout proved a useful lieutenant for Mr. Steel, as, in addition to an advance in the batting averages from 17 to 29, he kept up the other end so effectually with his bowling that out of one hundred and nineteen wickets secured by the School only six were got by other bowlers than Messrs. Steel and Wilson. Marlborough seems to have possessed a wicket keeper much above the average in Mr. Alston, and all round had, beyond doubt, as strong an eleven as any school of the year.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Total Innings.	Times not out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average.
M. J. E. Morris	20	1	533	114	200	28'1
A. J. Forrest	19	3	227	122*	122	14'3
F. G. Oliver	21	1	284	48	48	14'4
F. J. Kendrick	19	2	331	75*	79	19'8
W. H. Fletcher	19	1	124	40*	42	5'10
E. A. D'A. Thomas	19	1	374	66	108	20'14
G. R. Nicholson	19	0	187	55	84	9'16
A. Stokes	14	1	79	28	28	6'1
A. S. Jackson	14	2	113	29	29	9'5
A. J. E. Newton	14	3	53	14	17	4'9
H. C. Wilson	9	3	72	34	34	12'0
W. H. Kinneir	9	0	38	18	20	4'2

* Not out.

THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.	Runs per Wicket.
F. J. Kendrick	62	2	32	3	0	10'2
A. J. Forrest	1341	110	660	45	1	14'30
A. J. E. Newton	744	63	367	22	1	16'15
H. C. Wilson	460	29	219	11	0	19'10
W. N. Fletcher	1411	95	623	26	1	23'25
M. J. E. Morris	613	27	416	17	4	24'8
G. R. Nicholson	44	4	34	1	1	34'0

Kendrick bowled 1 no-ball; Forest 4; Newton 2; Morris 3. A. Stokes and F. G. Oliver bowled without taking a wicket.

A glance at the statistics furnished by Cheltenham College does not prepossess one with the idea of any very great skill in the eleven

either in batting or bowling. Messrs. Morris, the Captain, and Forrest were the only two remnants of 1876, but the new hands do not appear to have furnished any very useful material, as the bowling was quite as weak as it was that year, and the batting, if anything, weaker. The defeats by Clifton and Marlborough were both so decisive as to prevent anything like excuses, and of late there has been, to our notion, a want of life in Cheltenham cricket. Mr. Morris improved his position in the batting averages considerably with a rise from 16 to 28, and his aggregate of 533 runs for twenty innings was good enough. Substantial support was not given him though by the other members, and how far he was in advance of the rest will be gathered from the figures, which make Mr. Thomas the next in order in a minority of 159 runs with only an innings less. Mr. Kendrick, in whom the eleven had a very smart wicket keeper, also showed batting promise with 331 runs for seventeen completed innings, but five of the team failed to get an average of 10 runs, and altogether the batting shown at Cheltenham was certainly below the usual standard. Of the bowling even less can be written in praise, and in this respect Cheltenham makes a worse show than any of the public schools. Not one of the seven bowlers whose names appear in the list can claim an average of less than 10 runs, and the only one who in any way approached that figure only delivered 60 balls so that his analysis was no criterion. Mr. Forrest had the best figures, but his forty-five wickets cost 660 runs, and Mr. Fletcher, who did the greater share of the bowling during the season, was very expensive, as his twenty-six wickets produced an average of just upon 24 runs. There must surely be better material at Cheltenham than the results of the two last seasons would imply, and the defeats of the eleven should lead those who have the welfare of the School at heart to take energetic steps to remedy the defects there are assuredly somewhere in the management of Cheltenham cricket.

CLIFTON COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Not out.	Average.
Evans, A. H.	12	355	90	0	29·7
Saxton, G. S.	12	381	104	0	31·9
Knight, R. L.	12	279	130	1	25·4
Haynes, C.	13	317	60	1	26·5
Younghusband, G. J.	9	273	60	0	30·3
Pears, S. D.	10	116	72*	2	14·4
Fox, H. F.	10	238	110	0	23·8
Barnard, C. N.	13	312	75	1	26·0
Gribble, R.	8	135	30*	3	27·0
Evershed, S. H.	12	186	68	3	20·6
Lindner, A. J.	8	220	56*	1	31·3
	6	16	7	2	4·0

* Not out.

† The lower average is that of his two-handed innings alone, as he played his last two matches with his left wrist broken.

Clifton was fortunate in retaining as many as six members of its victorious eleven of 1876, and though it lost the two batsmen, Messrs. Fowler and Greene, who had contributed so largely to its successes, the results of last season make a good show with only two defeats out of ten matches. Mr. Evans, the Captain, slightly improved on his batting average of the previous year and his fast bowling was as effective, though the absence of the usual statistics in this department preclude the chance of any remarks on the more successive bowlers. Taken collectively the Cliftonians had quite as strong a batting eleven as any of the public schools, and there does not seem to leave anything like a tail to their team, as nine are credited with an average of over 20 runs per innings. Mr. Haynes, who was perhaps the best all-round player, was severely handicapped, as he had to bat in the two last matches with only one hand owing to a broken left wrist, and in all probability this stopped him from attaining the first position in the batting averages. Throughout the season the Clifton eleven had an average of $24\frac{1}{2}$ runs per wicket, and in all their scoring was high—higher indeed than that of any school eleven. Mr. Saxton, with Mr. Knight, who punished the Cheltenham and Sherborne bowling severely, and whose average was only 5 runs in 1876, were the most successful batsmen of the eleven of 1877, and of the new choices Mr. Evershed proved himself the most useful, as, in addition to being a hard-hitting bat, he was serviceable occasionally as a change bowler and also a brilliant field. Oxford University numbered three old Cliftonians in its eleven of 1877, and it will be interesting to see whether Messrs. Evans and Haynes, both of whom are good all-round cricketers, will be fortunate enough to obtain their blues in the coming season.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—December : Its Dulness and Delights.

'THE dead season.' Such, if we believe rightly some of the sporting papers, is the doom of dark December. Hansoms do not help to make a block in Wellington Street or at Albert Gate; the echoes of the Victoria Club are mute, and nothing is heard but the click of the billiard ball. The demon of dulness is supreme. The guests are fled, the lights are shed in this banquet hall deserted. It's very strange. Outsiders might think this was rather a busy, joyous time than not. Our country cousins, who come up in such shoals at the beginning of the month to assist at the Islington Show, might well be pardoned if they thought London uncommonly lively in the bright and genial weather. They would see the theatres full, their favourite Alhambra and the minor music halls crowded to their utmost capabilities; the country gentlemen would find their clubs as gay and animated as in the season; their wives would discover that there is such a thing as a block in Bond Street in December as in June. The shops would look as tempting now as then; the exhibitions of pictures would vie with those of the summer; in fact, these poor *ignorami* would think they had lighted upon a particularly blessed time,

and that their lines were cast in particularly pleasant places. Little did they know that they were in 'the dead season.'

And, indeed, were we not assured by our teachers and guides that such was the case, we should have some difficulty in realising it ourselves. Was it in the dead season that we formed one of a very special little circle that met under the hospitable roof of that charming little club, the 'New Era,' where talent and beauty were both represented, where one or two of our most celebrated actors added their full quota to the flow of smart sayings—where author and journalist told their quips and cranks,

'And Lords showed wit and ladies teeth'?

Again, was it in the dead season when we found ourselves, somehow—we can't quite recollect the circumstances—in the halls of Nineveh, B.C. 607 (we were very particular as to date), mixing freely with Sardanapalus, his Assyrian warriors, and his ladies-in-waiting, and thinking Myrrha a very charming young person indeed? We believe we assisted at the destruction of Nineveh, and have some confused recollection of Myrrha partaking of oysters before she ascended the burning pyre. But this anachronism is clearly owing to a distempered imagination begat of the horrors of the scene. Again we are down among the dead men—defunct people who are keeping, let us say, in Hades, a literary birthday, an anniversary on which the pen of a brilliant author first saw printer's ink. A very jovial crew are the defunct, too much given to whisky-punch—a venial error, however, which we find ourselves condoning. *Noctes canaque deum*, what a night it was!—and in the dead season too! So wrong of us not to have known better, when we ought to have been thinking of the Waterloo Cup, or the winner of the Grand National, and how the Derby favourite was getting on, &c. And once more, it was in the dead season that we assembled round a well-spread board to do honour to one with whose name and fame all Europe rings—Archibald Forbes. Originally started by his fellow-workers in the ranks of journalism, Mr. Forbes's personal friends and his many admirers claimed their share in doing him honour. It was a representative banquet of men and manners; and never had George Augustus Sala or Edmund Yates been heard to greater perfection than they were that evening. The latter is better known to us through his pen; but that he has the gift of speech, few who heard his well-chosen sentences that evening could doubt. It was an exceptionally successful gathering; and if his reception tended in the slightest degree to cheer our guest in the arduous work in which he is again embarked—if the well-earned words of praise quickened his pulses and nerved his spirit to spend and be spent yet more in the service, the objects of his hosts were more than attained.

So we manage to enjoy ourselves somehow despite the dulness; and if town is too gloomy, why, there is a run down to Brighton's clear atmosphere, and a week or ten days passed in taking in a supply of Brighton ozone prepares you for the coming winter. Brighton had just got over its International Polo Club ball before we arrived—a curious and miscellaneous entertainment, largely patronised by foreign Ambassadors and Masters of Hounds, a somewhat singular combination at a polo ball. Whether the foreign Ambassadors and the M.F.H. were largely represented we cannot say, but some of the men that figured in the latter list had not been seen in a ball-room for years, and we doubt much if some of them had ever been in such places at all. Of course ball-rooms are the hunting-grounds of Ambassadors; it is therefore, extremely probable that his Russian Excellency led off with Mrs. Perkins, and the Turkish ditto with Mrs. Brown. No mention was made of

it in the Brighton papers—singularly modest and reticent journals—but political reasons may of course have prevailed. One thing we were glad to hear in connection with the ball—that a young lady rose superior to the prejudices of her down-trod sex, and appeared in the costume of a page of the time of Louis Quatorze. What pages of that epoch wore is best known to Mr. Nathan and other Hebraic gentlemen, who kindly furnish, at so much per night, the wherewithal; but we have no doubt that Miss —— was charmingly attired. We remember, some two or three years ago, at a Brighton costume ball, a young lady appeared in a tight and becoming suit of white satin, her innocence and a large silver shield her sole protection. She was supposed to be Joan of Arc; but, we regret to say, the stewards did not recognise her character, and the historic virgin, after much scandalizing Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Brown, was requested to leave the room. Somebody said that she was the second *ingénue* of the Nudity Theatre, and therefore of course eminently qualified for the rôle she assumed.

But that is Brighton of the past. Brighton of the present is rather dull, say the Brightonians, but still there is the ceaseless ebb and flow of the King's Road; there are the same young ladies with the high heels, we could swear to if we met them in Nova Zembla—the same nondescript sort of Brighton man who apparently spends his time in sauntering between East Street and Hove, and is, like the young women, indigenous to the place; some samples of wealthy 'shoddy,' and some ladies and gentlemen. There is a lack of beauty here on this occasion, which, to the Van Driver's eyes, gorged at Goodwood time with the effulgence of Pimlico, seems strange. Two fair sisters, however, twin cherries on one stem, break the monotony of commonplace; and pink and white are colours that, if a little out of character as winter costumes, yet are forgiven, by men at least, in that they are becoming. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal attract play-going Brighton (Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Brown never go to the theatre) to see 'A Scrap of Paper.' There is a dreary performance of an afternoon at the Hove Skating Rink; the Aquarium absorbs at night whatever there is of Brighton impropriety; and unless we go to the Cat and Cauliflower and play faro, we are in bed by eleven. Existence at the Queen of Watering Places (in the winter) is virtue.

We have alluded to the crowded theatres, and we hardly know which to single out as the most crowded. To say that there was a rush to 'Our Boys' during the Cattle Show week would be to repeat what we said three years ago; equally would it be so to say that the Alhambra barely afforded standing room. Whether the new arrangement of 'ladies on the floor' at Evans's appealed favourably to the agricultural mind may be doubted. The seniors of the school, who had made a point of going there since they were young fellows, coming up with their fathers to Baker Street for the first time, did not seem quite at home, and looked at the ladies supping there rather in bewilderment. It was plain that they more than ever missed that light to their feet and lanthorn to their paths, dear old Paddy Green; missed the support of his snuff-box, his fervent squeeze, and 'God bless you, dear boy!' Fervent squeezes, no doubt, might have been, and were found in the private boxes by the junior agriculturists; but the elders were out of place, and we doubt if ever Evans's will on this recurrent festival be the Evans's of a quarter of a century ago. But Argyle House was full to overflowing; and we think if those lights of the world, the Middlesex magistrates, who were so anxious to know the real character of the lady frequenters, could have looked in, their anxieties might have been set at rest.

The Duke's Theatre has been as yet a rather unfortunate theatrical speculation, but now, under the management of Miss Viola Dacre (the lady's name

should alone be a guarantee of success), and with the attraction of 'Sardanapalus,' it bids fair to enter on a lease of prosperity. How long ago it was since the Assyrian drama was brought out with such pomp and splendour at the Princess's we cannot remember; but we do remember that Charles Kean was Sardanapalus; his wife Myrrha, and John Ryder, we think, Salamenes. A very gorgeous production it was, overlaid with historic research, and stamped with the approval of Layard and other Assyrian discoverers. And now, the poem arranged not too happily by Mr. Charles Calvert, and brought out under the able direction of Mr. Thomas Charles, the manager of the Nottingham Theatre, splendidly illustrated with a *mise-en-scène* that leaves nothing to be desired, 'Sardanapalus,' to old play-goers, courts favourable comparison with the Kean version—indeed, in some respects of stage management it excels, we have no hesitation in saying, anything that has yet been seen on the London boards. One—or rather two successive scenes—where in an instant from the descent of the drop on a stage crowded with warriors grouped in mimic fight, it rises again to show us Myrrha the sole desolate figure in the vast hall, is one of the most wonderful *coups de théâtre* we ever saw, and reflects the greatest credit on the stage manager. Previous to this, the thunder-storm during the banquet in the Hall of Nimrod is another admirably depicted scene. The stage, and apparently the house, are enveloped in darkness, and only the lightning shows us at intervals the figures of Sardanapalus and his court. The thunder is wonderfully real, and as every now and then the crouching courtiers and women are seen round the defiant figure of the Assyrian monarch, the effect is very good. 'Sardanapalus' is a play that ought to act itself, so to speak; the language put in the mouths of the principal personages is so beautiful that, given moderate intelligence and a decent delivery, everything ought to go smoothly. Unfortunately blank verse is apparently a stumbling-block to all except a few of our actors of the highest class, and therefore, we suppose, it was too much to expect Mr. Arthur Darley (who otherwise made a very picturesque hero) to be an exception to what we fear is a rule. By-the-way, as Mr. Darley has been criticised for making Sardanapalus, against the Assyrian rule, a fair man, we may mention he has Byron's authority for it, if that is worth anything, for one of the guards, speaking of the King, says,

'Every arrow
Is pointed at the fair hair and fair features,
And the broad fillet which crowns both.'

Miss Gainsborough was a most charming and graceful Myrrha; and as on her is laid so much of the burden of the drama, the management has been fortunate in securing her services. In the tender passages, where her love and devotion to Sardanapalus shine forth, Miss Gainsborough was most effective; her every attitude was speaking and artistic, and we need scarcely add she was the fairest figure in the group of pictures. 'Sardanapalus' is certainly a thing to see.

'The Grasshopper,' at the Gaiety, an Anglicised version of 'La Cigale,' has met with but qualified success, in great part owing, we fancy, to Madame Chaumont being very much dinned into our ears by people who had seen her play the principal *rôle* in the original, as well as by people who had not. Indeed the latter, taking their cue from the critics, have been very vehement about it indeed, and have come down exceedingly hard on Mr. Hollingshead and Miss Farren, the latter especially, because she is not—what that clever young lady never pretended to be—the great actress in question. That 'La Cigale' was written for Madame Chaumont of course we know,

but Mr. Hollingshead, it appears to us, has adapted his English version for Miss Farren. He has curtailed a piece much too long for English tastes, but has preserved all the fun and drollery. He has not sought, and perhaps he had a Gaiety audience in his mind's eye, to give us the finer touches in which Chaumont delighted the Parisians, but he has given full scope to the extravagance of the play, and extravagant it is to a degree. We cannot help fancying that if Mr. Hollingshead had not been quite so honest in plainly stating that to the authors of 'La Cigale' was due all the credit of 'The Grass-hopper,' that if he had given it another name, and merely said it was 'adapted from the French,' we should not have heard quite so much about the Chaumont. We admire him for his honesty, but we think he was wrong.

The piece is most amusing, looked upon as what we suppose Mr. Hollingshead intended his adaptation to be, a pure farce. Miss Farren revels in the part of the Grasshopper, and Mr. Terry in the character of the artist who wins the heroine's love, and is, to our thinking, more amusing than M. Dupuis. The second act is the best, for there we see Miss Farren to perfection, and we must add that she bears the whole burden of the play. When she is not on the stage, the situation is rather dull.

The Grand Cirque in Argyle Street has in its quiet way once more opened its doors for the winter season. Our town list of amusements, big as it is, would hardly be complete without the usual appearance of Mr. Chas. Hengler's name in connection with this temple of equestrian entertainment at Christmas time. Here we find, as in the days of our youth, the good old-fashioned scenes in the circle as popular as ever, only that perhaps there is a trifle more in the way of embellishment thrown in to give greater effect to the *spectacle* whatever it may be. If our juveniles are not satisfied with the dish of novelties Mr. Hengler has provided for them this year all we can say is they must be very difficult to please. We went the other evening and enjoyed it. Great preparations are being made for the production of a fairy novelty for the holidays, the 'Fairies' Garden Party,' in which a whole army of little folks will be engaged.

Seldom as it falls to our lot to notice amateur theatricals, we cannot allow a performance of 'The Rivals,' by the Romany A. D. C. on the 13th of last month at St. George's Hall, to pass unchronicled; given as it was for some charitable object, the reward of a full house, which testified in itself to the popularity of the club and its management, was well merited. All the parts were fairly sustained, but to Miss Sullivan as Mrs. Malaprop, to Mr. Trollope as Sir Anthony Absolute, and to Mr. Gore Browne as Jack, the great success of the evening must be attributed; whilst Miss Kathleen Irwin rendered professional assistance in the *rôle* of Lydia Languish. The comedy was produced under the superintendence of, and reflected great credit upon, Mr. Walter Lacy.

But the Cattle Show, and the people who go to it, what shall we say of it and them? The glories of the opening day, when every body and beast are fresh, comparatively sweet, and wholesome; when H.R.H. comes to see his prizes, and Mr. Robert Leeds (he will, we are sure, excuse our mentioning that he is called 'Bob Leeds' by half England) escorts him round, and Mr. Sidney is there to supply all information; when the judges are busy at their awards, and the bucolic mind stands about in anxious groups; when even the bars are comparatively deserted, and the very yellowest-haired Hebe offers the cup in vain—this is the time to be at the Agricultural Hall. It looks in its grand proportions put to right uses during this and the Horse Show week. No catchpenny exhibitions of idiotic walking men, and of poor beasts of horses made to gallop against their will; no Barnum feats of pedestrianism,

amidst the cheers of London roughs and the din of brass bands; but something legitimate—shows of which the nation is proud, and generally with good reason. Certainly when one thinks of Baker Street, and compares that locality with Islington, we must admit that the latter is the place above all others for the exhibition of fat cattle; and though the present show confessedly fell short both in quality and quantity, that may be attributed in a great measure to the depression in all branches of agriculture, and a little to the restrictions as to previous exhibitions. However, we are not called upon, even if we wished, to discuss this vexed question. We have great faith in the judgment and common-sense of the Council, and if they see no solid reason for continuing the rule, it will be relaxed next year. Meanwhile we can only deal with some of the main features of the show, and first of all let us mention the great improvement in the ventilation. Mr. Sidney had done his utmost in the free use of the latest addition to the powers of disinfection, and this was particularly remarkable in the piggery, heretofore a very irrepressible place in the way of smells, as piggy is an irrepressible animal. It would be straining a point to say there was no effluvium at all, but it was much toned down, and Mr. Sidney informed us that he had found the disinfecting fluid manufactured by the Crown Cleansing Fluid Company the most satisfactory he had yet tried. Certainly we had olefactory proof of this.

The weeding process on the first day was of course the most interesting part of the judging, not only to the *cognoscenti*, but to that numerous class of outsiders to whom a fat beast in his stall a fat beast is, and nothing more. Competition rouses the outsider even in the matter of sheep—animals that we confess we require a deal of rousing about, but the competition of the males for the first prize, the silver cup, did stir us. Though we wanted H.R.H. to take the prize with his Devon, which he did, our judgment and admiration, such as they were, went with the grand old Highlander exhibited by Sir W. Gordon Cumming, not to mention a shorthorned cross-bred of Lord Lovat's. The judges, however, sent the latter back and had to go to the ballot to decide between the Devon and the Highlander, an unsatisfactory issue, and one which the majority of the spectators thought might have been avoided. We believe the majority would have given the cup to the Highlander, good as the Prince's Devon undoubtedly was. There was less difficulty for the Champion Plate, for the best animal in the show, as Mr. Catchpole's shorthorn heifer, Pride of Thorndale, was one of those, beasts there is no doubt about—a sort of Prince Charlie or Springfield, that you put your hand on at once and say here is the winner. Nothing else was in it with her, and she was decorated with the many-coloured rosette, amidst general applause.

Some good judges thought the Sussex breed contained some of the best animals in the hall. There was a cow exhibited by Mr. W. H. Campion, a very grand beast indeed; and there was a two-year-old steer of Mr. Agate, reaching to the wonderful weight of 15 cwt. 2 qrs. 22 lbs. He was a little over two years, we believe, but the weight is extraordinary. To our thinking, though, the Highland Ox class contained the gems of the show. One we have already mentioned, Sir W. Gordon Cumming's dun; the other was a black of the Duke of Roxburgh, and both were from the noted herd of John Malcolm, of Portalloch. This was remarkable. It is true, when we have mentioned these two we have mentioned all that was to be seen—two Eclipses first and the rest nowhere—but they were such extraordinary handsome animals that they went a great way to redeem the show from the charge of mediocrity brought against it. For the rest, we cannot speak too highly of the management, or of the courtesy and attention shown by Mr.

Sidney to exhibitors, members of the press, and all with whom he was brought in contact.

The Pytchley have had quite their full share of sport up to the present time, and as we observed in the month of October the hounds hunt very much better than they did last season. They began the past month with a capital day's sport on Saturday, December 1st, from Ashby St. Ledgers, finding a fox in a very small covert close to a farmstead, the owner of which never locks his poultry up, and yet, strange to relate, he says he rarely or never loses a chicken, although there is generally a fox in the little spinney close by; and he attributes this to the presence of two sheep-dogs, of which one is loose and the other at large. This ought to be recorded, as such marvellous stories, especially about Christmas time, are told of the losses of turkeys by foxes, particularly in the vicinity of towns. This day a good one was found at home, and was away like lightning before one-half of the field were aware of it; and he ran very fast over the Kilsby Tunnel, over the old Street road, which is here all grass, up to the back of Crick village, then on to the covert at Watford, which he did not go into, but ran on towards Long Buckby, to ground in a drain by Watford village after as fast a forty minutes and over as strong a line of country as is to be found anywhere. The muddy coats of those who ride for honour testified at the finish that there had been some big fencing and tumbling. But perhaps the longest and best run they have had this season was on Friday the 14th, when they met at Kelmarsh, found in the Dales and first ran a very sharp ring through Scotland Wood, Maidwell, and Hazelbeach Dales to Kelmarsh, then by Scotland Wood, through Maidwell Dales, by Pursers Hill and Cot Hill, to Holdenby brickyard, across the grass valley nearly to Althorp Park, into New Park plantation, then over the park wall, and they ran him to ground at Nobottle Wood. Lord Spencer is expected to return at the beginning of the month, as is also the Empress of Austria at Cottesbrooke with a large stud of horses. Mr. Langham has acted as Master during Lord Spencer's absence.

Mr. Oakeley's accident near Austrey, on November 28th, from his horse slipping into a bricked drinking-place for cattle and breaking his leg, has been a great misfortune for the Atherstone. They have had good fair sport, and on November 30th found a brace of foxes at Twelve Acres, which had been blank the last two seasons. On Friday the 14th they met at Browns-over, found at Coton House, and ran slowly by Newton, down to the Cross in Hand, past Clifton, and on to the old Grand Military Course over the brook, where the jumpers enjoyed themselves—over the old Street Road to within one field of Crick Covert, where Castleman gave it up after a hunting run over as fine a line as could possibly be selected. Those who go out to cut each other down, or sell their horses, of course, called it slow; and no doubt it would have been better for a little more scent. After this they had a long trot back to Twelve Acres, which was blank.

As we predicted, Jack West has done his best to extract some juice out of the old Vine, and he has, we are glad to say, thoroughly succeeded, and thrown a good deal of dash into what for some time past had been a very slow country, so that in future Records of the Chase this will be quoted as a Vintage year. On November 29th they met at Manydown, found in Worton Wood, ran through Worton Wood to Manydown Park, where he was headed, and ran back through the same coverts towards Basingstoke, but turned first towards the village of Sherborne, and then through Carpenter's Down, past the Vyne and Beaurepaire Park, putting his head straight over the inclosures for Bramley village, where he was run into in the open after

fifty-five minutes without a check. At the finish of this capital run, which pleased all who were in it, were Sir Nelson Rycroft, the Messrs. Thornton, Mr. and Miss Walker of Wolverton, Mr. James Martin from Fareham, Mr. Tom Blake of Gosport, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Twitchen and two sons, and several others. On December 4th they met at Clerkengreen, found in Cow Down, ran by Worton Copse, the big Deans Wood, and over the Downs to ground close to Mr. Porter's racing stables at Kingsclere, after a very fast fifty-five minutes without a check, the distance being about ten miles. On the 8th they were at Ewhurst Lodge, and found in Mr. Halton's covert, and had a good gallop of one hour and thirty minutes.

The sport in Hampshire has been very uncertain, some days no scent at all, and other days, when the scent has been really good, the hounds have had splendid runs. On Monday, December 3rd, the H.H. had an unexceptionally good run from Lasham village; the hounds scarcely touched a covert during the run; they found in Southwood, run through Buttus Copse to near the Golden Pot, by Five Lanes Holybourne to Swain's Hill to Yarnhams, leaving Sheephouse to the left, through the corner of High Wood to near the Marsh House coverts, run at the back of Bently village, across the Farnham and Alton turnpike road to the brook near Isington, which the fox did not cross, and he was killed opposite Mill Court in a hop field. Time, one hour and three minutes. On Tuesday, the 11th, they met at the Cross Lanes, Beaworth, and they had a good day's sport, finding in Shorley; they went away at a good pace through Cowlease to the Reshaw coverts, where the fox laid down in a sawpit; he jumped up and went away to Kilmeston and was killed in a cart house, belonging to Mr. Booth, who, besides hunting, is a well-known cricketer, and Mr. Booth is not to be beaten over any country. They found again near Brookwood, and had a good gallop.

The Hambleton have had their share of sport. On Friday, November the 30th, they met at Owselbury Down, found in a plantation close to Durwood, run through Durwood to Rosehill round on the right back to the plantation; they found in their way to the Lodge at Preshaw, over the fields by the Old Kennels to Preshaw Beeches, through Somers Gorse, over the Warnford and Winchester road, straight over the large fields by Riversden Farm and killed the fox—a fine old dog—in the corner of Blackhouse, a fine hunting run of one hour and eight minutes; from the time the hounds left Somers Gorse they were never for an instant off the line. Only about half the field saw the finish. On Friday, December 3rd, they had a most extraordinary run. They met at Watergate House; they found at the back of the house, went away, leaving Williams Wood to the right to Up Park, turned to the right through some large woods on to Philis Wood, and run straight through on over the hills to Elsted, where they sunk the vale for about two miles, and back up the hill; they then run the range of hills within two miles of Goodwood racecourse, again entering the vale. Here there was a check, the fox having been chased by a sheep-dog. Hit him off again, and had about half an hour's slow hunting; got up to him in a covert near Midhurst, and killed him two miles further on, at Fitzhall. Time, two hours and thirty minutes, a good fifteen miles from point to point. The ground run over must have been at least twenty miles; the fencing in the Vale was tremendous. It would, we think, have puzzled some of the gentlemen who hunt from Rugby. Nearly the whole of this run was in Lord Leconfield's county. On Monday, December 10th, they met at Hinton House, Catherington, killed a fox in covert, found again in Cholton Gorse, took a ring out and back to the Gorse, then away by Boscombe very fast to Chalton Park, through Ditcham, Lady Holt Park, Harting Down, to Up Park and

Little Green, where the fox took to running the road over Compton Down on to the Markwells, through Old Idsworth Park on to the railway below Chalton village, where the fox was run into in the open in one hour and fifteen minutes. These two runs show the condition of the hounds and the manner in which Mr. Long hunts them.

In spite of rough weather the New Forest Hounds have had fairly good sport, and a better scent than usual in November, which is generally the worst scenting month in that country. On Thursday, December 6th, they met at Bramble Hill, had a famous day, killed two old foxes after good runs of forty-five minutes and one hour and twenty minutes, when Sir Reginald Graham hunted the hounds himself, and only cast them once, and they went home at a quarter past two, an event which had never happened before since he has been Master.

That they are not all Chesterfields and D'Orsays who now hunt with the Queen's Hounds the following story, as told us, amply proves. The huntsman, than whom no more civil man has ever existed, wished to pass some of the field in a narrow muddy lane, and, as usual, said, 'Hounds, gentlemen, if 'you please,' and was met by the following polite remark: 'Go to ———, 'and take your ——— old hounds with you.' Verily, the Royal Huntsman's place is not altogether a bed of roses.

From South Northumberland a correspondent writes us that here we had no great things in November till the last week, when the Tynedale had three very good days. The Morpeth have had some excellent sport, and Mr. Cookson has been most fortunate in accounting for his foxes. His first whip, Mark Robinson, had a bad fall early in the season, which has completely laid him up, and those who have hunted hounds themselves will know that the loss of the assistance of a thoroughly experienced whip's services is no trifle to a young huntsman. On the 14th December the Tynedale met at Newton Hall, the seat of the most excellent fox-preserve, Colonel Joicy. The morning was very frosty, and the roads very slippery; indeed, it continued freezing all day, and the ploughed fields were very hard, except just where the sun thawed them, and then they lifted, which was of course very bad for scent. Having waited till half past eleven, the plantations in front of the house were drawn, and one fox was instantly found. He at first ran as if for Bywell, but quickly turned north past the Stelling, and ran the road for nearly a mile, passing Shildon Hill cover, on to Matfen, through Fenwick village to the Heugh cover, which he skirted; to Milburn Hall, thence to the Chapel, when turning back almost on his own line he ran to Dissington, when he again turned north, and kept straight on till he entered the Morpeth country near Ogle Dene, where he turned to the east, and crossed the Blyth at Shilvington bridge; from this point he again kept northward nearly up to Meldon station, where he turned south to Trewick and was killed. The time was exactly three hours and fifty-five minutes, and the distance, as measured on the 6-inch to the mile Ordnance Map, fully thirty miles. During all this long run the hounds received little or no assistance, and Mr. Fenwick has good reason to be proud of his bitches, as they showed wonderful perseverance and nose, the fox having on several occasions run the roads, which were as hard as iron, and covered with ice all day. This is the longest run any one can remember in this neighbourhood, and I very much question if a finer thing for hounds ever was seen. It was over, perhaps, the best parts of both Tynedale and Morpeth countries. There were not many people out, and most of them got to the end. We have had a nice day to-day (19th December), and killed our fox.

As we have so lately briefly sketched Lord Galway's life in Baily's

'Gallery of British Worthies,' we are briefly to add here that his Lordship is winning golden opinions from every one in the Grove country, and has made a most excellent start as huntsman. He is very patient, and lets his hounds hunt, as they well know how to do. He is most ably seconded by Tom Morgan, a worthy son of old Jack Morgan, the well beloved of the hunt, as his 800*l.* testimonial showed last spring. By the way, we heard of a Sheffield gentleman down in those parts the other day who, by way of a reminder that Christmas was approaching, came out hunting with his horse's head bedecked with holly, and wearing 'a buttonhole' of the same himself. Unfortunately he had omitted the mistletoe.

One likes to see ladies in the hunting field, and one likes to see them ride, only we don't like, as a rule, to be ridden over or knocked into the middle of next month, and such 'accidents' we are informed do happen with a certain well-known pack in the Midland Counties. The ladies there ride 'wickedly' as they say in Ireland, and the other day one fair rotary of Diana (we believe we are using the strictly classical language of the daily papers) followed so closely on a hard-riding guardsman that the latter pulled up quietly and said, 'There is no hurry whatever, Miss —, you go first; 'I don't want you to jump into my pocket.' And taking ground to the left, the Colonel jumped the fence lower down without injury.

The Duke of Beaufort's hounds have done well lately.—Wednesday, Dec. 12th. From the Duke's Gorse at Beckhampton over the Downs to Westwood in forty-five minutes—a rattling good gallop—then twenty-six minutes and a kill in the open from a drain.—Monday, Dec. 17th.—From Malmesbury Withy Bed back through Hyam over the country towards Tetbury, then round High Grove and Elmstree to Charlton Down Plantation, crossing to Bold Down Wood and right away by Leighterton and Tresham to Alderley, one hour and twenty-three minutes up to this point, and eleven miles from where he was found as the crow flies at a very good pace. After this Lord Worcester persevered on and ultimately killed his fox, after running all through the hills close to Wortley. In this very fine run, of course there were two or three checks, but Lord Worcester in a masterly way soon put matters straight.—Dec. 21st. From Roundway they had a clinker, ran for fifteen minutes over the Downs, and then sunk the Vale, running through Blacklands, and killed him in forty-five minutes. It was so good a run that every one who had not a second horse went home, although early in the day.—Dec. 24th. Worcester Lodge, a very grand meet. They found first in Luckley Brake, and, after a disappointing run to the field, they killed in the park; they then drew Sopworth Brake, and just outside there was a find, and there ensued such a gallop as is rarely seen. I never saw hounds (they were the little bitches) beat horses fairly and squarely in such a manner before. They raced round by Knock Down towards Park Wood, then turned into Silk Wood in twelve minutes. Without dwelling, they raced through and killed at Leighterton, knocked him over in a grass field, in twenty minutes, and a good judge says they ran every inch of six miles. Major Whyte-Melville is with us, having taken a house at Tetbury, and goes in his well known style.

Ned Bentley continues to give much satisfaction with the Whaddon Chase Hounds, although, as a rule, he has had to contend with indifferent scents. Towards the latter end of November these hounds made a long journey into the Oakley country. Having found a fox at Scriven's Gorse, at Willen, they crossed the river Ousel, near Newport Pagnel, and thence by Chicheley and Hardmead, until they checked in the parish of Turvey, about four miles from the town of Bedford—a line of country that brought back to

the recollection of some of the oldest sportsmen the palmy days of Grantley Berkeley. Nothing could surpass the working of the hounds, but at last hounds, horses, and men were all beat: the fox was found dead the following morning in the field next to where the hounds had thrown up.

Lord Carington's covert of High Havens has, this season, fully maintained its character for holding stout, wild foxes. The first time that it was drawn, away went the hounds, at racing pace, for eighteen minutes, to Christmas Gorse, where several foxes were on foot, but the hounds stuck to their hunted one, and, forcing him out over Main's Hill and Hurdlesgrove, killed him at Creslow. Mr. Bouverie and Mr. Charles Newton cut out the work, with Lord Carington next in attendance upon them. On the second occasion, three weeks later, High Havens again afforded a good day's sport, and it was solely the fault of the field that it did not end with blood. Hounds had given their fox no rest for nearly ninety minutes, and he was rapidly sinking before them, when he was headed by a labouring man. The pack, in its eagerness, overran the scent, and some of the gap and roadsiders, catching a view of the fox, set up such a screeching as effectually to get the hounds' heads up. The result was that the fox was enabled to crawl into a plantation, where hounds got upon the line of a fresh one, and kept on running till dark. This was an exceptionally severe day for hounds and horses: dirty coats might be counted by the score, one gentleman having four falls.

Though some of our readers may turn up their noses at the doings of a pack of drag-hounds, as an illegitimate style of sport, we may venture to assert that few packs in England have done better this season than that kept by the Foot Guards at Windsor, under the auspices of Colonel Garratt and the Hon. Rupert Carrington. Twice a week their fixtures are attended by a good field, including most of the leading lady-riders of the neighbourhood; and well mounted must be the man who can go from end to end with the pack. In fact, some of the finishes have been very select indeed, and upon more than one occasion the ladies have had quite the best of it, Mrs. Herbert of Muckcross, Lady Julia Follett, and Mrs. Richardson having specially distinguished themselves.

We desire at the beginning of a new year to put in a word for that valuable institution, the Hunt Servants' Society, which, owing, it may be, to some of the heavy calls that the Indian famine, the Russo-Turkish war, &c., have made on the public purse, is not in such a flourishing condition as it was this time last year. As the present season has been unusually open, we can only hope that those who have had health and strength to enjoy it will out of gratitude remember the society and send a cheque to the secretary at Tattersall's.

Lord Middleton's death, which occurred very suddenly on Wednesday last, at his seat, Budsall House, has cast a sad gloom over the East and North Ridings of Yorkshire, and will be deeply felt by all the hunting world in the North. On the retirement of Sir Tatton Sykes in 1853, Lord Middleton, then Mr. Willoughby, undertook to hunt at his own expense the whole country then hunted by Sir Tatton, and in addition to that a large portion then hunted on the one side by the York and Ainsty, and on the other by Mr. Hill on sufferance. This arrangement continued till 1860, when from family reasons Lord Middleton was compelled to ask for a subscription for three years; this was at once guaranteed by the country. At the expiration of this period Lord Middleton again took the country into his own hands, and continued to do so till 1873, when he again was compelled to ask for a subscription, which though a liberal one, we believe did not more

than half cover the annual outlay. When we consider the enormous tract hunted by his Lordship, reaching from the Hambleton Hills on the west to Flamborough Head on the east, nearly sixty miles as the crow flies, and comprising every variety of country, it may readily be imagined that the statement made at the meeting at Malton a year ago, that Lord Middleton had expended at least 100,000*l.* in providing sport for his neighbours, was rather under than over the mark. Following so soon on the death of Mr. Hall, the popular master of the Holderness Hounds, this loss will be severely felt; but while Mr. Hall had considerably passed the threescore years and ten, Lord Middleton died comparatively in the prime of life, being in his sixtieth year, having never quite got over a severe fall last season. Lord Middleton was a kind master to his servants, as the years Ben Morgan and afterwards George Orvis remained in his service can testify; his present huntsman, Blakeborough, succeeded the latter in 1875. Lord Middleton was a really good all-round sportsman, having a thorough knowledge of hounds, horses, and being a good rider to hounds, a first-class game shot, and a keen fisherman. As regards the turf, he confined himself to hunter races, in which at one time he was very successful, and many a time have Major Bell and Mr. Boynton caught the judge's eye in the blue and white so well known in Northern hunters' states. The best horse of this sort he ever had was Vandal. It would be very premature to hint at his successor, but we need hardly say that every one would be glad to hear that his eldest son, a thorough sportsman and very fond of hunting, would continue to hunt the country now so unhappily vacated. It is not within our province to speak of his lordship in a private character, but we may safely say that, whether as a master of hounds or as the genial host, few people will be more regretted than the cheery master of Birdsall House. His picture, subscribed for by the county, and painted by Mr. Wells, R.A., had just been privately presented and hung up at Birdsall.

The death of Mr. Henry Fitzroy makes another gap in the ranks of the old racing men who were hard at work at the game when the present generation were 'mewling and puking in the nurses' arms.' For the last year or two the state of his health kept Mr. Fitzroy away from Newmarket and other familiar haunts, but there were few faces better known than his; few men fonder of the sport. He was a great friend of Sir Joseph Hawley, Mr. George Payne, and Mr. Stirling Crawford, and if their colours were first at the post, it was pretty certain Mr. Fitzroy was on. The kindest-hearted and most gentle of men, always desirous to do well to, and speak well of, every human being; the feeling was reciprocated by all who knew him. He was not born to shine in the front rank, or indeed to shine anywhere, for he was not one of fortune's favourites, but he was born to what after all is a better portion, to be liked and loved by all his intimates and friends.

And Captain Robert Campbell, known to society as 'Bob Campbell of the 32nd,' has departed. A somewhat mad genius was he, a second edition in many of his ways and doings of the renowned Billy Duff. Like that hero, he was one of the frequenters of Limmer's, in what we suppose we must call the palmy days of that celebrated hotel, and, like him, he there performed some of his most erratic feats. He was a gymnast of wonderful ability, and the delight he took in startling a mixed assembly in some place of public resort by a sudden exhibition of his powers was intense. We remember some few years ago, in the quiet coffee-room of an hotel in the Midland Counties, Bob Campbell alarming two or three men who were eating their dinners by suddenly turning head over heels in a chair and coming up seated thereon, with a grave expression of countenance, as if he had done nothing remarkable. He was a duellist too, and acted as principal and second on

more than one occasion. Few could touch him at billiards, and at which, too, there was no finer player, only he could not always be depended upon. Of late years his malady became more apparent, and he passed a good deal of his time under restraint.

Pressure on our space last month prevented us noticing the untimely end of one so well known to all racing men as Mr. Superintendent Mott. A more zealous and efficient officer there was not in the Metropolitan Police. He combined, in an eminent degree, the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, and the way the arduous duties at Epsom and Ascot, entrusted to the A Division under his command, were performed is well known. Apoplexy carried him off in the prime of life, and his loss must be a serious one to Colonel Henderson.

Messrs. Barraud and Jerrard, the photographic artists, have published their long-promised Canterbury picture of the cricket-ground during the grand week. It contains 131 portraits of the *élite* of the county and patrons of the game, as well as of well-known cricketers, past and present, including some of the old stagers who inaugurated the Canterbury week in the year 1841. The cricket has been very wisely omitted, as it is unnatural for a match to be introduced in the picture with all the spectators looking away from it. The scene is taken at the moment when old 'Bob' the Bellman is clearing the ground; the figures are admirably grouped, and the Cathedral and the trees make an excellent background. The centre and right of the picture are occupied by tents; on the extreme right is an I Zingari tent, in and near which are Lord Harris, Lord Sondes, Lord Darnley, and Sir Courteney Honeywood, and many other representatives of the county and their families and friends, all supporters of the game, and descendants of those who made Kent famous a century or more ago, and also many well-known members of the Marylebone Club and the Zingari. All monotony in the picture is avoided by the introduction of a number of ladies. From the centre to the left, cricketers, amateur and professional, are standing in groups, commencing with the Messrs. Grace and Absolom; and on the extreme left is old Wenman, once the celebrated Kentish wicket-keeper, and close to him, in a chair, is old John Bowyer (who sat for the picture last August), ætat. 83, the last survivor of Lord Frederick Beauclerc's 'B' eleven. A little liberty has been taken in introducing Bowyer and four Surrey cricketers who were not playing in the match, but who have many a time played against Kent, and two of them—Southerton and R. Humphrey—frequently at Canterbury, and whose ages vary from fifty to seventy, so that, including Bowyer, the game is represented by five cricketers of one county whose career has extended in the aggregate over seventy-two years; in other words, ever since the Battle of Trafalgar.* Tastes may differ about this; but to a cricketer who prizes the picture as a history of the game, an addition of this kind makes it much more valuable.

* To show the extraordinary long life of old cricketers, the following list contains an eleven including Bowyer (at this present time a rare good judge of cricket), who played with him from time to time in the 'B' matches.

Date of Death.	Name.	Age.	Date of Death.	Name.	Age.
1840.	Hon. E. Blich . . .	71	1857.	John Bennett . . .	86
1850.	Lord F. Beauclerc . .	76	1859.	J. Bentley . . .	72
1855.	James Bennett . . .	80	1862.	W. Beldham . . .	96
1857.	H. Bentley . . .	75	1874.	John Bayley . . .	80
1857.	G. Brown . . .	74	1875.	E. H. Budd . . .	90

and John Bowyer, NOT OUT, 88.

Total ages 888 years, average of life 80 years 9 months.

The picture is 36 by 20 inches, and it is not too much to say that, as a work of art and as an historical picture, it is without a parallel. It is impossible to enumerate the portraits, but amongst them will be found four of the original old stagers who have supported the Theatricals for over a third of a century; they are the Hon. F. Ponsonby, the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, Mr. Horace Twiss (the Oliver Twist in the old bills), and the immortal Thomas Knox Holmes, amateur clown, harlequin, actor, and the most celebrated athlete of his age.

Everybody who wishes well to cross-country meetings, and desires to see steeplechasing raised in the scale of a national sport, will approve of the somewhat tardy action of the G.N.H., and applaud Captain Machell for having taken a small step in the right direction with his motion that no hurdle-race should be less than two miles, or over less than eight flights of hurdles. What is good legislation for the Turf applies equally, we think, to steeplechasing, and it is to be hoped that the Committee of the G.N.H. will follow the example of the Jockey Club, and set their house in order. Of the new rules of racing, none have commended themselves so much to general approval as those that fix the minimum of added money, and give a veto to the Stewards of the Jockey Club to eliminate any meeting from advertisement in the Calendar that does not comply with this condition. Why does not the G.N.H. Committee adopt the same line? We can see that there would be an injustice, as was lately pointed out by 'The Field,' in applying to some of the minor cross-country meetings the same rule that would be no hardship at Sandown Park or Aintree. There are many excellent cross-country meetings where the great number of races are close; and to call upon the yeomen and farmers, their chief supporters, to add 300*l.* to the various stakes would be, in effect, doing away with the meeting. Could there not be a sliding scale? On the flat, for many reasons, a fixed sum is desirable, not to say imperative; with steeplechasing it is different, and the G.N.H. Committee might well direct their attention to this point. It would require some little amount of pains and labour, but there is the winter before them to digest the matter; and if they would, in addition, pass a law bringing minor meetings under their jurisdiction, as those meetings on the flat are brought under Jockey Club supervision by secs. 2 and 3 of the 2nd Rule of Racing, they would do a good work, and earn, we truly believe, the thanks of all who care for the well-being of what ought no longer to be called illegitimate sport.

We have received a copy of 'Judex's' annual little green book, which is looked forward to about Christmas time to be a light and guide to us in the future. It is as complete and able analysis of the Derby and the other great three-year-old races as any of its predecessors. To 'Judex' the Derby of next year is, one horse out of the way, the most open of races, and few will venture to gainsay him in this opinion. His reasoning is sound, and he gives chapter and verse for the faith that is in him. Experience, he says, has made him bold; but we do not think too much so, and we can earnestly recommend this little *brochure* to all racing men.

A good tale comes from the Western States. A learned judge was asked the other day what he would do in a case of arson. 'Fine the man five hundred dollars, and make him marry the girl,' was the prompt reply.

As an instance of keenness of wit among the lower classes, we commend the following to our readers. A costermonger entered a public-house, and asked for a pint of *mother-in-law*. There was no hesitation on the part of the publican in supplying his demand, which he did, by drawing half *old*, half *bitter*.

We understand that an exhibition of hunting pictures, to illustrate the

history of the sport for two centuries, is projected at the Dickinson Gallery, 114 New Bond Street, where, our readers may remember, the exhibition of the 'Old Coaching Days' was held. The Duke of Beaufort and other noblemen and gentlemen have promised assistance, and we are requested by Mr. Foster to ask all who can help to make the collection complete to communicate with him at the above address.

We are sorry to have to record that a bad accident in the hunting field has befallen the Rev. E. T. Drake, the popular and respected rector of Amersham, while out with the Old Berkeley. His horse, it appears, suddenly bolted with him while the hounds were drawing, and after going across the fields, the horse being quite unmanageable, Mr. Drake was violently dashed against a tree, receiving severe injuries to the head. We hear, however, that he is progressing favourably. It was only two years ago that his brother experienced a very bad fall, which kept him to his rooms for months, and gave serious uneasiness to his family and many friends.

We hear that the new hotel just opened at Eastbourne, on a site of three acres of ground given by the Duke of Devonshire, really merits its name of the Grand Hotel. It faces the sea, and a very imposing face of nearly 400 feet in length it presents, surrounded with gardens and terraces. The principal dining-room can seat comfortably five hundred persons, and the drawing-room, opening on the other side of a spacious entrance hall, is of equally noble proportions, each being 42 feet wide. With all this, thanks to the happy arrangement of the furniture, &c., there is an air of home comfort in both rooms, while luxury and good taste have been combined in the decorations. There are one hundred and twenty-five bedrooms and twenty-four first-class sitting-rooms, while all the needful appliances of bath-rooms have not been forgotten. Mr. Earp, an Eastbourne resident, is the originator of the idea which has given this pretty watering-place such an addition to its attractions.

The Directors of the Westminster Aquarium invited the Fellows of that society and their friends, not forgetting the children, to a Calico Ball on the 21st, and the result was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. The spacious *salle* was crowded, and quite a hundred children of various years and in various costumes (we fear the calico edict had not been strictly adhered to) valed, schottisched, and, finally, did Sir Roger to their hearts' content. Their seniors joined in the dance too, or looked from the galleries on the gay scene. Messrs. Bertram and Roberts's supper tables, too, were well patronised, and we congratulate the Directors and Mr. Wybrow Robertson on the decided success of their first ball. We believe it is intended to have a grand costume ball next season, an idea to which the Fellows, especially the female Fellows, will raise no objection.

We said a few pages that this was termed the dead season by racing men, but now that Mr. George Verrall has given them the Croydon Hurdle Race (run in March, save the mark!) to gamble on, surely they will cease complaining. But really, with the bookmakers' occupation gone as it is, what the aim and object of publishing a handicap so long previous to its decision can be, we are unable to discover. Probably we shall see a list of quotations shortly, and hear of 'the right people' having lacked something or another. We should advise our readers to hold their hands and let 'the right people' have the game to themselves. There will be plenty of time before the ides of March to tack the winner, and, besides, if they must gamble, there is the Dog Derby.

A rumour reached us some little time since that Tom Jennings hoped to get Chamant on his legs again, but before the 'Van' meets our readers' eyes, he will in all probability have changed hands, and the best horse of his year is

not likely to be seen again on the Turf. What a grand horse he was in the Middle Park and Dewhurst Plates. And what a grand win was his Two Thousand. What a sad pity it is he went amiss; and what a lucky hour for Silvio was it in which he did. Why do so many good horses come to grief and the rogues and jades go on breaking their owners' hearts in the way they do? Chamant ought to receive some brisk competition for his possession.

In common with many other writers, we fell into an error last month in speaking of the late Mr. Morton Stubbs, as to his birth and the position of his family. His father was possessed of considerable property in Surrey, and at his death left a sum of not less than one hundred and thirty thousand pounds to be equally divided between 'Ginger' and his three brothers; and the share of the former was considerably augmented a few years back at the death of three of these relations. His nephew, Major-General Stubbs, who served with distinction in the Indian mutiny, only died very lately; and in fact the family were of good position, and very well connected. We are glad to be able to state this in correction of an erroneous impression the other way into which we unwittingly fell.

So-called 'gambling scandals' have unfortunately been rather rife lately. We are not going to inflict on our readers a homily against play, which would be as absurd as it would be out of place. Men will gamble, in all probability to the end of time; and as the old generation did, so does the present. Only there is this difference. The *grands joueurs* of our fathers, and grandfathers' days played like men; their descendants, we are sorry to say, very much like children. Sixty and seventy years since or more, men played for big stakes and ruined themselves in a right royal fashion. They won and lost twenty or thirty thousand pounds at a sitting, and the money was paid that night or the next morning. They were wealthy men, with lands, and beeves, and banks, and breweries. No impecunious swell thought of entering the lists against them. They sailed down the stream, these grand old pots, to their destruction, doubtless, but no twopenny-halfpenny pipkin jostled against them, or if it did, so much the worse for the pipkin. What would Harvey Combe have thought if he had won 40,000*l.* at Crockford's one night, and been offered 4,000*l.* the next morning? And yet much of the high play of the present day results in some such humiliating way. The world of St. James's Street and Pall Mall is astonished one morning at hearing that a certain gentleman has won a very large sum indeed at a new club started for the purpose of playing baccaret. The sum reminds the old generation of the stories told in their youth, and what used to be done at Watier's or Crockford's, and they hasten to congratulate the fortunate winner. But, alas! the fortunate winner has not won. The dear Marchioness told Mr. Richard Swiveller that if he put orange peel in water, and 'made 'believe very much,' it would become generous wine. If the fortunate winner makes believe very much, and draws on his imagination, the only draft he is likely to get, he is at the present moment a comparatively rich man! Something very similar, too, has occurred at another club. A man loses some hundreds. He is very sorry, but regrets his inability to pay in a very gentlemanly and pleasing manner. But what is sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander. The — Club Committee wax wrath, remove the gentleman's name, and his creditors try and console themselves, like the Marchioness under Miss Brass's austere rule, by 'making 'believe.' Said we not aright just now that the descendants of the *grands joueurs* play very much like children?

B A I L Y ' S

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EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF LIEUT.-COLONEL EDWARD CHAPLIN, M.P.

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1878.

DIARY FOR FEBRUARY, 1878.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	F	Partridge and Pheasant Shooting ends.
2	S	Spartan Harriers, Meet of.
3	S	FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
4	M	South Staffordshire Steeplechases.
5	TU	Streatham, South Staffordshire, and Carmarthen Steeplechases.
6	W	Carmarthen Steeplechases.
7	TH	Morhampton Coursing Meeting.
8	F	
9	S	
10	S	FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.
11	M	
12	TU	Birmingham Steeplechases. South Essex Coursing Meeting.
13	W	
14	TH	Lincoln Hunt Steeplechases.
15	F	Sussex Club and Hereford Coursing Meetings.
16	S	South London Harriers, Meet of.
17	S	SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.
18	M	
19	TU	Croydon, Doncaster, and Pytchley Hunt Steeplechases.
20	W	Croydon and Doncaster Hunt Steeplechases. Waterloo Cup Coursing Meeting.
21	TH	Moreton in the Marsh and Bromley Steeplechases.
22	F	Bromley Steeplechases.
23	S	Thames Hare and Hounds.
24	S	SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.
25	M	Ashdown Open Coursing Meeting.
26	TU	Sandown Steeplechases.
27	W	Sandown Steeplechases.
28	TH	Streatham Steeplechases. Eslington Coursing Meeting.



Edward Chaplin

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LIEUT.-COLONEL EDWARD CHAPLIN, M.P.

THE subject of our present sketch—formerly Master of the Blankney—is a son of the late Rev. Henry Chaplin, and brother of the present member for Mid-Lincolnshire. Born in 1842, and educated at Harrow, he entered the Coldstream Guards in 1860 and retired in 1876, having been the year previously elected M.P. for Lincoln in the Conservative interest. The early years of Colonel Chaplin, passed as they were at Blankney, while that fine sportsman Lord Henry Bentinck had the Burton Hounds, made hunting his earliest passion. He was regularly mounted six days a week by Lord Henry for the last eleven years of that nobleman's life, and in such a country, and under such a master of the science, it is no wonder that the young Guardsman became himself a proficient. When Mr. Henry Chaplin, in 1872, gave up the old Burton country as being too large to hunt six days a week, to Mr. J. J. Foljambe, M.P., Colonel Chaplin took the southern part of the country, and the hounds were called the Blankney. For five seasons the Colonel has hunted the country to the entire satisfaction of every one, landowners and farmers, and has been able to show good sport. This season Mr. Henry Chaplin succeeds him in the Mastership.

Colonel Chaplin is well known to Londoners as a coachman, and for two or three years was constantly to be found on his coach—the Tunbridge Wells—a venture in which he had for his first partner Mr. Charles Hoare. Subsequently Colonel Halthorn, Lord Bective, and Lord Helmsley were joined with him in the proprietorship, and the coach did wonderfully well as long as it was on the road.

He is a good whip, and learned his rudiments from 'Jim Carter.' When he was in the Guards the getting together of regimental teams left him in good practice, and last year had the somewhat unusual compliment paid him—he having no coach of his own—of being elected a member of the Four-in-Hand Club.

A good shot, and anxious to try his skill on the big game, Colonel Chaplin, in 1867, made an expedition into the Zulu country, South Africa, in company with the late Colonel Harvey Tower, and had some wonderful sport, a short account of which, by the way, appeared in 'Our Van' late in 1867 or early in 1868, killing, among

other game, over one hundred hippopotami, twenty rhinoceroses, buffalo, and a few lions. He was singularly fortunate one morning before breakfast in killing by himself three lions; and as if that were not sport enough for one day, he in the afternoon shot a large crocodile and three antelopes—a big bag indeed. It was in the Zulu country, and among those wild surroundings, that, about the end of July, he heard, by 'express Kaffir,' of his brother's horse Hermit having won the Derby.

Colonel Chaplin is very popular in society; his presence alike welcomed at the covert side and in club and salon. He married last year Lady Gwendolen Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

DEPARTED WORTH.

PERHAPS 'Our losses by death since 1873' would be the more correct heading of an article having reference to the 'Obituary of Stallions' which form a melancholy *finale* to that equine 'Who's who'—the thirteenth volume of the Stud Book, now in our hands. The return on this occasion is an unusually minute one, recording, as it does, the decease of many stallions totally unknown to fame, either in the world of racing or of breeding. A laudable desire for accuracy has doubtless incited the industrious compilers of that singularly accurate and exhaustive publication to chronicle so much small beer; nearly half of the list of deceased fathers of the stud being made up of those great unknowns and small nonentities the names of which we but seldom find associated with great winners upon the Turf. We will venture to say that few of our readers ever heard of Gamekeeper, who is stated to have passed a period of twenty-four years among us, leading, we suppose, the 'quiet life,' and serving his country after an unostentatious fashion. The immortal Joe Eldred we know, but what of his namesake who departed this life at the early age of six years, and, as the lawyers say, 'with possibility or 'issue extinct'? On what pretences have such duffers as A I, Brahma, Cairncastle, Cottesloe, The Czar, Declaration, Gemma Junior, Goojerat, Jingling Johnny, Joco, Prince Paul, Royal Head, Theobald, Y. Sweetmeat, and Co. found niches in this Walhalla, when their feeble lustre is continually dimmed by the shining lights of other days, around whose memories a halo of glory lingers yet? Striking the average of age throughout, we find that sixteen years has been the allotted span of the forty odd included in Messrs. Weatherby's obituary; which we take to be a very low figure indeed, and quite accidental, as evidenced by reference to other sources, which need not be quoted here. If then we take the prime of life in the 'fathers of our kings to be' as from ten to fifteen years, the average period of existence from seventeen to twenty years, and claim for those which have passed the latter period the title of patriarchs, we shall be fairly classifying the 'mighty dead' which, during less than half a decade, have joined the majority in the happy pastures.

Altogether our loss has been heavy, more especially among sires in the prime of life, and includes such sensational Derby and St. Leger winners as Gladiateur, Lord Clifden, Thormanby, and Voltigeur, of which we shall have more to say in the proper places. Taking first the Nestors of the stud, and these in the stern impartiality of alphabetical order, we find Adamas (one of the many horses which 'won the Derby but did not get it') at the head of the list, reminding us that at the date of his decease, aged two-and-twenty, nineteen winners of the Derby have been heralded as successors to Blink Bonny. The son of Touchstone made but a modest mark at the stud, though one or two of his things could run a little, and he leaves not a mare behind him to give his name a chance of cropping up again in after-time. Next come three patriarchs, better known, as sires at least, in the north than the south of England, all of which attained the ripe age of a score years and four—the stalwart Arthur Wellesley, unmistakably of the house and lineage of Melbourne; the hollow-backed King of Trumps, reflecting faithfully his Velocipede derivation in speed, colour, and action; and the mouldy well-turned Lambton, inheriting many of the Emilius characteristics, and erst a bearer of the Merry yellow and black. 'Arthur' was no great upholder of the illustrious house from which he sprang, but from some moderate mares he begat certain 'utilities,' and Mornington lives to perpetuate the merits of an old Yorkshire favourite, whose stock the Doncaster 'dustbin' and the fairer trysting-place opposite knew well in days not long gone by. But few of King of Trumps's stock were ripe and good stayers, but their speed was undeniable, and in such a shape they were bad to beat. His daughters are likely enough to make names for themselves yet, for likelier matrons never came tramping homewards with their foals in the gloaming; but all hope of a succession in tail-male expired with the grand old chestnut Thorn, who, like Kempenfelt and his gallant comrades of the *Royal George*, died, not in the battle's shock, but yet in harness under the shadow of Penhill, while leading an exercise gallop on the home track. Thus endeth the Velocipede line for ever and for aye, and with this, its last male scion, has been lost to us another 'slice of old Alice,' so invaluable an ingredient in our racing pedigrees, not only because of its rarity, but on account of its excellence and well-recorded worth. With Lambton fell yet another pillar of the great house of Blacklock, and though his progeny were for the most part of the sprinting fraternity, nearly all that most compact race had the gift of going, and hence trainers sought them out as 'useful members,' likely to come to hand early in the season. Marsyas had completed his quarter of a century when he departed literally 'like a shadow,' and wasted to a mere memory, so to speak, of the handsome two-year-old many of us can remember making his mark at Newmarket and Goodwood in the year of grace 1853. No horse could more righteously boast of being self-made, and from the time that the late Mr. Blenkiron took him in hand he began to make way, and late in life raised up for himself such notable seed as Albert Victor and George Frederick, a second and first in the Derby, while the 'rest of the royal

'family,' and what they have achieved, is it not recorded in the book of Weatherby; the pages of which may yet reflect posthumous honours on old Orlando's son, who leaves plenty to take up the running, and claims a share in the production of the illustrious Springfield. Old 'Rat' numbered two years less than his contemporary just mentioned, but he had begun to go down the 'vale of life' sooner, and finds an honourable grave at Tickhill, where he lived and loved so long. His imposing list of well-nigh three score daughters, catalogued in the stud book, contains such undying names as Mahala, Mandragora, and Rigolboche, besides other contributions to the Turf of racing celebrities, but is only indifferently represented by his sons, among which precedence must be given to The Miner, now that the elegant little Blinkhoolie has left us, albeit the re-imported Cymbal comes of his house and lineage through Kettledrum, and his name crops up in the genealogical trees of Cremorne, Wenlock, and Kisber, all high upon the beadroll of turf celebrities, and mingles more remotely with other sources of famous blood. The pitmen's pet 'Unnyland,' a similarly bred and in many respects a similarly fashioned horse to his relative Lambton, brought his twenty-three years to a close at Croft, and, singularly enough, eight out of the nine veterans lately deceased were stars in Yorkshire's galaxy of sires, another of which, Young Birdcatcher, attained the years of Rataplan and Underhand, though he has nothing to show for long and honourable service with 'Wright of Richmond.' The most famous, if not the greatest, comes last, as Voltigeur hobbles forth to meet his doom at Aske, full of years, and, in his own county at least, full of honours, decreed to him both as racehorse and sire by the loving Yorkshire hearts which stood manfully by the Zetland pet through good and evil report. A fiercer war of words, not entirely removed by the death of the high priest of the accursed Blackrock tribe, surely never raged than in the controversy between the learned genealogist of Cárshalton and the opposing faction, and every now and again the dispute threatens to break out afresh, notwithstanding that argument and patience on both sides have become well-nigh exhausted. Doctor Shorthouse certainly dealt Voltigeur some tremendous blows, but none of them below the belt; and it really seemed as if the Doctor's favourite aversion was indeed the failure which he had so persistently written him down, had not a revival taken place of late years by the instrumentality of Speculum and Galopin, with which celebrities Vedette came timely to the rescue, and in a vigorous and green old age the veteran may yet beget something worthy to take rank with the celebrities so amply deserving honourable mention at our hands. And we can compare the quondam antagonist of Voltigeur to no one more aptly than Macbeth, and with the conscience-stricken King of Scotland he may aver that—

'The blood bolterd Blacklock smiles on me'

against whose issue he has 'filed his mind,' and that Speculum was the looking-glass in which he beheld the reflection of a long line of equine kings, commencing with Rosebery, and 'bearing on

'their baby brows' bays and laurels the meed of Derby and St. Leger winners. With Voltigeur closes the death-roll of departed patriarchs; and to them succeeds a shorter list of those cut off in their maturity: the uneven-tempered Camerino, Gemma di Vergy, beloved of the frothy egotist of Hampton Court, Loiterer, and Newcastle, *Arcades ambo* in a breeding sense, and lastly, the last of his race, the gallant Thormanby. We have sons of Stockwell galore among us to replace and to supplant Camerino, whose connection with the name and colours of Osbaldiston will alone cause him to be held in remembrance; nor need we regret the absence of a successor to Gemma di Vergy, having Cecrops to do the honours of the Sir Hercules house; while Loiterer the deceptive and Newcastle the handsome must rest unhonoured and unsung by the chronicler of doings in the paddock, whatever transient distinction they may have achieved at the post. But to Thormanby of the stout heart and bounding action something more than mere passing allusion is due, and we could fain wish that the grand cross of Pantaloon with Muley Moloch through the immortal Alice had bequeathed to posterity some pledge worthy of its splendid result. To Thormanby's fillies, perhaps, may be confided the task of reviving his name, and though their sire has been written down as a 'chance' horse, there is an old maxim that 'blood will tell,' and for better or for worse we should rejoice to stay, if that were possible, the downfall of a tribe boasting as its head so doughty a champion as the gay and gallant Pantaloon.

The ghostly procession of those snatched away in the prime of life is too long by far, and watching them fade into the misty distance, we may note the sturdy Dalesman, two former companions at Middle Park in King John and Gladiateur, the fair but false Knight of the Crescent, and Knowsley, of the massive Glasgow breed. Then, the greatest among them all, Lord Clifden, Ranger (his victor once in France, but 'never again'), the milk-white Warrior, erst beloved of the gentle Pishey Snaith, and Wild Moor, true son of the leggy Wild Dayrell. Taking them in the order of their coming—in Dalesman we have lost the sire of Lowlander, and one of the many young King Tom sires which have done the stud some service, but we have plenty of the sort left among us, and the strapping chestnut, his son, charms the eyes and hearts of the East Riding not a hundred miles from the Holderness country. Now that Gladiateur and King John have each of them lost the number of his mess, we may reckon up the pretensions of both, and sooth to say it is small matter of regret that they are unrepresented among the ranks of British sires, albeit great things were expected from each. Knight of the Crescent was one of those singularly beautiful scions of old Besika, of Burleigh renown, which dwell in our memories yet; but there is a vein of softness, we fear, running through all the family, whose hopes were ever larger than their hearts, and few of them cared to 'come' more than once or twice in a lifetime, notwithstanding all John Scott's power of persuasion. Knowsley was perhaps one of the most racing-like of the Patagonian race propagated by the late eccentric Earl, his owner, but 'class' told against him

whenever he flew at high game, and his stock came rather coarse and common, and slightly lacking in gameness. His contribution of mares to the stud book is a fair one, and, crossed with stallions of a light blood-like type, they may repay breeders well, and they have an example of what can thus be affected in Dunmow, the son of Cecrops. People seemed to forget that Ranger was own brother to Skirmisher, and so the sire hailing from Rufford never had half a chance; while Warrior was in a similar predicament, until he took up his quarters at Highfield Hall, so far at least as concerns the thoroughbred element; and Wild Moor found but few believers in his excellence, and his brother, Wild Oats, reigns in his stead. It is in Lord Clifden, however, that all our regrets must be centred, and each year we shall find his loss more irreparable, and we know not where to look for another son of Newminster to take his place. The late pride of Dewhurst set an unmistakable mint-mark on his stock, which were mostly whole-coloured dark bays and chestnuts, with never a blaze nor a stocking, and all washy hues he seemed to shun most sedulously. None of his sons possess the size and power of their sire, and rather err on the side of shortness than of undue length, as in his own case. Hawthornden has, we believe, left the country, but Winslow is getting some remarkably good stock, contrary to the predictions of those who objected to him as 'light all over,' but more especially in the all-important point of girth. There are others less notable of Lord Clifden's progeny scattered abroad through the land, but none of much account as yet; and we trust to the public spirit of breeders in England not to let Petrarch and Hampton depart from among them, as will certainly be the case if we look behind us for a moment when they come into the market. Others, too, there may be among the rising generation, and though there is something ominous in the name of Cyprus, we have a shrewd idea that he may mend upon his two-year-old performances, while Jannette is likely to keep her sire's memory green in the land. Fortunately we are left with a strong, and happily a constantly increasing contingent of Lord Clifden's mares, which we shall do well to treasure and cherish as the apple of our eye; size, form, and quality, being rarely blended in the same animal as we see it so frequently in the daughters of the 'late lamented.'

While on these 'Old Mortality' musings intent, we may as well bring up our record of 'departed worth' to the close of 1877, the period which has elapsed since the publication of the stud book having been not without its contribution to the death-rate of stallions. '*Letifer autumnus*' may be in good sooth truthfully applied to that portion of the year which came in such deadly guise to blight the fair promise of more than flower of the Mentmore Stud; for the destroying angel stayed not his hand until both Favonius and Restitution had fallen victims to his visitation. '*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus?*' we may indeed exclaim over the mounded barrow which holds the ashes of the gallant chestnut which 'after long years' brought realisation to the Derby dream of his owner, and shone forth the star of stars in that eventful season, when

from northern moor to southern down and heath rang out the never-ending refrain of the 'Baron wins.' By his posthumous form must Favonius be judged, for so far, it must be admitted, he has in some degree disappointed the hopes of his admirers; and it may be true of him at the stud, as on the Turf, that he was but an indifferent beginner. His stock seems unable to hit the happy mean between extreme lightness and wiriness and somewhat coarse and rugged power; but next season may show us better things, and tell a different tale of what this grandly bred and finely shaped combination of Sweetmeat and Harkaway was capable. Of Restitution, his less distinguished companion in the Vale, it may be said that his loss could better be endured; but as we looked him over in his box at Crafton last June, he struck us as the truest made big 'un we had set eyes on for years, and likely to blossom into no unworthy successor to King Tom, who has lived to see many stalwart 'sons grow 'by his side,' only to pass away one by one, though the parent stem still retains many of its staunchest and fairest branches.

Parmesan, too, the fretful Sweetmeat pony, whose glories reflected in a *par nobile* of Derby winners fairly put out the lights of believers only in big horses as successful sires, has ceased from vexing the souls of attendants at Rufford, where his son Cremorne reigns in his stead, holding out higher hopes of distinction than his predecessor in Epsom honours, to whose untimely decease we have previously alluded. It is profitable to reflect what the Turf owes to some of such 'mere handicap horses, sir,' as Parmesan and others of his 'form' have been contemptuously designated, and doubtless through the summary rejection of such we have for a long period been playing into the hands of our neighbours across the Channel, wiser in their generation than those who argue from the standpoint of distinguished racing performances, without taking into account the blood that will tell, even as murder 'will out.' At the present time, however, what we have to apprehend is not so much an anxiety to part with our best material to France and other countries, as a tendency in the opposite direction to repurchase, at increased prices, what we were formerly in such a hurry to part with for a 'mere old song.' This will right itself shortly, but in the meantime breeders have done no harm to themselves by pandering to the public *furore* for foreign blood; and the lesson taught of not discarding our so-called second-raters without care or thought may not have been learned in vain. That all virtue has not gone out of us is amply apparent from the long list of eligible candidates seeking after full subscriptions in the pages of the *Calendar*, and we may hope that scares of the French and cuckoo cries of 'deterioration' may have been laid at rest for some time to come. Most of our old and well-tried sources of blood show no signs of failing, but contrariwise continue to flow down to us in fuller volume; so that it is still our proud boast to be able to exclaim, when another famous name is added to files of 'departed 'worth,' *'uno avulso, non deficit alter.'*

PERFECTION.

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

THE jewel and pride of the stable,
The brightest and best of her race,
Reliable, willing, and able,
Unequalled in fencing and pace ;

Light-footed, light-mouthed, and light-hearted,
Of lineage old as the Flood,
The worth of those flyers departed,
Condensed in each drop of her blood ;

As bold as a lion in daring,
But docile and meek as a dove,
With an eye like a woman's, declaring,
She asks to be governed by love.

So sure not to turn from a rasper !
So sure not to fail at a pinch !
At timber, you've only to clasp her,
She'll measure her stride to an inch.

At water go into her bridle,
But never get out of control,
For under a tree she will sidle,
Or creep like a mouse through a hole.

When rivals are floundering and blowing,
In a plight that is simply absurd,
So easy and smooth she is going,
You'd think she'd the wings of a bird.

And whether in scurry or scuffle,
And whether she *can*, or she *can't*,
With a temper that nothing can ruffle,
A courage that nothing can daunt.

So attend to my moral, and sequel :
Such treasures fall seldom to man ;
You never will ride on her equal ;
Make use of her now while you can.

IDLERS IN AUTUMN.

Now it fell upon a day that there came an invitation so kind and tempting that the Idlers jumped at it, even as trout at greendrakes in the merry June time ; and a petition for fine weather was forthwith despatched to the framers of the morning paper barometer charts. 'Idlers, forsooth!' said the tall gentleman, when his companion suggested that by such title they should be known during their wanderings. 'Idlers, forsooth! speak for yourself, Mr. Scribe. For my part, I have known no hours of idleness save the bard's. *Your* life, it is true, is made up of pleasant journeyings and pleasanter halts, of cheery days and evenings of revelry.' The Scribe laughed hoarsely. 'Would that Pamphile's ointment were on sale at the druggist's round the corner!' he muttered, 'how gladly would I become the baker's ass ; and not a roseleaf should pass my lips if I were turned loose in the garden of Cashmere. Why, pens have worn a groove in my forefinger, and I dictate copy in my sleep, making the night watches dreadful to the sharer of my sorrows. But no more of this ; Idlers we will call ourselves for forty-eight hours, and then be kicked out of the dream by the brutal foot of the giant Business.' The tall gentleman took from his desk an A B C Guide and ran his eyes hastily down the 'HAN.' column ; then, in fancy, seemed to measure his friend's stalwart frame as for a garment ; and finally, with a faint sigh, said soothingly that it should be as he wished. It was not easy to fix on a time for departure suited to each of the Idlers, for although it really mattered not a great deal to the tall gentleman at what season he took his pleasure, it was different with his companion, much of whose time is devoted to travelling in 'racing specials,' and to saddling paddocks and betting rings, and the remainder to harrying and worrying brother members of a secret society that brings its plots to maturity fifty-two times in the year. All has, however, been satisfactorily arranged, and one still sunny October morning the Idlers take train at Euston. There are no fellow-travellers in the carriage selected by the wary Scribe, and, after a slight scuffle for the most comfortable place, lengthy limbs and broad backs are comfortably bestowed. It is just the day to rejoice the hearts of folks who love quiet Nature ; one of those sweet autumn mornings when there is nothing in the air to tell that summer has departed, although fields and hedgerows can no longer keep the secret. Soon the last traces of London are left behind, and the train glides smoothly through a cheerful pasture-land, with little church spires showing now and then above the trees, and the glassy canal dotted here and there with motionless barges. The fields are deserted, save where an occasional young farmer lounges along a hedge side with slouching dogs at his heels, and once or twice glimpses are caught of narrow lanes through which little troops of best-clothed rustics slowly tramp at the melancholy rest-day pace affected by all British rustics. Past Pinner, Boxmoor, and Berk-

hampstead with its smooth sloping hills and plenteous woods, the journey beguiled by philosophical discourse from the tall gentleman, and less elevated talk from the Scribe, who is a monomaniac about horse-racing, and much given to hold forth on weights and trials at unbecoming seasons. Although for a time he converses with his more solid companion of books and of men, it is not long before he artfully leads the talk into another direction, and is voluble as to how Hilarious won the Cesarewitch and will not win the Cambridgeshire. With the prophetic afflatus once on him he looks so far into the future as to suggest winners for Liverpool and good things for Shrewsbury, and is vehement in his entreaties that his companion will stand a little with him next week on 'something that cannot lose'; an advance somewhat coolly met by that worthy gentleman, who buttons up his pockets and says he will think of it.

At the end of an hour the train stops at a Hertfordshire station, that to the Idlers brings back pleasant memories of hunting and angling days. The neatest and most comfortable of vehicles awaits them, and there is no occasion for more than a short halt in a deserted thoroughfare, where the fallen leaves of autumn rustle in front of the chemist's shop and market hall. Then away the travellers bowl, past the neat ivy-covered houses of the High Street, past the quaint Robin Hood Inn, and the clean old-fashioned town is left behind, the Idlers settling down to the enjoyment of a delightful drive through still country lanes. On and on they go, at the cheerful noontide, past copses glorious in gold and russet; through noble park precincts; rolling over the grand firm roads; plashing through little watercourses; until at last they arrive at a charming abode where it is arranged that they shall sojourn for a space. What delightful hours are spent on that fascinating seat under the big walnut-tree, gazing dreamily at the variegated geraniums trailing down from the balcony overhead, and listening to the mysterious bird that talks in an unknown tongue from his cage round the corner! The Idlers look silently and with full hearts at the noble view over the levelly vale to the long irregular hills in the far distance, with intermediate breaks of thickets, copses, scattered trees, and hedgerows innumerable; just such a landscape as Gaspar Poussin has painted in a famous picture. Still, though prospect and sky are equally fair, it does not escape one of the friends, who has spent much time in woods and fields, that the loud cawing rooks are hanging and wheeling in eccentric flight betokening some great weather change, and he indulges in doleful prophecy for the morrow.

How the Idlers dined, and dosed, and smoked superb cigars, and talked words of wisdom and of mirth, as they sat on opposite sides with the blaze on the broad hearth for their cheery companion, it boots not to tell. As the night grows on, the conversation slackens, and presently ceases. The tall gentleman gazes on the glowing logs with the benevolence born of toothsome viands and ripe claret, and the Scribe's eyes close as he ponders over the doings of the day. Thoughts of the broad vale, of the fertile pastures

and calm woods, of the geranium-blushing balcony, and the seat by the walnut-tree, arise and make his heart glad. 'Oh, that it were decreed,' he murmured, 'that in these enchanting scenes my wearied brain should at last find repose! Then would the dream of my life be fulfilled; the boon long coveted——' 'Take it!' whispers a voice, melodious as a silver bell; 'take it!' and a smile of ineffable happiness passes over the listener's face as the spirit accents fall softly on his ears. 'Take it; do!' repeats the tall gentleman indignantly, 'and cease gasping and choking in that arm-chair.' From his vision of bliss the bewildered Scribe wakes to find an attendant proffering a bed-room candlestick, whilst the tall gentleman winds up his watch in sleepy fashion. 'You are as marvellous as Bob Carver,' moans the Scribe querulously; 'why raise the cup of happiness to my lips and then upset it? I was in the seventh heaven.' 'Do cease maundering and go away to bed,' breaks in his companion; 'who in the world is Bob Carver?'

'Bob Carver,' says the Scribe, blinking in the candlelight like an owl at noon, 'was a racing man of my acquaintance, and chiefly remarkable as being an excellent hater. The man he hated most was Dick Thompson, and for a long time things had gone as badly with Dick as his enemy could desire. Everything went wrong with him. He lent people money, and they never repaid it. He invested in mines that never produced a ton of ore. He was always buying shares at a bad time or selling at a worse. The ill-luck that pursued his horses became a byword. Whenever something was coming off that seemed cut and dried for one of them, Dick was sure to receive a letter from his trainer to tell him that it was lame or coughing. Whenever his colours did come home first there was an objection, and the objection was sustained, or Dick had only a pony on at the worst price, so his account at the bank became very low indeed.'

Here the tall gentleman replaces his watch in his pocket and yawns loudly, and the Scribe goes on in a louder key:

'But at last it seemed that Fate was tired of tormenting him, and all the world agreed that he was safe to win a great spring handicap with Foxhole. The horse was as fit as he could be made; he skimmed round the awkward course like a water-ouzel along a winding brook; the crack light weight was engaged; and Dick stood to win a fortune on the race. "Hang the beggar," thought Bob Carver, as he looked down the card and noted that Foxhole's number was 27, "I do believe he'll pull through." "Hang the beggar!" he thought again, with his sour face looking sourer than usual, as he saw Foxhole pass the stand the second time, pulling double; "it will set him on his legs again after all." Bob had left the ring to see the race from the steps near the reporters' gallery, but got there so late that he could not squeeze his way up, and as he stood in the crowd below he found that Dick Thompson, who had also been disappointed of a place, was his left-hand neighbour. Bob, who was as tall as a lamp-post, and

‘as keen-eyed as a vulture, could see well what was going on, but as Thompson, besides being a little man, was desperately short-sighted, it was all he could do to make out that it was a rattling finish between Foxhole and something else, and stammering with excitement, he asked Bob Carver what had won. “In a moment,” said Bob coolly, gazing towards the judge’s box, and as he looked his face brightened. “Hallo!” he cried, affecting to consult his card, “what’s number 27?” “Why, my horse!” screamed Thompson in an ecstasy of delight, “Why, my horse!” “Hurr——” “Then,” interrupted Bob, with a nasty smile, and speaking very distinctly, “*Number 27 is second!*”

The auguries drawn from rook-flight are borne out, for in the middle of the night the Idlers are awakened from their innocent slumbers by a mighty roaring tempest, and they rise next morning to the sight of fast drifting clouds, of leaves whirling down in showers, and to dismal rumours of branch-slain calves, and carts upset by the fierce wind. Fortune is kind, however, and presently the gale drops, the sun shines warmly, and the air becomes so summerlike, that in making the round of the gardens, the companions come across a fine Persian cat lying, luxuriously lazy, on a flower-bed, like a poet’s Eastern beauty in a rose-bower. But it is with nobler animals that the next few hours must be passed, and after pausing a moment to fall in love with the neatest stable-yard clock that ever was devised, the Idlers saunter into the wide yard itself, and are introduced to a model establishment by the most courteous of stud grooms. Such wonders of luxury and finish as are contained in the newly completed range of buildings had not been dreamt about in the philosophy of our Idlers, and they are loud alike in their praise of accommodation for man and horse. Such broad, airy dormitories for the helpers, with the sweet vale breeze rushing in through wide opened windows! Such snowy beds! Such a handy bath-room for the men’s refreshment after a hard day! Verily clover is the portion of those who have taken service under so thoughtful and kind a master. From the harness-room, with a desk and inkstand on the table that would tempt any one but our Idlers to sit down and begin an article, those loungers make their way into the stables, and oh! such weight-carriers; oh! such bone and substance, ay, and blood too, as they find there. Vandyke, by Young Dutchman, and the powerful Malton, and Dart, by Lord Fauconberg, and the Strathconan grey, and the ear-dropping ‘weaver’ Lecture, with all their gallant comrades, are duly admired, William King having shown himself quite a Joseph Hayhoe of the hunting stud by the condition into which he has got his charges for the work now close at hand. Then the Idlers’ eyes meet, and recollections arise of a memorable Cesarewitch day, as they renew acquaintance with an old favourite, Cernelion, a new addition to the list of stud worthies, and soon to be transferred to quarters at neighbouring Crafton. A gigantic Favonius yearling, too big to be successfully trained, is his neighbour, but there will be young thoroughbreds of greater mark to

inspect presently, when the occupants of the capital new kennels over which Fred. Cox presides have had their share of inspection. The Scribe is much more at home in the Newmarket 'birdcage' than in the greenyard of the Ascot kennels, and he holds the whip placed in his hands as if it were a cricket-bat, and sticks close by the huntsman, striving to benefit by the words of wisdom that fall on his willing ears. He is such a palpable novice, however, that the stream of talk is anon directed to his companion, more learned in hound lore. Still the green hand has instinct enough to admire the Finder sisters five, and makes a lucky shot when he pitches on the badger-pied Layman as a grand hound, for Layman, he is informed, was only the week before the special fancy of a right good judge, the special correspondent of a sporting paper. Despite this successful venture, and although the sight in the greenyard is a stirring and beautiful one, the racing enthusiast finds something nearer to his heart an hour later, and a couple of miles away, when at Markham's call of 'Poor old Tommy' a worn, shrunken-necked old horse slowly approaches the door of his box, and half returns the fond caress bestowed upon him. It is a touching sight, and in the eyes of one looker-on a little moisture collects, as he looks, probably for the last time, on the horse so good on the course, so famous at the stud, the aged and illustrious King Tom. Close at hand are promising scions of the famous Mentmore brood mares, destined some of them, ere a couple of years have passed, to carry worthily the brilliant colours that are as familiar to the racing public, and as fully trusted by them, as have been Eglinton tartan or Zetland spots. Of the glories of their predecessors, that under 'dark blue and yellow cap' have won Derby and Leger, Oaks, cups, and great handicaps, stories, racy indeed, are told presently as the Idlers pass a pleasant half-hour with the good-humoured sage under whose fostering care the great Mentmore cracks got through their youthful days.

Anon the companions find themselves under the shadows of the proud palace that is the glory of the district. Then comes a delightful time of pondering over art treasures contained within those noble walls, and strolling through shrubberies, and dawdling in aviaries. When the evening mists are growing thick the tall gentleman and the Scribe have journeyed back to the Hertfordshire station, and in a snug room of the neighbouring hotel they are joined by three other Idlers, wild birds from the great city, who with uproarious shouts seize on their staid friends, and slap their backs, and shake hands with them, vociferating that they too have come down for a day's fishing, and proposing to make a night of it. With this suggestion, it is needless to say, the elders indignantly refuse to comply, and the roysterers are soon left to their wanton devices.

The gay bloods of the party slumber long and heavily; but the original Idlers are up and out, examining the apple-trees and privet hedges in the hotel garden, and shouting angrily under their comrades' windows, as the sun shines coolly at a little past seven. The air bites rather sharply, but is brisk and refreshing, and the morning

is delightful with country sights and sounds. To London tired eyes it is pleasant to look on the golden brown beehive-shaped stacks hard by; to hear the clicking wheels of a cart as it lumbers over the clods of a neighbouring field, and the cheery voice of the driver of a grey harrow-dragging horse up on the hill. Trees, well-grown and plentiful, stand out sharply against the grey sky; there is a chirping of sparrows in the stable yard, and a distant caw of rooks in the woods; whilst the keen bright day seems to put elasticity into the steps of the men trudging to their work along the hard road, browned here and there with leaves from the horse-chestnut boughs, already sufficiently bare to show abundance of the big green, prickly globes that are the delight of childhood.

The tall gentleman has insisted that any man unprepared to start for the reservoir at half past seven shall be left behind, and dread of that strict disciplinarian induces the party to be punctual. A short and brisk drive adds to the already high spirits of the Idlers, and when they alight by the side of the broad waters to find their hearty old friend the keeper in waiting by this 'Yarrow Revisited,' with the shy crested grebes swimming far out in stately fashion, whilst coots and water-hens croak attention, if not welcome, the merry anglers feel inclined to give vent to their feelings in a cheer. In the furious gale of the previous morning one of the two punts has suffered sorely, and lies a useless wreck; but the other is happily whole. Some of the party embark, whilst the Scribe and an angler of high reputation as a slayer of salmon cast their lines from the bank.

Things are unpromising enough at first. Mist collects and hangs heavily over the water, hiding the swarm of feathered life; but presently a gleam of sun breaks out, and the vapour disperses like light smoke, showing the Ivinghoe hills, which look smooth as velvet in the distance, and the deep dark woods of Tring Park. A pair of terns have found their way thus far inland, and drop and wheel like swallows overhead; a single kingfisher shoots across a corner of the reservoir in a party-coloured flash; the great grebes sail and dive and fish, always apparently unconscious of men's presence, yet always out of gunshot. There are sights besides that observant anglers wot of to amuse the Idlers on the bank, although it must be owned that their show of fish would make a poor display on the trays of the angling clubs. He who has slain salmon can conveniently carry all his coarser victims to-day, and the Scribe hurriedly changes the conversation, when at two o'clock the boat party land and inquire after his success. Those hardy voyagers return jubilant, bearing with them a nine-pound pike, and several more of respectable dimensions. They have tales to tell how a monster was lost that showed jaws like an alligator; how the tall gentleman, generally full of sprightly talk, became, according to wont, silent and absorbed when once his line was wetted; how the calm-minded Idler fished serenely on, although perch and jack flouted his bait; how the slim gentleman sustained his great and well-earned reputation for losing hooks. There is luncheon waiting them that has come—succulent

and hot—from hospitable halls ; but it is the sort of luncheon fatal to much subsequent exertion. It is the kind that induces men to lie on their backs and find unusual soothing in cigars and pipes ; to feel at peace with their enemies, and able to look the world cheerfully in the face ; to drop into soft dozes, and dream that they have ten thousand a year. The Idlers are not proof against its influence, and reclining in the nooks of the fisherman's hut their musings are such as these :—

‘ Lap on, sounding waves. Nod greeting to the rushes below, O
 ‘ willow-boughs, fearless of axe or billhook. Our blessings be upon
 ‘ you, croaking coots and diving grebes. May your eggs lie snug and
 ‘ undisturbed at nesting time ; may your offspring swim away their
 ‘ youthful days unscathed by pike or marauding bird. And you, fish,
 ‘ that have to-day laughed at our beards from the depths of Startopp’s
 ‘ End or the weedy shores of Marsworth, may your days be prolonged
 ‘ until Fortune makes us once more Idlers. If your lives are destined
 ‘ to be taken by men, surely it were good to perish by the hooks of
 ‘ those who can immortalize your symmetry, your size, your condi-
 ‘ tion ; can tell of the craft with which you sought freedom from the
 ‘ steel, of the courage and strength that to the last made your
 ‘ capture doubtful. Ere we again take stand by these pleasant waters
 ‘ many others will seek to beguile you. Hither will come men whose
 ‘ hair is not yet streaked with grey ; for whom damp and cold have
 ‘ no terrors, unacquainted as they are with the torturing fiend
 ‘ Rheumatism. In the pride of their youth and hot blood they will
 ‘ remember only that pike are often hungry in frosty January, and
 ‘ that to perch in February minnows are toothsome as whitebait to
 ‘ men in June. They will be crafty withal, and learned in devices
 ‘ for your entanglement. For you will they spin the brightest of
 ‘ dace, and select the liveliest gudgeon. Be it your fortune, then,
 ‘ to grow fat and make merry for a season. Know not the heave of
 ‘ landing-net, flap not your broad tails in punt-well, until we, the
 ‘ sober, the thoughtful, the middle-aged—who can catch you with
 ‘ calm enjoyment, and ensure that you be rightly cooked—return
 ‘ once more to the water side. What time the winter is softly gliding
 ‘ into spring ; when the coots are courting, and the young grebes
 ‘ think of settling in life.’

S.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

‘ When the country is deepest, I give you my word
 ‘ ’Tis a pride and a pleasure to put him along ;
 ‘ O’er fallow and pasture he sweeps like a bird,
 ‘ And there’s nothing too wide, nor too high, nor too strong.’

WHYTE-MELVILLE.

THE formation of Russell’s new and ‘independent dynasty,’ and the grand sport he was able to show with his little pack, gathered

though it was from all points of the compass, has been roughly sketched in the foregoing chapters; and now, it will be asked, by what active and competent whip was he supported, or what other efficient aid did he receive to enable him to bring about such satisfactory results. The question is easily answered; so strongly was he animated by the spirit of 'self-help,' so well did he know the country and the habits of the wild animal he hunted, that, with the exception of casual and very uncertain assistance from his field, and the occasional service of a raw lad—a Jack-of-all-work called Sam—he literally did the work single-handed and depended on no one but himself.

To ride a long distance to cover in the morning, to hunt a pack of foxhounds all day, and at night to jog slowly home with them to their perhaps far-distant kennel, is usually held to be work enough and to spare for any ordinary man; but if, in addition to these duties, he has to depend mainly on himself to keep them together when they divide, to stop them on riot, and, in fact, to do the work of a Whip, or even two Whips, besides that of his own, he need, like Alcides, have a double share of strength, activity, and endurance to do it all, and do it efficiently.

Nevertheless, this task, the ordinary work of at least two men, imposed as it was upon Russell by that old complaint of his—tightness of the chest—was, not only no toil to him, but a real labour of love—one he would have ridden 'bare-ridge' to perform, nay, sacrificed his last crust to enjoy.

Beckford, the Blackstone of hunting law and practice, informs us that 'no pack of foxhounds is complete without two whippers-in,' and, moreover, adds this testimony to the advantage gained by the help of a good Whip: 'I think I should have better sport and kill more foxes with a moderate huntsman and an excellent whipper-in than with the best of huntsmen without such an assistant.' Again, 'No one knows better than you do how essential a good adjutant is to a regiment; believe me, a good whipper-in is not less so to a pack of foxhounds.' Then, with reference to the duty of a whipper-in, he continues, 'While the huntsman is riding to his head-hounds, the whipper-in, if he has genius, may show it in various ways; he may clap forward to any great earth that may by chance be open; he may sink the wind to halloo, or mob a fox when the scent fails; he may keep him off his foil; he may stop the tail-hounds and get them forward, and has it frequently in his power to assist the hounds without doing them any hurt, provided he has sense to distinguish where he is wanted most. Besides, the most essential part of fox-hunting, the making and keeping the pack steady, depends entirely upon him, as a huntsman should seldom rate, and never flog a hound.'

Notwithstanding the importance, then, attached by Beckford to the business of a Whip, and the high qualifications which should be found in a man acting in that capacity, Russell managed for some time to do well without one, depending, as we have seen, solely on himself and

the rough boy already referred to. But, though rough in appearance, Sam had his wits about him, and very soon profited by the lessons in which his master spared no pains to instruct him. For instance, Sam, with a view to his education, was occasionally permitted to join the well-appointed pack of the Hon. Newton-Fellowes, and at such times was especially charged to keep his eye on Stephen, first whipper-in to the latter, and carefully to note his tactics.

Then, the pastime of the day over, Russell would summon the lad to his dining-room, put him through his facings, and minutely test the result of his day's schooling by asking him such questions as the following :

'Now, Sam, you saw the second Whip riding after and rating those riotous puppies, Fleecer and Frantic, when he was a lanyard or more behind them ; was he right or wrong in doing so, and what would you have done ?'

'Got to their head, sir, and then rated them.'

'Quite right, Sam ; but, bear in mind, if you want to punish a hound, you should hit him first and rate him afterwards.'

'Supposing a change takes place in cover, and the hounds divide, which lot should you stop ?'

'That depends on the huntsman, sir ; if he holds to one lot, I should stop the other, and get them forward as fast as I could.'

'That's right, Sam, and don't forget to do the same by the tail-hounds. Good boy ; you may go now.'

Thus schooled, theoretically as well as practically, Sam, blessed with some genius and strong common-sense, became in the course of a few years as useful and clever a whip as ever followed a hound ; so that, with his help and the use of his own significant horn, Russell, not caring a button for show, but only for the sport, could well afford to dispense with the needless encumbrance of a more costly staff.

Some years afterwards John Beale, huntsman to Sir Walter Carew, and subsequently to the Tiverton Hounds, did wonders single-handed with the latter pack. He had the rare knack when a fox was up of getting to their head and keeping his horn going merrily alongside the leading hounds, a signal so well understood by the rest of the pack, that he rarely left a hound behind him in breaking away from the deepest covers. Many condemned him as being a tinker in his trade, making more noise than was either necessary or agreeable ; nevertheless, the system worked admirably—that lively blast and sharp wild cheer of his gathered up the deep-drawing hounds as no Whip in the world could have done it, and brought them, out and together, on the very back of their fox ; for nobody knew better than he did that 'a fox well found is a fox half killed.'

Thus, without the help of a regular whip, 'old John Beale' killed his foxes, and did it handsomely, showing such sport as, so long as that generation lasts, will not readily be forgotten in the Tiverton country.

Russell's plan was very much the same—his horn was half the

battle to him ; but, educated as he had been in the high-class school of Mr. George Templer and Mr. John Codrington, his style, as might be expected, was that of a gentleman ; for although quite as energetic as John Beale, and with an eye like a hawk to his head-hounds, no one was ever heard to object either to the lively shake of his horn or to the soul-stirring echoes of his musical cheer. On the contrary, as a farmer was once heard to say, ' It fairly 'mak'th a man's heart jump in his waistcoat to hear Passon Russell 'find his fox ; 'twixt he and the hounds 'tis like a band of music 'striking up for a dance.'

The history and character of the pack hunted by Russell during his residence at Iddesleigh, as well as some of his own doings in connection with them, having been thus far briefly recorded, the reader will probably now expect to learn something of his stud, what his powers as a horseman were, and how he acquitted himself as a rider to hounds.

To describe him as having been a brilliant performer across country, or to compare him, for instance, with such men as Mr. Assheton Smith, Mr. Lindo, or Lord Alvanley, would be wholly beside the mark ; for, in the first place, Devonshire, with its picturesque scenery, deep woodlands, hollow combes, and banks averaging 10 or 12 feet in height, is a very different country to ride over from the undulating pastures and flyable fences of the Midland counties. In the next place, his financial means, to which allusion has already been made, always acting as a drag on his wheel, not only limited his choice, but constrained him to the disadvantage of a short stud, and to the absolute necessity of husbanding its resources, whenever an opportunity enabled him to do so.

Thus it may with truth be said that in moments of the purest enjoyment, when scent served and hounds were running breast-high, the thought of easing his horse and saving his legs was never absent from his mind ; that was the one care that sat behind his saddle—the spectre that haunted him when the game was at his height—the one unpalatable drop in the bumper of enjoyment he was drinking to the dregs ; for the thought of to-morrow would obtrude itself, would make him constantly dismount and lead his horse over high banks ; when, if his stud had been less limited, he certainly would have taken the quicker, and, to himself, the far easier mode of getting at his hounds.

Russell, therefore, could neither be called a bruiser, nor even a hard man, in the common acceptation of that term ; but his judgment as a horseman could never be impugned ; he had fair hands, a quick eye, a heart in the right place, and so firm and yet easy a seat in the saddle, that no one looking at him when mounted but would say, ' That's a workman, every inch of him.'

Nevertheless, despite the drawback mentioned, and all other difficulties, Russell very rarely failed to be close to his hounds ; nor, though he lamented his 'cumbrous weight'—some 12 stone odd—did the three brave horses that carried him so safely and well for

many a hard season appear to be overtaxed by the work, or show any signs of unnatural decay. They were called Billy, Cottager, and Monkey.

The last, a chestnut horse, although somewhat uncertain in his temper, became a hunter of great renown in the county, doing his work admirably, and coming home gay as a lark after the longest day. The second was an entire horse, very clever at his fences, but very vicious; he would turn round and bite like a bull-dog, if the rider gave him the ghost of a chance. Even in his gallop he would occasionally take a grab at the point of Russell's foot; and, had he caught it, would have torn the boot ruthlessly from his leg. Twice he seized him by the coat, but fortunately without doing more damage than merely rending the garment. Once indeed he very nearly brought an old friend of Russell's, Dr. George Owen, to serious grief. They were riding in chase side by side—the hounds running hard—when Cottager in a sudden paroxysm of temper made a fierce grab at Owen's horse; but, luckily, instead of catching him with his teeth, he only caught the saddle-cloth and one skirt of the rider's coat. These he tore from the back of both, leaving the worthy doctor—the 'Owen swift and Owen strong' of that country—in the ludicrous predicament of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, when cut down by the dirk of the Highland gillie.

On another occasion Russell, when riding Cottager and hunting with a new draft from the Hambledon Hounds, found a fox near Beaford Moor, and pressed him in cover so sharply that he turned short and broke away, unknown to him, down wind. Losing sight of the pack and fancying he viewed a tail-hound at the extreme end of the moor, he rode up and there found an Irish packman, Peter Dougan by name, standing on a bank, and blown by the chase; but still staring after it with bated breath and longing eyes.

'Have you seen the hounds, my man?' inquired Russell eagerly.

'Iss, your honour; they're jist ahead, running like a peal of bells.'

'Then jump up behind me, pack and all;' said Russell, charmed with the man's enthusiasm and evident love of hunting; 'jump up, and you shall see a bit more of the sport.'

'Bedad then,' said Peter, 'that I'll do;' and as Russell adjusted Cottager to the bank, Peter and his pack took their place behind the cantle, notwithstanding the broad meanings displayed by the horse on being thus loaded. He then turned to, kicked furiously, and never stopped kicking till he had fairly floored Peter and his pack.

Not long after this adventure, when Russell was riding the chestnut horse Monkey, Peter again met him, and said he had a great favour to ask him, and that was, that he would allow him to ride that horse over a five-barred gate, with his hands tied behind his back, his face to the horse's tail, and without saddle or bridle. 'And,' said Peter entreatingly, 'I'll give ye me pack, sir, af ye'll let me do it; and, by 'me sowl,' 'tis worth five pounds.'

Russell, in a state of wonderment, inquired why he was anxious to perform such a feat, pointing out the danger of attempting it in such a fashion.

‘Faix, your honour,’ replied Peter, ‘I should like to tell ’em what I’ve done in England when I get back to the ould country.’

Monkey with hounds, and in a good temper, would jump any ordinary five-barred gate; but otherwise wouldn’t rise at a fender. ‘Had I granted his request,’ said Russell, ‘the horse would have broken Peter’s neck to a dead certainty.’

For years afterwards the Irishman, on his annual journeys to England, never failed to include in his pack a few silk pocket-handkerchiefs of the blue bird’s-eye pattern, which he brought especially for Russell’s use; and it was with no little difficulty that he could be persuaded to take payment for those articles, so devoted an admirer was he of Russell and his hounds. And so well known to the hawking fraternity in Ireland was Russell’s name, that not five years ago—forty years after Peter Dougan’s date—the former overtook two Irishmen near South Molton, and, having packs on their backs, he inquired whence they came: ‘From Ireland, your honour,’ was the reply; ‘we landed at Ilfracombe last night.’

‘Have you any handkerchiefs of this pattern?’ asked Russell, showing them a bird’s-eye blue one.

‘No, your honour; they are very scarce now.’

‘Well,’ he replied; ‘I bought them from a countryman of yours, Pat Dougan by name.’

‘’Tis Peter Dougan, you mane; and you are Mr. Russell, ef you had them from him. Ah! poor Peter; he dearly loved hunting, and was always talking about your riverence; he’s been dead many, many years.’

On parting company the packmen volunteered to bring him the handkerchiefs he required; a promise which, after due time, they did not fail to fulfil.

Now for Billy, the stand-by of Russell’s stable, and, as he declares to the present day, the best horse he ever crossed in his life. Billy was a bay pony, 14 hands high—‘big as a mountain and long as to-day and to-morrow’—he was by a two-year-old grass colt by Twilight, a grandson of Eclipse, out of an Exmoor pony; and was bred by Mr. Wreford of Clannaborough, so well known to Devonshire men as one of the most successful breeders of blood stock in the West of England.

Of the stout and enduring qualities of Billy it is enough to say that Russell never knew him beaten; nor, as a proof of it, did he ever fail to come home merrily, however long the day, and pick up his corn, to the last grain in the manger. His staying powers in chase, his bank-fencing, and mode of getting through heavy ground, under the weight he carried and the pace he maintained, were truly marvellous. ‘Russell,’ writes Mr. Harris, ‘mounted me once on Billy, and little did I anticipate the great treat in store for me. The meet was at Broadbury Castle; and thinking him a pony I at

‘ first rode him quietly ; but when hounds began to run, Billy pulled ‘ at his snaffle, and letting him go he went with a will right up to ‘ the head, as if he had said to himself, “ That’s my place, and I ‘ “ mean to keep it.” And so he did ; no bank could stop him ; no ‘ pace choke him off ; he could stay all day, and go a cracker through ‘ dirt up to the very last. In fact he was in every respect a steed ‘ worthy of his renowned ancestor ; and I much doubt if Wreford ‘ ever bred a gamer or a better animal.’

Russell, it is almost superfluous to say, valued him as the apple of his eye ; nay, if he had suffered himself to be tempted by gold, he might at any time have filled his pockets with the price of Billy. But to all offers Russell cried, *Avaunt !* and death alone divided the twain.

Nor was that altogether strictly the case ; for when the event took place after a faithful servitude of more than ten years, Billy’s glossy hide, being removed by skilful hands, was sent to a tanner’s, and afterwards formed the covering of a most comfortable arm-chair. The legs and hoofs, the latter beautifully polished and fitted with invisible castors, were all Billy’s ; and well might Russell, reclining in the once familiar seat, and perhaps dozing after a long day’s work, be led by fancy’s dream to believe that Billy was again under him, sharing the sport together as of yore, and bearing him on eagle-wings to the front of the chase.

Such a dream would surely be far less unnatural and far happier than the endless inconsequential visions in which men, dipped in Lethe’s stream, are so apt to indulge.

But, though Russell would oftentimes allude with tearful regret to the memory of Billy, quoting if not the words the very sentiments of Prince Llewelyn—

‘ Best of thy kind, adieu !’

he conferred the same honour on Cottager and Monkey ; and there they all stood in the dining-room at Tordown, as if the gods in a moment of compassion had transformed the trio into easy arm-chairs, determined that Russell and his friends, like Baucis and Philemon, should not be parted even by death.

Such was his mode of cherishing the remembrance of the faithful brute companions that had served him so well in life ; and on their part they were still, as it were, doing him grateful service by administering to the comfort of himself and guests, and reminding them of many a bygone day of thrilling sport and innocent recreation.

Frederick the Great, we are told, expressed a wish even in his will to be buried with his favourite dogs, and especially near the horse that had carried him so often to victory ; but Russell’s fancy for conserving the relics of his mute friends and enjoying their company, still present in the form of arm-chairs, conveys a far pleasanter notion than that of the old warrior, whose last words were, ‘ *Je serai bientôt plus près de lui.*’ Notwithstanding his

will, however, his faithful pets did not 'bear him company,' for his body received the burial of a Christian, and lies under the pulpit in Potsdam Church.

Many a pleasantry would Russell pass when inviting a guest to take a seat on one of his old friend's backs. 'There,' he would say, 'give old Cottager a turn; he'll carry you as easily as a feather-bed; and he never bites now.' Or, 'Try Billy; if he can't go through dirt as he once could; he's up to any weight and won't give you a fall.'

These, however, are later reminiscences of Tordown, the Alpine home to which he removed on quitting Iddesleigh in 1832, and to which he has once more recently returned; hoping, as he says, now to remain there till 'the golden bowl be broken, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.' But the sketch given of the horses has carried both writer and reader over the scent, and a backward cast—never a favourite one of Russell's—is now necessary to recover the line.

Russell had now entered on the third season of his Mastership, and so far had literally basked in the sunshine of success; but in the autumn of 1829, without being an augur, he was not slow to observe that over the Tetcott and Broadbury districts loomed ominous clouds, which portended a break up of the present arrangements, as well as probably an extensive change in the landmarks of his country. Nor was he kept long in suspense; for on Friday the 13th of November his pack met at Five Oaks for the last time under the old *régime*. A glorious finale, however, crowned the event; he killed a brace of foxes, the first in fifty minutes, and the next at the end of a long dodging run, in which by the manner he handled his hounds Russell's woodcraft was eminently displayed.

The circumstances that led to the change may aptly be termed a complicated tissue of events. In the first place the country was much too large for the means at command; for, owing to the ardent support of the Yeomen-farmers, far and wide, foxes had largely increased throughout the land; consequently the damage fund and the expense of feeding the keepers, &c., rising proportionately, the sum total amounted soon to a serious charge on an exchequer too often inconveniently straightened and never overflowing. This perhaps may be considered the root, the '*fons et origo mali*' of the whole matter. But there was also a general suspicion among Russell's friends that jealousy had a finger in the pie; and that that feeling, intensified by the impression that the country was insufficiently hunted, prompted a small party, including the Molesworth Trustees, to come forward and suggest the need of another pack of hounds, and therefore the curtailment of Russell's country.

So the Landue pack, under the command of as gallant a rider as ever crossed a country, Mr. Phillipps, late of the 7th Hussars, better known as Tom Phillipps, was forthwith started, and the Tetcott, Hayne, and Broadbury covers wrested from Russell and handed over to him. He then took formal possession of the country, 'the limits

‘of which,’ writes Russell, ‘appeared to me to be illimitable; for they claimed all the covers from Hatherleigh—three miles from my kennel at Iddesleigh—to Wade Bridge, ten miles below Bodmin.’

Phillipps, however, met one morning at Gribbleford Bridge, only two miles from Hatherleigh, found four brace of foxes in the cover—a dog, vixen, and three brace of cubs—but made a mull of it, called off his hounds in disgust and went home, a distance of thirty miles at least to his kennel. After some time it was communicated to Russell that Phillipps would never draw those covers again; so as the country was a choice one, comprising the fine moorland district of Broadbury, the wildest in the West of England, Russell bethought him how he could best recover his footing and bring about the desirable end of securing it for his own.

A turn in his favour by the wheel of fortune soon gave him a suitable opportunity; Mr. J. Morth Woolcombe happening to join him one morning, ‘they found,’ in Russell’s words, ‘a right real Dartmoor Hector, and away he went for his native moorland, straight as a bee-line; but he never set foot on it, for we ran into him about a mile short of his haunts. Just before we killed him, he crossed some enclosures, and the hounds coming back to us, I held up my hand and said, “Stand still, gentlemen, pray! the fox is in this field.” It was not two acres and it was plough.

“Nonsense!” cried Woolcombe; “we should see him if he were.”

“He is here, I tell you, if I know my hounds.” And in a moment they seized him within a few yards of his horse’s feet.

His delight was unbounded; he begged me as a particular favour to go home by way of Ashbury, invited the whole field into the hall, drew cork after cork of Champagne, toasted the little Iddesleigh pack and their Master, and promised similar hospitality whenever they killed a fox within reach of his domain.

He kept his word too up to a certain time, when, prompted as it was then believed by the demon of jealousy, he contemplated my downfall, and thus he tried to accomplish it. He sent his brother Robert over to Iddesleigh to negotiate for the purchase of my whole pack. I was not at home; but when I returned to dinner, Mrs. Russell said, “Robert Woolcombe has been here all the morning, waiting to see you.”

“And did he say what he wanted?” I inquired.

“His brother is anxious to buy your hounds, and sent him over to treat for them; they think that, as a clergyman, you ought not to keep them.”

“They are very kind neighbours,” I said, “and I fully appreciate their good feeling; *but* at the same time I hope I do them no wrong if I altogether mistrust their motives.”

“Robert is coming again to-morrow,” continued Mrs. Russell, “and is bent on seeing you.”

Before the morrow arrived, however, the “*timeo Danaos*” feeling

‘ had taken full possession of me, and, being forewarned as to the object of his visit, I was fully prepared with my answer.

‘ The next day he accordingly came ; and, as he took me by the hand, I said, “ Well, Robert, and pray what’s your pleasure ? ”

‘ “ I came to buy your hounds,” he responded bluntly ; “ what’s your price ? ”

‘ “ Three hundred guineas,” I replied, “ for all but five couple, which I shall keep.”

‘ “ A bargain,” he said ; “ I’ll take them. But what are you going to do with the five couple ? ”

‘ “ Keep them as a nucleus for another pack.”

‘ “ Oh, that will never do,” he said ; “ we want the country ; the hounds are no use to us without it.”

‘ “ Then you shall have neither, Bob,” was my decisive reply.

‘ And so ended the negotiation. We then parted, and I went on hunting the country and killing the wild animal as heretofore.’

It was a real grief to Russell for many a day afterwards to discover, as he very soon did, that foxes in the Broadbury country became scarcer and scarcer yearly, and that at length Mr. Woolcombe went so far as to wage open war against the whole race by ordering his keepers and tenants to trap, shoot, and destroy every fox they found bred or travelling over his estate. And so rigorously was this mandate executed, that a paragraph appeared in the papers announcing the number of vixens and cubs he had destroyed, and calculating that he had rid the country of no less than two hundred and fifty foxes, great, small, and forthcoming. Nay, large placards were printed at Okehampton and posted in the neighbourhood, setting forth the above gross statement, and justifying the slaughter as one of meritorious service to the whole community.

But although at the time it was denounced as a most unneighbourly proceeding on the part of Mr. Woolcombe, there are good grounds now for believing that he was, in truth, influenced by conscientious scruples only, rather than by any ill-will to Russell ; for in speaking of him apart from his profession, he was wont to express his unbounded admiration of his manly power and pre-eminent ability in all that pertained to the science of woodcraft.

Great indeed was the indignation, especially of the hunting community, at this wholesale massacre of the foxes. One, Jack White, is said to have upbraided Mr. Woolcombe, who was a very tall man, to his very face.

‘ Let me tell you, sir,’ said Jack, ‘ that you’re six feet four of the very worst stuff as I ever seed wrapped up in one bundle. Gude morning, sir.’

It was not without good reason, therefore, that Mr. Phillipps, either from a mistrust in the friendship of the cover-owners, or from a manly feeling that he would be doing Russell an ill-service by continuing to hunt that country, declined, after the day at Gribbleford Bridge, to bring his hounds again to that locality, and thenceforth devoted himself exclusively to the region round about Tetcott and

Pencarrow. One thing is certain, that in every transaction with respect to Russell and the Broadbury country, Mr. Phillipps's conduct was always straightforward and altogether unimpeachable.

Early in the spring of 1831 the young baronet, Sir William Molesworth, then in his twenty-first year, having invited a large party of gentlemen to meet Phillipps and the Landue Hounds at Pencarrow for a fortnight's hunting, the house was filled to the rafters. Two stalls were allotted to each guest, and hacks *ad libitum* found room in the stables of the neighbouring tenants. The few survivors of that meeting—and now, alas, they are '*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*'—will never forget the 16th of February in that fortnight, when a fox was found at Polbrock, near the river-side, every hound breaking away almost on his back, bringing him over the paling into Pencarrow Park, and by the Roman mounds away to Helland Wood; thence tearing on with a burning scent over the virgin soil of the vast rough inclosures, they carried a grand head, and dashing five or six couple abreast over the big boundary fence, broke out on the moor and on to the Launceston and Bodmin road, where they dropped into slow hunting and then threw up.

The road was of granite, hard as iron and dry as brickdust; but a hound called Memory, with nose well down, held on, faintly feathering here and there, yet still on—the rest of the hounds, with heads up, being hopelessly at fault. Phillipps, growing impatient and grasping his horn, was turning to cast them towards the Torrs northwards, when Russell, keeping his eye on Memory, held up his hand and exclaimed, 'Do, pray, give her time. There!—she has 'it, I tell you, and will fling her tongue in half a minute, if you'll let 'her alone.'

But Phillipps *would* make his cast, while Russell and Mr. Pomeroy Gilbert remained stationary, intent only upon Memory, as she still persevered steadily on the road. At length a patch of wet soil giving her a chance she dropped her stern, and at the same time throwing her tongue, dashed over the heather bank on to Temple Moor and away. Russell's scream was too thrilling, too rapturous to describe. Away, away, over that grand waste of heather—a thorough wilderness; not a vestige of man; not a solitary patch of gorse; not even a twig to shelter a wild animal for leagues.

Racing him to the boundary fence of the moor above Trebartha the hounds caught a view, and instantly, as if by a stroke of magic, they and the fox vanished from the scene. It seemed to the foremost riders—Mr. Charles Trelawny on Oswestry, Mr. Phillipps on Foster, Mr. Harris, Mr. Coryton, and Mr. Tom Hext, who was the first to view him—that the earth had opened her jaws and swallowed them alive.

'Non secus ac si quâ penitus vi terra dehiscens
Infernas reseret sedes.'

And such was the case, the shaft of an old mine lay open, and they had fallen

'Into utter darkness, deep engulfed.'

The fox, indeed, with the activity of a wild beast, had clambered on to a broken beam; but three of the leading hounds were swimming about in the dark water at the bottom of the mine, some seven fathoms deep; while the rest of the pack had stopped short of the abyss and scrambled out.

‘Gone to ground with a vengeance,’ exclaimed Phillipps with bitter emphasis, dreading the loss of his hounds.

In a few minutes some miners appeared on the ground; but not a man of them would go down, not daring to face the dangers of the decayed framework in the precipitous shaft. Not so, however, ‘Jack Russell,’ who, with a knotted rope in one hand and his hunting-whip in the other, lowered himself, amid a shower of loose stones and earth, to the beam on which the fox was crouching. Then running the thong through the keeper of his whip, and fixing the noose round the animal’s neck, he shouted aloud, ‘Haul away, ‘I’ve got him!’ and in half a minute he and the fox were landed again on *terra firma*.

‘Save him, Phillipps; he is a gallant fellow and deserves his life,’ said Russell, begging hard for a reprieve.

But Phillipps sternly said ‘No;’ and tossed him to the hounds.

Then, to save the three brave brutes now struggling in the pit from a longer immersion, Russell was again prepared to go to the rescue, again ready

‘Bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra videre
Tartara,’

had not Colonel (afterwards Sir Walter Raleigh) Gilbert persuaded a miner, by the bribe of a capful of silver, to go down; and, secured by a rope round his waist, to bring up the hounds, one by one, safely ‘to bank.’

It was a grand run throughout: sixteen miles as the crow flies—measured on the map—and the last seven over the wild open moor without the shadow of a fence or check from first to last.

Russell to this day speaks of it as one of the finest things he ever witnessed; but the cream of the run, the finishing touch—that brilliant passage over the Bodmin Moor—was due to him and to him alone.

Of the many queer incidents that befel him in those early days, the one he met with at Porlock is by no means the least amusing; and, as it illustrates the feeling of a strong partisan in favour of him and his hounds, it shall be told as nearly as possible in his own words:

‘In the spring of 1830 I took my little pack down to Porlock to enjoy a week’s hunting in the open and extensive commons in that locality; and rare sport we had day after day both with fox and hare. I was accompanied by the Rev. J. Pomeroy Gilbert, there to be joined by the Rev. H. Farr Yeatman, two of the best and most accomplished sportsmen I ever met, to whose names let me add that of George Templer of Stover, such a trio they were as the world has rarely seen together in the hunting-field.

‘On our return from the hills one evening Mrs. Smith, our hostess at the Ship Hotel, where we were staying, thus accosted me:

“If you please, Mr. Russell, that old scamp, Squire Tamlyn, as they call ’en, hath a been down here to forbid you from hunting over his property. Now hearken to me, sir, and us’ll tackle ’en, as all sich varmint ouft to be tackled. Ask ’en to come here and dine with ee to-morrow, and when he’th a sot down comfortable afore the fire, give the t’other gentlemen a wink to leave the room, and I’ll come in quietly behind ’en, seize his both arms, and then do you wallop ’en over the face and eyes till he sings out for mercy. I’ll never let ’en go, mind, till you’ve a finished with ’en ; and that I’ll promise ye.”

At this point I ventured to remonstrate with her ; urging, first, that it would be a gross breach of hospitality, and then that a summons for the assault would be sure to follow.

“But,” exclaimed the woman, “the magistrates shan’t get a word out of me to convict you, sir, if he doth get a summons ; and what’s more, I’ll tell ’em two or three such pretty stories about ’en, as he won’t like to hear ; and there the matter’ll end.”

‘The next day,’ says Russell, ‘with the view of propitiating Mr. Tamlyn, I wrote him a very polite note inviting him to dine with us ; but he declined the honour, much to the disgust of Mrs. Smith, who consoled herself with these words : “Well, never mind, I’ll give it to ’en myself the first time I set eyes on the mean old scamp.”’

‘And,’ continued Russell, ‘I have reason to believe that she absolutely kept her word ; for she was a veritable termagant—a tigress in petticoats—a “*Penthesilea furens*.”’

One result of the week’s sport being somewhat remarkable, it may interest the reader to have it also in Russell’s own words : ‘The very day Tamlyn went to Porlock to forbid my hunting, I found a fox in the heath on Lucat Common, his property. Thinking it was a vixen, I rode up to the bush, out of which she jumped, and, behold ! curled up in a warm nest were four live cubs. I tied my handkerchief to a bush hard by, and rode after the pack as fast as my horse could carry me. But it was a blaze of scent all the way ; and in thirty minutes, to my great annoyance, they ran into and killed poor little Vicky. I then returned to her kennel, took up the cubs—all four vixens—and sent them by Bat Anstey to Idlesleigh, fifty miles away. An earth was made for them under Halsdon, Mr. Furse’s residence ; and in and around that earth they remained, being ear-marked, and thriving well, till the following October, when, suddenly, they disappeared, and I never had the good luck to find one of them again with hounds.’

‘Six years afterwards I met the late Mr. Newton of Bridestowe, in Barnstaple, and he asked me if I had ever ear-marked—describing the mark—any foxes, and lost sight of them.’

‘Yes ;’ I said, ‘four cubs, all vixens. “Then,” he replied, “I found them last March in some brakes near Broadwood-Widger, twenty-five miles below Halsdon ; had good runs with each, and killed all four.”’

MEADOW AND PASTURE LANDS:

THEIR RENOVATION AND REPAIR.

BY J. H. SHORTHOUSE, M.D., LL.D.

(Conclusion.)

IT is within the experience of most of my hearers that if a well be sunk or a pit dug to a great depth and earth come to which has probably not been moved for millions of years that the soil or sand from the lowest depth will contain seeds in which latent vitality still exists, and which will, when the accessories of vegetable life—light, moisture, and warmth—are added, sprout forth into cognisant existence. I know it is sometimes alleged that the seeds must have been brought to the banks of the pits by the birds or wafted there by the winds; but I tried an experiment a few years ago. A friend of mine had a very deep pit sunk at Sutton for the purpose of using it as a tank for water. I asked him to place some of the soil taken from the lowest depths into boxes and then put the boxes in one of his small hothouses. He did so and the boxes were daily watered. The houses were locked up and the windows fastened down so as to be impervious to wind which would bring seeds upon its wings and no bird that lives could, I am sure, have found access to the place if it were so disposed. We did not see any seeds, but that they must have been in the sand and earth was proved by the result, for the surface of the soil in the boxes was, in the course of a few weeks, covered with vegetation. Some of the plants were entire strangers to me, but of those which I could recognise, the corn poppy (*Papaver rhæas*) was most abundant, which is rather surprising when we consider that poppy seeds are somewhat soft and, as I should have supposed, more perishable than harder seeds such as clover and charlocks, nor indeed were the last-named of our old friends wanting, for there were many of them, so that our forefathers for many generations back were not without ‘pests’ on their farms. There were several sorts of dwarf clovers, one plant of vetch, and one of lucerne, and, as I have mentioned, some unknown plants. It is fair to presume that the seeds from which these plants sprang were much older than any recorded in history. The vetch, lentils, lucerne, and other fabaceous plants are not novelties, for one or other of them are mentioned by Virgil, Pliny, Palladius, Cato, Varro, and other ancient writers. Pliny is very warm in his commendation of lucerne; he makes some statements which most of you will endorse, viz., that it can be mown four to six times a year and that it fattens lean and cures sick cattle; he also puts forth two statements which, I dare say, you wish you could endorse, viz., that lucerne ‘enriches land,’ and another more enviable still, viz., ‘land of such kindly fertility that the crop smothered everything and required no weeding.’ Who amongst you does not envy the stern, energetic, yet sometimes obscure, Roman philosopher of such land

as that? Old seeds then *will* germinate if they have not been artificially killed despite what the seedsmen may say.

If any of you are induced, in consequence of what has transpired to-night, to put your grass lands in order, and renovate them by ploughing up the old meadows and pastures and sowing them afresh; or repairing them by means of the scarifier, harrow, and a sprinkling of new seeds, you will find abundant information as to the choice of seeds in the catalogues of the vendors, and which they send out with such lavish profusion to their customers or expectant customers. It is beside my plan and purpose on the present occasion to make a selection of seeds, nor indeed would it be possible to make one which would be applicable to every soil. Different soils nourish different seeds, and the catalogues will guide you in their selection better than I am able to do. But there is one point which I wish most strenuously to enforce, and it is, whether in laying down or repairing upland pastures and meadows, especially those on a chalky subsoil, never omit to sow with your seeds a small quantity of sainfoin (*Onobrychis sativa*), which is so valuable that I am surprised it is not oftener sown in a mixed crop. I hold this plant in the highest esteem; it has, so to speak, so much backbone in it, such stamina-giving power; it is drier and more nutritious than clover, does not exhaust the soil like lucerne, nor does it attract that pest of the clover plant, the beautiful but mischievous parasite, Dodder. I am aware it is sometimes sown alone, but then how seldom is it that we see a clean crop of it? There are generally fifty weeds to one plant of sainfoin. If it were mixed with the grasses, clovers, and trefoils it would give stability to them whilst they would assist in keeping it from being encumbered by weeds. Therefore, whether the uplands be required for grazing or mowing I would especially enjoin a trial of this valuable legume.

Lastly, let me remark that although it is not desirable to bury the seeds too deep, yet the deeper the soil is disturbed, whether by the plough or the scarifier, the better. The deeper the plants can take root below the surface, the more abundant will be the crop above it. It is not, perhaps, either wished or desired to rival the Jersey carrots of 14 feet length, nor Mechi's of 12 feet, or even the more marvellous one of Kentucky, which penetrated so deep that it was drawn out by its roots at the Antipodes; but still I question whether shallow ploughing or scarifying for crops of some permanency is worth the cost; indeed, I do not think I should thank any man who would offer to do such work for me gratis.

One of the best manures for grass land is unquestionably fish, which on the eastern coast can be obtained in any reasonable quantity, and at a cost so trifling that it ought to supersede guano, bone dust, and other expensive manures; yet I am informed so little is it valued in this neighbourhood, that when the farmers can have it for fetching away, they do not avail themselves of the privilege. I am assured that in this town there is a very large amount of refuse fish sent away to brimstone barn in order to get rid of it, the farmers

not caring to fetch it away from the fishmongers. It has two drawbacks, one of which, however, I will show you how you can surmount. It stinks so abominably that it cannot be used near to towns or villages, and also the rooks and other birds are very fond of it, so that unless it be covered very deeply, it will all be carried away by the birds. Some of my readers may perhaps remember a most intolerable nuisance which was created at Sutton and Banstead some seventeen or eighteen years ago. Mr. Grossmith, who occupied the hundred-acre farm on Banstead Downs, bought six truck-loads of fish, sprats and other common fish, at a very cheap rate. I forget the price, but think it was some ten or twelve shillings per ton. All the trucks were sent down one night to Sutton Station, but as Mr. Grossmith had only three horses—and as it was summer time, he could not hire more from his neighbours—the fish stank in the trucks so abominably before he could fetch it away, that the travellers could not use the station, and kicked up a tremendous row. Poor Grossmith was in a desperate stew, and was driven into a state of frenzy, being threatened with actions at law right and left. When the fish was carted up on the Downs, and spread over the land, as he had no horses available for ploughing it in, the rooks assembled in tens of thousands, and ate up all the fish. The land was quite black with them, and so attractive did the fish appear to be to their palate, that even firing off a gun disturbed them very little; it certainly did not drive them away.

I shall bring under your notice a very inexpensive method of medicating, or ‘anointing’ fish, seeds, potatoes, peas, &c., which will enable you to be indifferent to the ravages of birds of prey, small birds, and rats. I can very confidently recommend the plan for adoption, as I have put it to the test several times, and invariably with satisfactory results.

Some three or four years ago I read an extract from the ‘Gardeners’ Chronicle,’ in which the use of petroleum was recommended to prevent birds destroying freshly-sown seeds. The writer said that a pint of petroleum would be quite sufficient for a bushel of turnip or clover seed, and that the birds disliked the taste of petroleum so much they left the seeds alone which were scented with it. He said it was not necessary the seeds should be saturated with it; if they obtained the merest flavouring of it, that would suffice. He advised that about a pint of petroleum and a bushel of seed be put in a sack, then shook about well, so that each seed might have a taste of the oil; this would be amply sufficient to deter the birds from preying upon the seeds. I have tried the plan on a small scale in my garden with mustard, turnip, charlock, and other seeds, and also with peas, potatoes, apples, and sprats, and I can fully indorse the gardener’s views, that the plan he recommended is both effective and inexpensive.

It has been said proverbially that there is ‘nothing new under the sun.’ Although I have not been able, in a somewhat extensive reading, to meet with an application of petroleum of an earlier date than the one I

have mentioned of three or four years ago, for the purpose of preventing the attacks of birds upon seeds, still I have discovered many records of an analogous application of it to prevent the ravages of insects and other desperadoes. In a book entitled 'Useful Knowledge,' by the Rev. Wm. Bingley, M.A., F.L.S., published very early in the present century, I find mention made of this mineral product being used from a very remote antiquity in various ways, *e.g.*, by painting with it the timber of houses and the timber used for the bottoms of boats and other vessels, to preserve the timber from the attacks of marine worms. For this purpose it has probably been superseded by Stockholm tar and pitch; but these materials could not be used for the purpose of medicating seeds; their adhesiveness would cause the seeds to lump together in large masses. Something much more liquid is required, and petroleum answers every purpose. It is effective, and moreover it is very cheap. The impure, crude, or stronger sort can be purchased at about threepence or fourpence per gallon, and that amount would suffice for a sufficient quantity of seed to sow a field of many acres. Solid petroleum (or bitumen) was used for cementing or protecting the walls of Babylon and of the Temple of Solomon. The mother of Moses used it as a coating for the little vessel in which he was exposed, and, according to Herodotus, a composition of it made warm was used with the tops of reeds as a cement by the ancients.

It may be asked whether this oil has any detrimental effect upon the germinating property of the seed, and I can confidently answer that it has none whatever. They grow just as quickly as they would have done without it; the young plants have the odour and taste of it for a few days only, until they are an inch or so high, and then it gradually evaporates. So that if it will prevent birds from taking seeds as soon as they are sown, and also secures the young buds and stems until they are old enough to be no longer inviting to birds, it will be found a valuable adjunct to agriculturists and seedsmen, for we must not lose sight of the fact that the mere cost of the seed is not the only loss, a more serious one is the cost of the preparation of the land, and which, if the seeds be picked up as soon as sown, will have been so much labour in vain.

It may also be asked whether, if a heavy shower of rain were to fall soon after the seeds were sown, the petroleum would be washed off, and the seeds then left at the mercy of the birds. I answer—

‘It may rain, it may hail, it may snow as it will,
But the scent of petroleum will hang round ‘em still.’

I may perhaps be permitted, even by the seedsmen, to encroach a little upon their territory, and to give them a word of advice or make a suggestion which I think is of some importance. But whether I receive permission or not I shall take French leave. You know how difficult it is to keep up successive crops of flowering plants and fruit-trees in their pristine purity. The pips from a bushel of Ribstone pippins or any other apples will not, if planted

and permitted to grow up into trees, probably produce a single tree of the same kind, and possibly not two exactly alike. The same with heartsease and other choice flowers. The reason is this : bees and butterflies are ‘sad go-betweens,’ the pollen of one plant gets intermixed with the pollen of others, and so hybrids are produced. In some instances the hybrids may possibly be superior to the original stock, but such a result cannot be calculated upon with anything like certainty. In the neighbourhood of Carshalton, where large fields of lavender are cultivated, the fruits and flowers of some other plants, which are in season about the same time, smell strongly of lavender—this must be caused by the bees. The honey, too, is in those hives which are in propinquity to the lavender fields, so strongly impregnated with the flavour and odour of lavender as to be absolutely nauseous. Now my suggestion to the growers of large areas of flowering plants, if they want to keep those plants, flowers, and seeds in their pristine purity, is that they have a number of beehives in the fields, in which the bees might deposit the honey and avert the necessity of their returning home or going wider afield, tempted by some more dainty flower. Give them the chance of following the advice which Robert Burns gave to his ‘Yowie, ‘silly thing’—

‘To keep their minds to moop and mel
Wi’ flowers o’ credit like themself.

The ‘hives’ would tend to keep the bees at home, and the clovers and other plants would run less risk of foreign impregnation. But how about the butterflies? Set a lot of nice girls to catch ‘em. They will thread their way among the clovers as dexterously as they do along the dalliance paths surrounded by violets and daffodowndillies. They would rival and perhaps excel the dreams even of that ardent young gentleman who wished he’d ‘been a Butterfly born in a ‘bower,’ in order that he might spend his time in

‘Roving for ever from flower to flower,
Kissing all girls that are pretty and sweet;’

or to give his wish classic immortality—

‘Floribus advolans, avolans, osculo
Puellas tangens, quæ suave olent!’

The point is really worth considering.

Sir Thomas Browne, in that remarkably curious book ‘Religio ‘Medici,’ observes, ‘There are two Books from whence I collect ‘my Divinity; besides that written One of God, another of his ‘Servant Nature, that universal and publick Manuscript that lies ‘expans’d unto the Eyes of all.’ May I ‘rush in,’ and, in an addendum, say that you and those like unto you whose avocations consist in the breeding and rearing of animals, and in the raising of crops which subserve the needs of man, of that Book of Nature you open, or ought to open, some of those pages most full of meaning? And, furthermore, I will say that it has always been to me a matter of

surprise that agriculturists or farmers—for I like the old term best—have disregarded as if things beneath their notice some knowledge of the nature of plants, of botany, and of natural history. They would think it a reproach if told they did not know as much, or nearly as much, about wheat as any miller; of barley as any maltster; of oats as any stableman; of bees and sheep as any butcher—yet in matters hardly inferior to these in importance they place themselves to a great extent at the mercy of any dishonest knave who may be disposed to palm off upon them fictitious or killed seeds, or worthless manures; and unless they go to the expense of calling to their aid the ‘opinion’ or ‘analysis’ of some self-styled ‘Professor,’ they render themselves liable to imposition. Now, the acquisition of a sufficient knowledge of botany, of the nature, habitat, nutrient or poisonous properties of the various plants and vegetables with which they have to deal, might be acquired in a very few hours. I know no science of which the fundamental elements can be learned so quickly, or retained so long in the memory, as botany; nor is any research more fascinating and attractive in its nature, for the knowledge when once acquired is a perpetual source of enjoyment not seldom of solace and occasionally of profit. It was necessary for me between thirty and forty years ago to acquire some sort of proficiency in this branch of knowledge, as well as of several other cognate sciences, which are supposed to embellish or render assistance to the science of medicine, and of them all this is the only one in regard to which the memory has not faded, and that even without having been kept in repair except such renewal as it might obtain from my rambles through the fields, and in my wanderings in the lanes, where—

‘Not the lightest leaf but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.’

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

JANE GREY, on reading Greek intent,
The morning hours in study spent;
Old Ascham tells us that no sight
Ere filled his heart with such delight,
As when, the others all afield,
With hound and hawk, he found conceal’d
Within her bower that maiden fair,
Companion none save Plato there.
What now-a-day would Ascham say,
Could he again pass by this way,
If all the other inmates gone
A-hunting, he should find the one
Lone lady left within the hall
Preparing for a fancy ball,
Not reading Greek. but in her room,
Intent upon a Greek costume?

CLUBS.

THERE never was a time when there were more clubs in London than at present. They are of all kinds—political, literary, artistic, social, professional, sporting, and otherwise. Luxuries abound, but it is a question whether more comfort could not be obtained if there was a little less show and ambition and greater simplicity. A fine dining-room, ill-ventilated and pervaded by a strong smell of dinner, is not an appetising place, no matter how many servants there are to wait on you, plus a good cook.

Some few years since a friend put my name down at the principal club as member, during a short visit at Brussels. It was not an eating and drinking club according to our notions, but simply a place of resort for amusement. The saloon was a very fine room, well-ventilated and little crowded with furniture. There were several billiard and card-tables, and settees and rout seats were placed round the room. According to continental custom any one smoked who pleased, but the ceiling was lofty and there was little smell of smoke. Opening out of the first was another large room, which was used for exhibition of pictures, concerts, balls, meetings, &c. It seemed that the club carried out its intention admirably, which was to give facilities for friends to meet and enjoy themselves as they pleased; they could play for any stakes they chose, however low, and they were quite untrammelled by the conventionalities of life as we are.

It has often struck me that a general club on a large scale would pay very well in London if the attractions were confined to a large room for general amusement such as that which I described at Brussels, a large reading-room with a good library, periodicals, and things of that kind, a good room for eating and drinking supplied by a contractor who would furnish the best of everything that could be grilled—just as they used to at Evans's when Paddy Green was king—cold meat, salads, and other simple refreshments, the object being that those who wanted to dine or lunch could do so without any form or ceremony. Besides the above requisites there should be a good business room which would accommodate a small meeting, in which secretaries might keep their despatch boxes; and the club might be made the head centre for cricket, rowing, athletics, bicycle, football, fishing, and many other clubs. The club must necessarily be purely cosmopolitan, and the tariff should be reasonable, and the position of it should be central—Covent Gardenwards, for instance.

There is a certain amount of cliquism in many clubs now, and something like bullying in the card- and billiard-rooms. A., B., C., and D. play pool perhaps five days a week; they know the table by heart and are pretty good players; but if E., D., F., G. want to play occasionally for the amusement of the game, and suggest a lower stake, the *habitues* either won't play, or protest in such a disagreeable manner, that any attempt to participate in the game would be a nuisance

instead of a pleasure. Just so in the card-room. If four players sit down by consent to play for a small stake for their own amusement, after two rubbers, two members who are regular players claim their right to 'cut in'; and should your stakes be lower than those usually played, you are pretty sure to hear of it in the shape of a protest or a refusal to play. Clubs ought to be more like a private hotel where people can do as they please. I belonged for some years, when in London, to an excellent club composed of members whose incomes varied from many thousands a year down to a hand-to-mouth income earned by some young artist or author who was living by what he could make by his pen or pencil from month to month. But the qualification for that club was neither rank nor money nor birth (though there were plenty in that club representing all these); the qualification was having worked in art or letters. The principle on which the club was founded was social enjoyment for all at a moderate tariff, and the pool play was limited to threepenny counters, which the players bought of the markers; and I have seen in that room as much good play, and as much fun, and as much good company as any one could desire, which company included some of the very first authors and artists in the world. It was a maxim of the club that there should be no gambling, so every one played pool or whist openly without reproach; whereas, in some clubs now a regular frequenter of the billiard- or card-room is looked on by the steady old members as a gambler, and possibly with some reason—because, when members play for stakes of importance, betting sometimes will range high.

By all means let individuals do as they please to amuse themselves, but let other individuals do as they please too, and let them enjoy the excitement of a game without gambling. Cards and billiards, in moderation, are noble amusements, and betting is wonderfully good fun; but to make them noble amusements and good fun people must work within their means. I know of no better fun at a cricket match than making a sixpenny or even a penny book on every point of the game as it progresses, and giving or taking the odds upon all kinds of improbable events. When any one is tired mentally, nothing will do him more good than to play a game of billiards or cards for stakes well within his means. 'Well within his means' may mean sovereigns to one man, penny counters to another; but there is no earthly reason why four well-bred gentlemen should not, if they please, play cards for penny counters, or silver threepenny whist, and play a good game too; or why they should not play shilling or threepenny pool with counters, and play well. Any theory to the contrary can only be based on the principle that 'the money makes the gentleman'; and Heaven knows how hard we ought to fight, in these days, without intermission against that error. If any one wants proof thereof, let him, in senate, public meeting, or elsewhere, listen to many prominent speakers; and—should he have had thirty years' experience in London—let him compare the Queen's English as he remembers it of thirty years ago and also the manners of that time

with the Queen's English of to-day and the manners of some of 'the rough riders' who have plenty of money, who wish to put all England straight in their own way.

These remarks carry one back to other things as well, except and always excepted 'The Marylebone Cricket Club,' which combination of four words means to express the law-makers of cricket and the representative club of the cream of English cricket, and which on non-match days is purely a practice club, why, when a ground is subscribed for and paid for by members should it not be their own? Of course, gate money affords a great help, but the gate money is as much the property of the Club as the money paid at the doors is the property of the lessee or manager. Granted instantly that important matches made for the 'County club and ground' must be arranged and be public matches, I want to know, when the ground and its belongings are the property of the members, why any eleven members should not make a match against any other club styling themselves 'an Eleven of the Blank County Club.' It strikes me very forcibly that names of counties are 'seized' and attached to clubs the active members of which are many of them unknown and uncared for to a great extent; and much private jobbery goes on, to the exclusion of the best-mannered and most efficient cricketers who would support a county eleven with money to the best of their power, and also by their good example of punctuality, strict obedience, and good breeding. Nothing is more absurd than seeing a fine cricket ground lying idle day after day in fine summer weather, simply because matches cannot be made and played without the sanction of a small committee; but this is so in very many large clubs.

Reverting again to the 'bye' matches, why should not eleven lawyers, or commercial men, or civil service men, as the case may be, challenge each other and give the secretary notice that they want a ground on such a day, paying a reasonable sum, just as one would at a club for a billiard-room or card-table? The *sic vos non vobis* seems to be the ruling principle of too many, and many clubs are much over-governed. Clubs, and the first members to form a club being caught, and the club being formed, the ruling party get too strong, and as it were (according to the old adage) they start 'booted and spurred' to ride the members, who on joining find themselves 'saddled and bridled.' Without the remotest wish to 'crack up' (to use a common slang expression) any particular club, let any one see what the success of Prince's Racquet Club has been. It so happens that I was at the place when it was a wilderness, and one court only was erected, so I know it from the beginning of its career. Now, Mr. Bailly, the real secret of the success was founded on one basis, and that is the best basis in the world, namely, 'good breeding.' As all the world knows, the members consist of all classes, from the Prince of Wales downwards. The qualification for membership was supposed to be, belonging to either House of Parliament, the bar, army, navy,

civil service, or being an old university or public school man. The result is that vulgar ill-bred fellows could not get in. I can only say, in six years' experience, that I never heard so much as a contradiction to one another between any two members; and it mattered not whether you were a duke or any one else, you had the full enjoyment of the club, and your court, which you bespoke, was your private property against all the world.

Some years since I was staying at a house in Yorkshire during the Leger week, and after dinner a rubber was proposed late in the evening. Including myself, there were four of us. 'The three other gentlemen preferred to play four instead of playing 'dummy' (which word, I believe, ought to be 'dumb-y'), and urged me to join, and they said they played only 'low' stakes—guinea points, and five guineas on the rubber. 'The other three had a perfect right to play those stakes, as they were the regular stakes which were played in houses in that part of the country amongst the class of men with whom I was staying. Outspoken, I told them at once that I never would play higher than silver three-pennies; and the host, like a well-bred gentleman, said, 'As we want my friend to play in preference to playing dummy, and he is obliging us, one of 'us must play his stakes, and whoever is in his corner has the option 'of betting ten guineas on the rubber instead of five.' It so happened that I had wonderful cards and luck, and as we played six rubbers—changing every two rubbers—one unfortunate gentleman who cut in on the wrong side lost sixty guineas in bets; but the whole thing was a joke; guineas were the ordinary counters of the party, and at the end of the year little probably was won or lost.

Now I call this a specimen of amusement and good breeding combined. These men enjoyed themselves in their own way, and the loser was perfectly happy.

This story is bringing me round to my old point. The object of a club is that a number of persons should combine to promote and support some places of meeting where the luxury of a good private house should be given, with many amusements for all which few private houses can afford—and I for one say that the end has never been attained yet.

What in France are the most harmless amusements—such as cards and billiards—are 'tabooed' to the majority of the subscribers, because (quoting Thackeray from memory) Colonel Spot and Major Cannon monopolise the billiard-room; also because Mr. Grumpy and Mr. Hardup, their friends, monopolise the card-room, and, being a sort of licensed bores, growl at you because you did not lead a trump or put on your deuce instead of your knave, and, in fact, make themselves disagreeable when they can't win.

Now comes the moral of this. I am a clubbable man, and hardly ever touch a cue, and never a card, in a club, on account of the whims of the ruling party, and I venture to say that my theory represents the wishes of hundreds and thousands of those who are more than anxious to pay a reasonable sum for the harmless pleasures

of life in a club, from which they are shut out, owing to the wilfulness of some who make those things, which are really the pleasures of life, their business, and who by dictation as to what should be done and what should not be done (just as it suits them), create for themselves a false position, and deprive all who wish for a little harmless pleasure and enjoyment of what they want.

I was once a party to a serious practical joke at an inn in Kent which all turned out right in the end. There was a large room in the house where the principal tradesmen in the town met every evening at nine o'clock in their club-room, and the perpetual chairman was a dear old gentleman of about eighty years of age, dressed in black shorts, black stockings, and Pickwickian black gaiters, who was senior alderman, and probably the last man in England who wore powder and a small pig-tail, almost imperceptible. There was a round table in front of a comfortable fire, and about fifteen Windsor arm-chairs were arranged ready for the members. I was staying with an old schoolfellow at the barracks, and after mess we went down into the town, a party of six or eight (and this was in the days when a good deal of wine was consumed at dinner), and took possession of the old fogeys' chairs. As the clock struck nine the old alderman arrived and hung up his hat and took off his spencer—a kind of a jacket over his coat—and hung it up, and turning round caught sight of our party in the fogeys' sanctuary. The poor old boy gave a look which I shall never forget, and went back and took down his hat and spencer and fairly groaned. One of the officers, who was a very good fellow, went up to him and made a very ample apology, and said that we had carried out the joke too far, but the old boy would not be pacified for some time, and in the meanwhile other members had arrived. At last he said 'You are a lot of impudent boys, and now you are here you had better stop.' And stop we did, and a very pleasant evening we had too, and the old alderman, who had been a volunteer during the Peninsular war, came out like a man, and for the first time in his life almost stayed an hour beyond his usual allowance.

Mitcham.

F. G.

THE LAST LEAP.

It was five-and-twenty years ago that they bought him, the grand old horse who had just astonished the field by his last leap. A generation had passed away since Tom Cooper pulled him out as the best of his drove at a great South-country fair, and with shouting voice, flying handkerchief, and rattling hat, sent him forth with head and tail erect on his mission of captivating the gaping crowd and finding a purchaser. Poor Tom! what a salesman he was, and what rare horses he used to bring over in those days, ay, and sell them at prices that did not preclude a man of even moderate means, who had eyes to see, securing a good hunter. He is gone (for he sleeps at the bottom of

the Irish Channel, with four hundred pounds' worth of horses around him, wrecked one stormy night as he was coming over with his string), and so are the horses, for as much is asked, ay, and given too, for a little scrubby pony now, as would have bought the best of his drove then. He recked little of the deterioration and scarcity of horses, and never lived to see it, though he had not been many years beneath the tossing waves ere the dearth began. Never a better did he land on English soil than the slashing sixteen-hand bay who is now the subject of my tale. A rattling price, as he considered, poor fellow, did he ask for him, as at halter's length, snorting defiance to his tormentors, he trotted with bounds like a deer till a jerk of the halter brought him short up on his haunches, and he stood scared and trembling at the strange sights and sounds that surrounded him. There was one amongst that crowd, however, that price would not stop, or fences either, though three score and ten had come and gone since he first saw daylight. He came for the pick of the drove, and the pick he meant to have, so that few words were wasted ere the bay was started on his long journey to the place that was to be his home for years. He soon gave them a taste of his quality and established a right of free warren over the whole neighbourhood, from the simple reason that they could not make fences big enough to keep him in. How we used to like to watch the two-year-old walk up to gate after gate and tip over them with all the ease of a deer, and count on the way we should take the shine out of them when he was broken and in condition. His time soon came, for on that place neither man nor beast ate the food of idleness; and what a wild one he was! It was no child's play, on a cold, bad scenting day, to spend hour after hour in the dreary woodlands where his lot was cast, but there were some of us right glad to put up with it for the sake of pounding our dearest friends over a big bit of timber when hounds did run. Little we thought or remembered then of the rampant, half-frantic beast that would have pulled our arms out of their sockets all the morning had we not ridden on the give-and-take plan, and by aid of Chifney's silken rein system, and patience at which we sorely wonder now, kept him a little within bounds. Time calmed him down, and then, even ere his first purchaser was succeeded by his son, what a hunter was there for those who had the luck to ride him, for he could gallop like a race-horse in addition to his wonderful powers of jumping. Never was horse before, I believe, ridden and larked as was; how many gates he jumped in a day, and how many park palings in a season, would be treated simply as fables did I relate them. No matter then whether hounds ran or not, there was always some fun, and he must have run as many steeplechases home in private as old Vivian did in public. 'Ginger was hot i' the mouth' in those days, and we made the most of our cakes and ale while it lasted. Staid middle-aged men, fathers of families, whose polls are got grey and waistcoats portentous, and whom an earldom would scarcely get to face a sheep-hurdle now—fellows who fear gout and dread indigestion—then

took their timber and their port with equal disregard of consequences. What a little time ago it seems that the writer of this was chucked jockey fashion on to the bay's back because he would stand for no one to mount him, and yet the old horse (he was 'the 'old horse' for years) is gone, and I am, to put it mildly, certainly not improved either in figure or nerve. No doubt I am a fogey and a potterer, but then A., B., and C. potter also, their game is played out as well as mine, and the memory of past fun is about all that is left to us. We must soon follow the old horse, that is certain, and as a noted driving man once said when asked where his well-known pair of greys were, 'I hope in heaven'; may we meet our old friend there also.

Time went on, and the bay altered as much as we did; he dropped from the covert-side to the shafts, and a fresh generation of riders arose who knew little of him or his exploits, which lived on in tradition alone. If he did occasionally appear at the meet under his master, perchance some old friend would point to them and say, 'Look at that man 'and horse; you'd little think, to see them now, that a few years ago 'no one in the hunt could pound them.' The change was not brought about without some sort of protest against the degradation of leather on the old hunter's part. He would stand on his hind legs when he ought to have gone quietly into his collar, and more than once people on the back seat of a dogcart have found their position as untenable as that of the Russians across the Balkans. But he never kicked, and soon settled down into as rare a trapper as he had been hunter. In fact he wanted no driving, and his owner has said of him, that on a dark night when you could not see your hand before you, it was only to give him his head and he'd take you home.

At length, however, the efficiency even in harness seemed to be somewhat impaired, the ten mile an hour pace dropped to seven, the gaily arched crest began to wane and lose its muscle, grey hairs came on head and mane, and the hollows above the eyes showed as plainly as did the lengthened teeth that old age was overtaking with giant strides one of the boldest and best that ever bore pigskin or looked through leather. 'The old horse is about done,' or, 'I must soon 'look out for something to put in the old boy's place,' were phrases ever on the lips of his master. Yet he still hung on, and did his work cheerfully if slowly.

It was in mid-winter, just about this time, that a young friend came to pass a few days with the said master, and have a little hunting. Soon after his arrival the crack pack of the country were at their crack fixture, for which the best in the stud were reserved. The morning was just what all hunting mornings should be, but, alas! are not; one of those which make it a pleasure even to ride to covert; an exhilarating day, in which it requires great moral courage and resolution to keep from 'larking,' taking short cuts, or doing any of the hundred and one foolish things which the unwise are continually perpetrating, and men of understanding studiously avoid. The friends started in the frame of mind vouch-

safed to those who have the immediate prospect of pleasure before them ; but, alas ! that black care which, according to Horace, sits behind the horseman, was not so far from the cantles of their saddles as they imagined. Scarcely a mile had been covered ere the visitor's horse fell so lame that to proceed was impossible, and to get him home a work of no little difficulty—one of those provoking lamenesses that come on without rhyme or reason, and the cause for which it is so hard to discover. There, however, it was, that was a fact there was no disputing ; and another equally disagreeable fact was, that there was nothing in the stable to fall back upon, for neither one nor the other were owners of large studs. What hunters they owned had recently undergone hard days, and were by no means fit to come again so soon ; so that it was with rueful countenances that they sat consulting what was to be done.

‘Rasper might come again,’ suggested the guest, but the host shook his head, and reminded him of the filled foreleg, and how very gingerly he had run out that morning. No, it would not do ; it was very certain that to ride him would be to reduce him to the state of his stable companion. Then the grey's back was so tender that to put a saddle on him yet would be to risk throwing him up for a month or more. The host was in no better situation ; he had no horse but the one he was on, and which he offered to give up to his friend, a thing which the latter would by no means hear of.

‘Well,’ said he at length, running his eye over his friend, ‘you aren't very heavy, and the old horse might carry you to the meet and back without falling down. It is a pity you should not see our crack pack, and the pick of the country, if you cannot see the run.’

No sooner said than done ; they returned as quickly as they could, and the old horse once more felt the pigskin and big plain snaffle that had been strangers to him for years. The delay caused them to be late at the meet, so that when they arrived the hounds were already in covert, and people were more intent on getting a good start for themselves than criticising their neighbours' horses ; hence the appearance of the ancient bay in the field again escaped all notice for the time, even amongst those who were old enough to remember his former prowess. The Master, who hunted his own hounds, was one of the quiet sort, and the covert a largish woodland, so that every one had enough to do to know what was going on, and keep within a respectable distance of the hounds as they drew.

A very good guide, however, was the old horse's owner, who had hunted there from boyhood, and he said to his friend, ‘If we find here, the fox is pretty well sure to break at yonder corner where the first whip is, with such a wind as this, and we had better get on there quietly ; but we must keep out of sight, or the Master will be down on us with one of his cutting remarks, that are ten times worse to bear than a blowing up, if he finds of it.’ Accordingly they took up a position well within the covert, and out of sight, but which gave them a commanding view over that side of the country,

about forty yards from Jack, the whip. In a quarter of an hour or so a hound spoke, then another, and almost before they had caught the sound Jack, with a sort of involuntary motion, raised his cap from his head and held it aloft, though as far as he knew there was no one to see it. 'He has got a view,' said the host. 'Keep quiet, and we shall see him in a minute.' True enough they did; for as he spoke a beautiful dog-fox came into sight, striding across the large field of young clover that bounded the covert. As soon as he was well over the fence Jack replaced his cap, and gave a 'view halloa' that made the old horse prick his ears and snatch at his bridle. 'Now,' said the host, 'there is a green lane runs from here to —— nearly straight; if you get into it and trot along you can see most of the fun so far, and we will then determine what can be done afterwards.' Almost as he spoke the hounds broke covert with a crash of music like a brass band, and then, dropping their sterns, raced away mute as mice, for the day had not belied its character, and there was a burning breast-high scent. Our friend made the best of his way to the green lane, and was about to open a gate into it, when to his astonishment he found himself safe and sound on the other side; the old horse had jumped it. 'By Jove,' thought he, 'I must have a cut in presently, if you jump like that;' and who could wonder, for away on his right they were running best pace over the open. In fact, to use the words of Parson Louth—

'They found in such style, and went off at such score,
That he couldn't resist the desire to see more,'

and scuttled away up the lane at a rattling pace in his anxiety to keep them in view. Alas! for a time it was all in vain, for, bearing more and more to the right, an intervening hill at length hid them from view, and he was fain to pull up and trot along steadily, thinking the fun was over for the day, and cursing the luck which kept him out of it and put him on an old broken-down screw, just when he had thought his best horse so well and fit to go. He was nearing the covert his friend had spoken of as a likely point for them to make to, where he determined to pull up and wait, knowing he was well down wind, when his nag pricked his ears and again quickened his pace; then the light notes of hounds running in the distance were borne on his ear, and very quickly the figures of three or four horsemen rose up against the sky-line. Quietly he pulled up in the shelter of a high hedge, and scanned the country to try and catch a view, but in vain, for the old dog-fox so took advantage of hollows and hedgerows that, although he must have gone within a hundred yards, not a glimpse did he catch of him.

The hounds were quickly there also, and with them the Master, and just a few of those who had been able to live in the first flight. The first to arrive, of course, was the whip—in fact, it was his intention to have preceded the fox, and cut him off from the covert, which he knew was full of pug's relations and friends, had his nag's pace been equal to the task, but hard and quick as he came to his point, the

turn away behind the hill, when he unadvisedly left the straight course to take his place once more with the pack, beat him, and though he strained every nerve to rectify his mistake, and recover lost ground, when he arrived 'bloody with spurring, fiery hot with speed,' it was all too late, and the fox was already in the depths of one of the thickest coverts in the hunt, though, fortunately, it was not a very large one. As the earths were all stopped, Jack of course made his way to the far side, and there waited, well out of sight, to see that the hounds did not go away with a fresh fox, and leave their hunted one behind them. Thither the rider of the old horse also followed him. Round the wood like a hurricane the pack drove three or four times, making the trees ring again, and bringing down the few withered leaves that the November frosts and rains had spared. Presently a fox reaches the edge of the covert, looks cautiously round, and, seeing the coast clear, breaks over the open. Our friend has hunted enough to know that a halloo given too soon will head him, but not long enough to know a fresh fox from a hunted one, so as soon as he is out of sight he pulls himself together to give a rattling 'Gone away,' but Jack has his eye on him, makes a gesture for silence ere it can come out, and then says, 'That ain't our fox, sir; you sit quiet, and leave the holleren 'to me, and you will see the hunted one in a minute.' A few more anxious moments, and away goes a second, but Jack still sits like a statue, with a quiet smile on his countenance, as much as to say, 'I have got your photograph for another day when we want you, 'my friend, but you may go now.' Round come the pack again, and as they near the outside the hunted fox, tired and stiff, with arched back, lolling tongue, and drooping brush, makes his appearance, and sets his head for the open to seek another shelter. Ere he is ten yards from the boundary ditch, Jack goes at him, cracking his whip, and shouting 'Tally-ho!' as if he meant to catch him and eat him, and the poor brute faces short back to the covert again. It appears nothing can save him now, the pack are nearly at the edge of the covert as he slips in, and with them before him, and Jack behind, die he must, as no doubt the latter intended he should. But no! instead of the smothered worry he expected, the leading hounds flash out on the line, and he meets them with a 'Tally-ho 'back! get away back!' and a rate or two. A young one is opening on another line in the covert, and to him they all go with a rush; while the whip, uttering curses, not loud but deep, goes also to try and get to their heads again. What had become of the hunted fox? Why, finding himself in the midst of his foes, he dropped into a deep drain, just inside the covert, crawled under the brambles, and there waited until they had been twice over him, then made his point good, and was away for another stronghold, three miles off, where there was a head of earths. The stranger, however, who was so thunderstruck at what he thought was the insane proceeding of Jack (being under the impression that hunting foxes, and not murdering them, was what people went out for: he did not know, as Jack

did, that the country beyond was very heavy and stiff, and the latter's horse a bit of a musician), that he had not moved, now made amends to himself for his enforced silence. In fact, he made such a row that he soon had huntsman, whips, and hounds all round him, and an old bitch hitting the line, they were away, almost before he could answer the queries as to what he had seen. Then came another rattling ten minutes, for those who were quick enough to get a start, and finally half a dozen of them reached one of those nasty deep lanes which are the curse of the country; they are bad to get into, unless you find a gate handy, or fall, which is certainly the quickest method of reaching them, but still worse to get out of; a deep ditch, an upright bank as high as village church, and a stiff fence on the top want doing, you must allow, even with a swing at them, but try it out of a crowded narrow lane, and see what exertion it takes to get over. Into one of these places the hounds ran with their fox almost in view, and out again on the opposite side, and into it the few still holding a place followed them, by means of a convenient gate. 'Now, who gives us a lead out?' said the Master, on his second horse, a question the stranger answered by landing the old bay quietly on the bank, and then over the stiff live beech hedge on the top, scarcely touching a twig. 'Well, we must go if that old trapper can jump it,' said the Master again, taking hold of his brown, and giving him a very strong hint with the Latchfords. A big jump at the bank, a heavy crash through the fence follow, the M.F.H.'s boots are seen describing a kind of catherine-wheel by those in the road, and they have a capital view of the brown's hind shoes and tail while he is disentangling himself from the strong growers. Half a mile on the game good fox succumbs to his fate, after as smart a gallop as has been seen in the country for years, and once more, and for the last time, the old bay has landed his rider first at the finish. The Master came next, declaring he was never more deceived in his life at being so got down, and the rest, having found a gate out of the lane as well as into it, crept up *longe intervallo*, with open nostrils and shaking tails. The Master had to conduct the obsequies himself, for Jack was busy, a mile or two back, supporting his horse's head until he could be dug out of a deep boggy drain, and the owner of the bay had never been in the second burst at all. The fence out of the lane was the old horse's last leap. He never felt pigskin again, and ere another hunting season came round, had become so feeble, that he died as all hunters should do, and passed the ordeal of the kennel boiler, thus giving no one the opportunity, had they been so minded, to place R. I. P. over his remains. The Master of the hounds has, however, not yet forgotten the fence out of the lane, and occasionally has to endure a little good-humoured chaff at having been got down by the old trapper.

ALL ABOUT THE CRACK OF A WHIP.

THERE is in one of the beautiful down country districts in England a church, and to that church there is a parson; also two churchwardens, and under their special guardianship there are five litters of fox cubs within a mile of the church. The poultry bills being carefully attended to, the life of a fox is held sacred by all, except the huntsman and the hounds, who at the proper times and seasons carry out the sentence of sporting law, and return triumphant with the brush, the pads, and sometimes the head of Mr. Reynard deceased, if he has died very game and deserves immortality. Being myself tied to London from October till August, it is thirty-one years ago—when on a short visit in the late Mr. Assheton's country, at Easter—since I set eyes on a pack of hounds until the early part of last September, when I heard the crack of a whip about 7 o'clock, A.M., and on looking out of the window I beheld a noble pack of hounds coming down a lane, and the red coats of the huntsmen and whips (who were coming along at that peculiar ambling trot known only to huntsmen and whips) appearing and disappearing between the trees. How many years did that crack of the whip and the sight of the huntsmen and the hounds throw me back, to days when I was a child, about the height of the hounds, and saw the same sight, and remarked to my nurse, 'What a many dogs.'

The huntsmen drew up in front of the vicarage garden, to inquire after the health of the cubs, and to show his hounds to the parson's children, and to arrange about the parson taking a puppy on walk for the winter; and then, on as fine a September morning as ever came out of the heavens, we went on foot for a mile to some rising ground above the coverts where some of the wards of the church were supposed to be, and were joined by the two churchwardens, who never neglect their secular duties. The farmers, one and all, agreed that times were never so bad; but somehow they were most of them pretty well mounted, and one of the churchwardens, whose hospitality is only exceeded by the heartiness of his welcome, has a stackyard and a supply of agricultural machinery the value of which I should remarkably like to put into my pocket.

When the Dutch first went to New York, according to Knickerbocker's history, they hailed the inhabitants in Low Dutch, the consequence of which was that the aborigines retired into the woods, and were never heard of again. I believe that if any one were to trust me with the horn, I should make such an infernal blast that every hound would put his tail between his legs, and howl with anguish and cut home; or if any one were to intrust me with a lot of gamecocks for the purpose of fighting a main, I should not have the remotest idea what to do with them, and I think I should turn the lot into the lions' den in the Zoo, with two or three amorous hens, and let them fight it out. I know nothing about field sports, except cricket and fishing (if the latter can be called a field sport), or finding game with a good dog, after the manner of our fathers. I distinctly state that in writing this I do not pretend to any knowledge

of the noble art of hunting, and I am writing about something of which I know next to nothing. I was not 'called on to oblige 'on the horn' (as the cads say), and had there been any necessity for a volunteer, there was a grand old man on horseback on the hill, by whose horse I was standing, who would have given a good blast of a horn, and have found a fox and have killed him even against the Rev. J. Russell; and I should like to see my old friend and the distinguished parson whose biography you are publishing hunt a good pack on alternate days for a week. I think my old friend's fingers itched to handle the horn and work the covert. By-the-by, the Rev. J. Russell, in connection with his biography in 'Baily,' came on the *tapis*, and a story was told of him as follows: He took a service for a friend in a strange parish, and the parish clerk apologised for not having an appropriate hymn, not knowing that the old sportsman was coming; and he said, 'If I had knowed as you 'were a-coming, Parson Russell, I should have had the hymn—

'As pants the hart for cooling streamms (streams)
When *hated* (heated) in the *cheuce* (chase).'

I saw my veteran old huntsman in church on Sunday. He is in his 85th year, and it would puzzle any one to find a halier, more upright old man, or a more thorough nature's gentleman. Health is written on his face. I called on him the next day, and as it was raining hard he was amusing himself by sawing wood, and his account of himself is that he cannot find words to express his thankfulness for his wonderful health and strength. He was huntsman to the Duke of Grafton, the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, and the late Mr. Assheton Smith. Over the mantelpiece of his comfortable sitting-room, which is ornamented by more than one brush of a gallant fox, and a head or two of those foxes which have earned immortality, hangs, framed and glazed, a five-pound note which the Prince of Wales, when a young man, gave him on the occasion of his hunting with the Tedworth hounds. Need I say that his name is George Carter? He has had seventeen children, and I believe, almost without exception, all the sons are huntsmen or whips. Now don't you envy me (who know nothing of foxhunting), Mr. Baily, my first, and probably my last, lesson in foxhunting from the lips of that old Nimrod as I stood by his horse's bridle? Upon my word, when I saw the figure of that grand old man on his horse on that fine autumn morning, on the hillside, standing out against the sky-line of the magnificent downs, which look like a solid Atlantic, over which he had hunted so many hundreds of times, it was like the picture of the old Duke (by Landseer) on the field of Waterloo, describing the battle. Was it from etiquette I wonder—I never asked him—that he did not go down to the covert-side, but placed himself on an eminence a quarter of a mile off to view the battle from afar, without a semblance even of advising or interfering with his old hobby, which had reverted to a younger man?

'I don't think,' said my mentor, 'that they will get a cub away 'to-day, sir. 'They may kill one in covert, or rattle out an old fox.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when we saw something stealing along the hillside, a long way off, out of the covert. 'It is a hare! No, by Jove, it is a fox!' The churchwarden sighted him first, and when it was beyond doubt that it was a fox, the parson, who, when preaching, can be heard in the vicarage garden, gave the view holloa! in a voice which, like the beacon fire (*à la* Macaulay), might

'Have roused the shepherd of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu,'

and which was instantly responded to by the huntsman. But the old fox was too many, and with a very long start he slipped down a tremendous thick hedge, and probably returned to the place from whence he came.

There is no history attached to the hunting. The hounds killed one cub and drew two or three coverts, but as the old huntsman prophesied, they could not get a cub to break, though several were 'on foot.' And so, at 10 o'clock, a homeward movement was made, after satisfactory proof that there were plenty of foxes; and the huntsman having very judiciously drawn a covert belonging to the churchwarden, and near his house, last, it was the fault of every one who was out, whether lord or commoner—for they were both sorts—if he did not refresh the inner man with those creature comforts that only a good old-fashioned English farmhouse can provide.

Mr. Baily, where you find the most popular sport in a county innocently encouraged in the parish by those who are its natural guardians, you will generally find a quiet, well-appointed church, with a parson who never shirks his work, good schools, and no encouragement to vice or immorality in any way, and a total absence of cant, humbug, or controversy. A parson who encourages hunting and works with his farmers and parishioners, and a hunting parson, are two very different things. An occasional run with the hounds, and attending every meet to the neglect of the parish, are totally opposite to each other. Nothing does more good to cricket than having a parson or two on either side, and nothing gives a man more influence in a parish than falling in with the innocent pleasures which give so many employment and amusement. Only witness the happy faces as the hounds come through a village for the first time, and see the cottage doors all thrown open and hear the cry of 'Mooother, mooother, here be the hounds!' and watch the village beauty smooth her hair back and pretend not to see the second whip, who gives her what is 'carnally called' a knowing wink and a smile, and see her rush away from the door and reappear at an upper window which gives a more commanding view, for which action, doubtless, some odd 'tabby' might call her a 'bold minx.' Ay, hear and see these things, and don't tell me that innocent sports do not break the monotony of life amongst all classes.

Though, by-the-by, talking of neglect of parishes, I wonder what becomes of the parishes in which the over-righteous Puritan parsons,

who think all village sports the way to perdition, reside, when the incumbents come to London to blackguard the poor old Pope at Exeter Hall, or to convert the Chinese or the Ring-tailed Indians? They forget, possibly, that in their own parishes the cesspools are running into the wells, and that cottages are overcrowded, and people are dying of fever from neglect of social reform, whilst they are listening to their own voices in London, and gloating over their names in the papers—which excitements to them are exactly the same in effect as a run with the hounds, or a cricket match, is to others of their clerical brethren, who know their home duties and do them. They talk about the alarming spread of immorality in their parishes, in which, from the 1st of January till the 31st of December, they never promote any amusement whatever without addresses and psalm-singing, which—though very good in the right place—bore every one to death as a perpetual feast. It is the old story of *toujours perdrix, toujours la Reine*. These men, who, independently of their abhorrence of field sports, generally are guiltless of any taste for music, painting, or art, and who possess not an idea beyond droning through their noses, practically resign the parish to the beer-shop and skittle alley. These are the class who hold a candle to the devil by going to the Crystal Palace pantomime, in which the London ballet-girls in their questionable habiliments *qua* decency, according to the views of simple country folks, exhibit themselves, but who would not enter a London theatre to save their lives, and who look upon actors and actresses as ‘booked.’

There is an anecdote of a parson’s children which is perfectly true. The parson had a puppy on walk, and of course it was the pet of the children, and by the children’s earnest entreaty the puppy was forgiven for a thousand peccadilloes, such as bringing all the boots and shoes, hair brushes, &c., out of the bedroom, and scattering them about the lawn. A gentleman meeting two little girls out with the puppy, said,

‘Is that your puppy, Mabel?’

MABEL (*ætat* 7). ‘No, it belongs to the hunt, sir, and we are ‘keeping it till March.’

GENTLEMAN. ‘What is its name?’

MABEL. ‘Wapid, sir’ (Rapid).

[Mr. Baily, please observe that little pitchers have long ears, and repeat what they hear without knowing its meaning, or how could Edith, Mabel’s sister, *ætat* 6, have volunteered the following remark?]

EDITH—a matter-of-fact little woman—(thoughtfully). ‘Yes, sir, ‘Wapid by Wadical (Radical) *out of Ncedful!*’

So you see, Mr. Baily, through your kindness having been introduced to the Rev. John Russell last summer, and having again met my old friend George Carter, I have in one year ‘held discourse,’ as Mr. Pepys would say, with two of the greatest and oldest huntsmen alive.

Mitcham.

F. G.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—January: Its Joys and Revels.

THERE are times and seasons, and this is one of them, when we feel thankful that the 'Van' is not a comic journal, one of those productions in which life is made to appear a huge jest, and the cares and worries thereof are entirely ignored. True, we must not be lugubrious in 'Baily,' but then we need not be gay unless the spirit moves us in that direction. And really the outer world, politically and socially, the world of Downing Street and St. Stephen's, and the world of the clubs, is not so lively that we can find anything in it to rouse our spirits and stir our imagination. The New Year's birth was not a festive occasion, however hard we tried to make it one. Shadows of doubt and perplexity were on men's minds; the good wishes for the season sounded hollow; there was a spectre at our banquets that would not be laid, and the thoughts of even that lounging, sauntering world which is bounded on one side by Hyde Park Corner, and the other by the Guards' Memorial—that world which spends its time as did the Athenians of old, in seeking and inquiring after some new thing—even this hardened community, in its intervals of whist, poker, nap, and loo, evidently felt that there was something wrong. The times, what with bloody war, commercial depression, strikes, and a terrible tightness in the money market, were out of joint, and the cursed spite was that the loungers and saunterers could see no way to setting it right. But then wiser heads than theirs found that a difficulty also.

The weather, too, was against us. Very charming for hunting men going like great guns with the Quorn, and the Pytchley, as well as in all countries where hound and horn are heard, but simply abominable for Londoners. Their woes are never, we believe, taken into consideration, however much they are expected to sympathise with Sir Harry Hieover and Lady Florry Firstflight, when they are driven up from Melton by the frost. It is generally expected of us poor Cockneys that we compose our faces to a decent sadness when Sir Harry in the smoking-room tells us of his string stopped in their work just as he had got them fit, or Lady Florry solacing herself by a fifth visit to the 'Pink Dominos,' or a box at the Alhambra (with a little supper at the Town House *in prospectu*), dilates on the women she has cut down, and the men she has knocked over—and now how her career of triumph is checked. A chapter might be written on the discomforts of Londoners in what is called 'fine open weather,' when like Noah's dove they find no dry place for their feet, and fog and mud are the masters of the situation. But who cares for Cockney disagreeables? Have they not their clubs, their theatres, their poker and their loo—these wretched beings who spend their lives in London streets? What matters it what becomes of them?

So we perforce fall back on the pleasures that are all our own. They are not bad. The 'Van' Driver has before in these pages expressed his liking for a stall in the fourth row from the front at the Alhambra as being a desirable position in which you can at the same time hear the charming melodies arranged by M. Jacobi (can he be Mr. Jacobs under that assumed name?), and see the colour of the *corps de ballet's* boots. It was at the close of an unusually dull day, and after a modest repast at that unfashionable restaurant, the Cow and Snuffers, that he found himself in his favourite position, prepared to take in the sights and sounds of 'Wildfire,' to listen to Mr. Harry Paulton's jokes, and the melodious *roulades* of Miss Pattie Laverne and Miss Lennox Grey, to watch the muse of the many twinkling feet who has for her

followers the bounding Pertoldi, the glissading Sismondi, while the displays of agility by those charming though minor divinities, Rosa, Richards, and Gillert, leave little to be imagined or desired. Apart from some lively and well arranged music, for which we are indebted to Offenbach, Lecocq, Hervé and Co., 'Wildfire' is one of the most brilliant spectacles which the Alhambra, so fertile in its splendid combinations of colour, so rich in legs and limelight, has ever exhibited. The ballet of the second act, 'les Gardes Françaises,' is about the very prettiest ballet ever seen. Whether the uniforms of the Gardes are historically correct we are unable to say. Much terpsichorean licence is no doubt allowable, but the red-coated and black-gaitered brigade struck us as very charming though at the same time dangerous opponents. We had occasion some two or three months back to comment not too favourably on the members of the *corps de ballet* taken as a body. There seemed to us a falling off, or perhaps we might more correctly say, a too great coming on—a redundancy in that form and figure which according to lady novelists ought to be 'lithe and lissome.' We are pleased now to add that this fault, if it existed, has been amended, and the Alhambra is itself again. Nothing beyond an agreeable plumpness meets the eyes of our dear friend Methuselah as with riveted *lorgnette* he follows the movements of the leading coryphées, inclines his eye now to the bounds of the little Richards, is entranced the next moment by the lighter touches of Rosa, the abandon of Gillert. Happy Methuselah! He only looks sad when the act drop falls. Then there is another ballet in the last act, gorgeous in gold and colour, but not to our thinking to be compared to that of the 'Gardes Françaises,' and then there is a transformation scene, after which all nice people come away. But 'Wildfire' is a thing to be seen.

Whether our playwrights and adapters of other men's goods are correct in supposing that English audiences of the present day are so puritanical that they will not bear the slightest reference to illicit passion, or forgive the slightest lapse in conjugal love, we much doubt. An experiment was made on our supposed susceptible feelings in this respect when Mrs. Bancroft gave us 'Peril,' and the weakness and frailties of poor humanity were represented with just a little toning down to pacify Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Brown. True, the heroine meant no wrong. She only dabbled with her feet, so to speak, in the waters of lawless passion, and recovered herself in time.

But when his wicked eyes appear,
And when we know for what they winked so,
One must be very stupid, dear,
To let him hurt you; don't you think so?

The young gentleman in 'Peril' showed his 'wicked eyes,' and the lady extinguished him forthwith. Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Brown were rather alarmed at one scene, but 'Peril' drew—not quite such a run as the 'Pink Dominos,' but still a very good one. In one of the last adaptations, however, that of 'Patrie' at the Queen's, the adapter feeling, we suppose, that the heroine Dolores was such an extremely out-and-out young woman—too bad for Mrs. Perkins and her friend—has made her an equally incomprehensible character. He has put into her mouth her brazen avowal that she is an adultress, but has made her lover solemnly contradict her; and in the last act the outraged husband forgives her, and she enters a convent an interesting penitent. This is the Dolores of 'Fatherland' our readers will of course understand, not the Dolores of M. Sardou, and no wonder that that accomplished dramatist feels indignant at the liberties Mr. Labouchere has taken with his play. Well was it remarked in the 'Athenæum' that

'a piece which has more genuine dramatic fibre than any play written during 'the last decade is thus converted into inanity.' It is indeed an admirable play, and even in the emasculated version which it is essayed to thrust down our throats at the Queen's, there is still left much to admire. Mr. Labouchere has pared the play down in places where the pruning-knife was not needed, and *vice versa*. Much interesting matter has been excised, and some scenes quite unnecessary to the action of the plot have been retained. We wish we could speak in better terms of the acting, but with one exception, Mr. Herman Vezin's portrait of the Duke of Alva, the representation was most inadequate. The exigency of circumstances gave the part of Dolores to Miss Henrietta Hodson, an artiste who has often charmed us, as she will no doubt again, but here had a burden laid upon her which she was quite incapable of bearing. There was a monotonous representation of Count Rysoor, the husband, a very loud one of Karloo, the lover. Mr. Shiel Barry gave an artistic sketch of Jonas the bellringer, and we may add the drama is splendidly mounted. With a version more true to the original, and with a company adequate to the task of representing it, 'Fatherland' would have been a success. Mr. Labouchere, by the aid of advertisements and sneers at the critics, tries to make it one now. We trust he will attain his end.

We wanted something enlivening after 'Fatherland,' and so betook ourselves with two young and fair friends one bright morning to Alexandra Palace, where rumour told us we should see 'the best pantomime in London.' And rumour was right. It was in the first place rather surprising to see how bright and cheery the Palace looked in midwinter. To be sure, the sun was shining and flooding the central hall, the statues of the kings, the bare backed steeds in the hippodrome, the spangles of the Bounding Brothers of Bermondsey, the lions, the flaxen curls of 'Georgiana' with light, so we saw it under the most favourable circumstances. How snug and cheery looked the dining-room too, with its large fireplace, and where at a table near the window we prepared the inner man for the fatigues of the pantomime, and introduced our young friends to the excellent *cuisine* of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts. The view from the windows reminded us, bar the flowers on the terrace, of meets of the Four-in-Hand and C.C., and we half expected to see 'the Duke,' or 'Sugar' Candy, or Meysey Thompson, or 'Charley' Carington appear in the doorway. But they are thinking not of coaching yet, and are most of them going well with that other Duke down in Leicestershire, where the last three are very bad we hear to beat. But our young friends are glancing very anxiously at the clock; they want to miss not a line of St. George, or a whisk of the Dragon's tail, and not even the lightest and most delicate of omelettes will tempt them to dally longer at table. They dispose of their Pommery-Greno, though, let us do them that justice, and then we find ourselves in the well arranged stalls. A much prettier pantomime, or one better put upon the stage, we have rarely seen. *Our* pantomime days, in the true enjoyment of the term, are past, but still there is much to appreciate in good scenery, tasteful costumes, and not bad-looking women. The transformation scene—the flight of the swallows—is as near perfection as transformation scene can be, the idea poetical, and well carried out by the inventor. Moreover the harlequinade was really, thanks to the Paynes and Mr. John Lauri, laughable, and worth stopping for, instead of having to make a rush for it when the last pot of red fire is lighted in the transformation scene. The Alexandra pantomime is worth the journey there to see.

Of course the theatrical event of the month has been the production of 'Dora' under the title of 'Diplomacy' at the Prince of Wales's. That the

great expectations formed of it, as a play, have been quite realised is perhaps saying too much. The plot is a strained one, a fault that may be found with more than one of M. Sardou's brilliant comedies. The adaptation, too, of the gentlemen who under the pseudonyms of Bolton Row and Savile Row (thinly veiling Clement Scott and Charles Stephenson) have prepared 'Dora' for the Prince of Wales's, is open to the objection that though they have altered the names of some of the *dramatis personæ* and made them English men and women, they still remain essentially French. But with this our faultfinding, such as it is, ends. 'Diplomacy' is one of the cleverest dramas we have seen for some time on English boards. If the plot be strained, its skilful manipulation makes us half forgetful of the defect. Probably M. Sardou has no equal, certainly no superior, in construction. He revels in plot and counter-plot, delights in the wheel within wheel, is great in dexterous surprises, and when the knot looks most complicated, cuts it in the most unexpected way. The great scene, the *scène des trois hommes* as it was called in Paris, where Count Orloff has to relate his belief that he owns his arrest to the treachery of Dora, and has to relate it, too, to her husband, while the brother of the latter, the cool and skilful diplomatist, essays to act the part of mediator—one of the most telling and effective situations ever seen on the stage—is splendidly given, and never fails to rouse the house. Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Clayton, and Mr. Kendal, are its exponents, and we can hardly say which we admired most, perhaps Mr. Bancroft. He told his unpleasant story with wonderful forbearance. One could see that the words were being dragged out of him. Mr. Kendal was French more than English in his emotion; but still he went through his arduous *rôle* with a display of power such as we have never before seen in him. Mr. Clayton was admirable as the diplomatist. To say that Mr. Arthur Cecil as Baron Stein, the Russian spy, gave us a wonderful picture of a smooth villain under the guise of a gentleman is hardly saying enough. We ought to have called it a cabinet portrait, so finished is it in every detail. Mrs. Bancroft selected an unpleasant character, that of the adventuresome Countess Zicka, but her genius triumphed over the difficulties and disagreeables, and we forgot them as we listened. Mrs. Kendal as Dora we have seen to greater advantage, but still she is charming in the tender and womanly passages. In the scenes with her husband she hardly touched the audience as she might have done. The small part of Algie Fairfax was rendered by Mr. Sugden as that actor does everything he touches, and Miss Le Thiere as the Marquise de Rio Zares had found a *rôle* which fitted her to a nicety. On the whole the acting was as near perfection as we can expect from one company, and that it was put on the stage in the completest manner need hardly be added. The world will need no bidding to flock to 'Diplomacy.' It has all the elements of a great success, and that rather dreadful thing to playgoers—a great run.

Mr. Mapleson has reopened Her Majesty's Theatre for a season of English opera, with a representation of Baron von Flotow's 'L'Ombra,' translated and adapted for the English stage by Gilbert á Beckett. It has been a popular work in Paris the last eight years; but whether its claims to merit will be fully appreciated here remains to be proved, for as yet opinions vary like those of doctors who disagree, and it is to be hoped the opera won't share the fate of the patient under the same circumstances. The scene of action is laid in Languedoc during the reign of Louis XIV., and the plot by this time will we think be familiar to most of our readers. It is very slight, and the libretto suffers much by translation; but the whole interest hinges on the escape from death of the young Count Rollescourt, and the incidents which befall him, under his assumed guise of sculptor and artist in a remote village to which he

flies for refuge. Here a young widow sets her cap at him, the doctor become his bosom friend, and the inevitable young heroine only is wanting, who, of course, chance brings to his door at the right moment. These four characters form the *dramatis personæ* of the opera, in which the comic element is well carried out by Madlle. Bauermeister, who represented the sprightly widow, and sang the leading part with correctness and skill. This lady possesses the style of a true artiste, and will be a valuable addition to the opera corps. Both she and Miss Purdy, who impersonated Giva, the heroine, are new to the London boards, and the latter lacks as yet what longer experience will no doubt give to her as an actress; but she was always graceful, her voice was full of pathos throughout, and the touching way she rendered the mezzo air, 'Hear my prayer,' met with a well-deserved *encore*. Mr. George Fox might do more with the buffo rôle of the doctor, and Mr. Talbo, as Count Rollescourt, did not make the most of his opportunities in a good part, though he has a nice tenor voice, and can sing the song allotted to him very fairly. 'The Phantom' (a misnomer, by-the-way, where there is nothing ghastly) is hardly likely to become so popular as our favourite 'Marta'; but there is much to recall that opera to one's mind in the overture, occasional *morceaux*, and the unaccompanied quartette, 'Approach, your places take,' which is delightfully piquant and harmonious. Mr. West Hill has his hands quite full with the orchestral accompaniments, and repetition will be an advantage to both band and those artistes who are not yet *au fait* in their parts. Meantime, we confidently intersperse those who enjoy bright sparkling music, with plenty of melody interspersed, to book themselves forthwith for Herr von Flotow's 'Phantom.'

Another of Mr. Byron's three act farces has been produced this time at the Globe, with Mr. Toole as the happy exponent of the fun and absurdity of the hero. 'A Fool and his Money' is not perhaps the best title that could have been found, but it suffices, and the piece brims over with those jokes and puns, that overflow of high spirits that have contributed so much to the success of the author as a playwright. Mr. Byron is always in such good humour with himself, his situations are for the most part natural, and if he does make the actions of his heroes and heroines sometimes forced, the play-going public have learned to forgive it. In Chawles, a servant made heir to his late master's property, Mr. Toole has a part which he makes all his own. His attempts to become a resident landlord at a place with an unpronounceable name in Wales, the miseries he suffers at the hands of a 'bard,' his descriptions of hunting and other field sports which he tries to follow, his ambitious love-making to the daughter of a neighbouring squire while his heart is really given to an old fellow-servant, and finally the relief with which he bids good-bye to his riches and greatness to descend to a public-house and his Mary—all this is most diverting and excites peals of laughter. Of course Chawles is the prominent character, but Mr. Righton, as a poor and pompous old gentleman anxious to marry his daughter to a rich man, was fairly amusing. We are inclined to vote Mr. Toole's picture of the butler as one of his happiest efforts. The Globe is crowded every night.

It is three or four years ago, we believe, since the strains of Offenbach made fashionable remote Islington, and the whilom Philharmonic Music Hall was crowded with people from the West End to listen to Soldene singing the 'Balcony' duet, applaud tumultuously the 'Gensdarmes,' and be enraptured with 'Sara.' But all of this is very likely to occur again, for Mr. Charles Head has again assumed the command of affairs, and with the theatre newly decorated, with artistic scenery, splendid dresses, and a thoroughly efficient company, introduces the old favourite to us again. Miss Alice May is now

Drogan, and there is a very decided acquisition in Miss Alice Burville, who sang the music allotted to the Duchess with very telling effect, her vocalism being remarkably finished. M. Lorédan was not quite up to Marius in Charles Martel, but Mr. J. A. Shaw as the Duke, though hardly here and there perfect in one or two of the solos, sang the rest of the music in masterly style, and showed much humour. There are heaps of pretty women as pages, citizens, and maids of honour, and there are some wonderful French dancers. If we remember rightly, the late lamented Sara made her *début* at the Philharmonic, at all events it was her home for some time, and Mr. Head no doubt wisely judged that he could not do better than try and supplement the fair Jewess by something equally good. From what we saw of Madlles. Louise and Olga on the opening night, their style may fairly be described as 'eccentric' in the fullest sense of the word, and we may add that Sara 'would not have 'been in it,' as we say on the Turf, with her present successors. Everything went off with great *éclat*, and we think Mr. Head may be congratulated on the enterprise and liberality which he has exhibited in the undertaking. We hope to see the Philharmonic crowded as of yore.

There is no racing news, and 'nothing doing' is the stereotyped utterance of Albert Gate and the Victoria. The Derby is a dead letter, and the only event that excites a languid interest is the Croydon Hurdle Race. This wants a deal of fanning to, chiefly supplied by zealous sporting newspapers which go through the form of the favourites and essay to stir up would-be backers to a plunge. But backers appear to take a deal of stirring; and seeing that the race is not run until the 13th of March, they show, we think, an unwonted wisdom therein. Hesper and Scamp have been made the favourites in what betting there is, and Cannon is reported to be very fond of the former, going already like great guns at Newmarket. Some of the 'great guns,' by-the-way, have been nearly going off the hooks at the metropolis of the Turf, a strange sort of epidemic having gone through many of the stables. Matthew Dawson lost a promising young one, and fears were entertained at one time for some of the older celebrities, but we believe the plague has now been stayed. There is a rumour, but on what foundation we are ignorant, that Beauclerc will not run for the Derby, and there is the usual story of the 'clever' men who are always ready to lay. We really did not know that there were so many Derby books.

The Grand Military repeat their pleasant visit to Sandown this year, and the 8th and 9th of March is the fixture. The Household Brigade again join forces with their brethren of the cavalry and the line, and from the programme just issued by Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, we have every reason to expect two good days' sport. Major Dixon, the Hon. Sec., has introduced some judicious attractions in the conditions for the Veteran Stakes, which we think will bear fruit. Non-commissioned officers and soldiers in uniform are to be admitted to the Park free—a liberal and graceful concession.

The Sandown Club has also issued its own programme for the year, and an ample and attractive one it is. Six meetings, as in last year; the first being fixed for the 26th and 27th of this month, comprise three of the club proper, while, as we have just mentioned, the soldiers will be there in March, and in addition their brethren of the Royal Artillery will hold their one day meeting on the 6th of April. Twenty-six acres of land have this year been added to the Park for the purpose of improving the course, and every attention had been paid to it by Mr. Hwfa Williams, the manager. Year by year does the popularity of Sandown Park increase, and the conviction gains ground that for the enjoyment of racing there is no place like it. The list of members, we see, has increased too, for the smart little volume just issued from

Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook's office is thicker by many pages than the one for last year. So Sandown flourishes.

Arrangements are being completed for the coaching season, which this year promises to be an unusually good one. The best news we have heard is that Mr. W. H. Cooper will again be on the road. Not wishing to interfere with the Dorking, which is now in the same hands as last season, he has joined Mr. Walter Shoolbred and Mr. Luxmoor on the Guildford, about the prettiest road out of London, as last season it was about the best done. With such a co-partner as Mr. Cooper there will be nothing to be desired. The Windsor will, we believe, have its old proprietary; and there is talk of an afternoon coach to Virginia Water, to drive down to dinner at the good hotel there, a ramble by the lake, and return by moonlight—a pastoral and pretty idea, savouring somewhat of love-making and 'spooning.' 'Mr. Charles Hoare will take the Tunbridge road as far as Sevenoaks, at least, and in all probability will have a partner. Mr. Hargreaves will be on the Portsmouth road again, and the Watford and St. Alban's will also be occupied.

The Road Club, too, is going to start a coach, not a public one, but for the use of the members of the Club; a good idea, which, seeing the road can boast of many coachmen, ought to succeed. There will be a professional whip, under or alongside of whom the junior members may sit and learn; and the coach will be available of course for race meetings and other popular gatherings.

The Quorn have had their share of sport, having had several long runs as well as some very sharp bursts. On Monday, December 10th, they met at Six Hills, found a good fox at Cossington Gorse, ran him by Ragdale, Shoby Scholes, Lord Aylesford's covert, past old Dalby Village, through Holwell Mouth, to ground at Clawson Thorns. This was over a capital line, and only a little more scent was wanted to have made it quite a first-class run. On Friday, the 21st, after meeting at Beeby, they found first at Scraftoft, and soon ran to ground; then went off to Botany Bay, where they found again, and went away at a most terrific pace, none of the horses having a chance with them, by Quenby, pointing for Baggrave, but here turned and just got back to Hungerton Fox Holes, fifty yards in front of the hounds. After this they found at Barkby Holt, and had a nice gallop of half an hour, and then went home. On Monday, the 31st, they met at Widmerpool New Inn, found in Curates Gorse, went away by the Broughtons, over the Smite, which proved a stopper to most of the field, as it was very wide just at this part; however, Mr. Ernest Paget was the first to have a shy at it, and fell in; then Tom Firr went next and got clean over; then Captain Smith (there is but one Captain Smith), and these were the only two who did jump it. Several got in, and some found a place to scramble through. In the meanwhile the hounds were running merrily over the fine country pointing for Holwell Mouth, but leaving that on the right, they went on to Clawson Thorns, where they ran to ground after a very enjoyable gallop of thirty-five minutes. Later on they found again at Lord Aylesford's covert, and ran until dark. On Friday, January 4th, they were at Baggrave Hall, and found directly in the Prince of Wales Gorse, and ran to ground at Car Bridge. Then they went to Barkby Holt, found in the first quarter, and went straight away, pointing for Queniborough, then turned, leaving Barkby village to the right nearly to Scraftoft, by Humberstone, over the brook which requires jumping, by Barkby Thorp, and then nearly over the same line again. Foxes lie out very much about here, and fresh ones kept continually getting up in front of the hounds, who kept running from one to another for four

hours, until it was dark and they were stopped. This was an awfully hard day for hounds, but a capital day's sport. On Saturday, the 5th, they had a forest day from Ratby Burrows, finding in Martinshaw Woods, and killed in the Out Woods after a good hunting run of nearly three hours. On Thursday, the 10th, they had a bye-day at Beeby, first drew Scraftoft, where they soon found, and were quickly away up to the turnpike road, where the fox was headed, then by Ingarsby, and another turn brought them back to Botany Bay, through the Coplow, and over the hills beyond, where the hounds slipped away from the field in a most remarkable manner over the big grass fields at a great pace, Captain Pritchard-Rayner and Tom Firr up to this point cutting out the work, until the former had a tremendous fall over some very high strong rails in the corner of a field. Then came Lord Grey de Wilton, who stopped like a good Samaritan to see if he could lend any assistance, Captain Ashton, and Archer the jockey, who likes a ride over Leicestershire, and Wells the first whip, the hounds still running on as hard as they could go, never giving the rest of the field a chance of getting up to them, on by Skeffington, through Brown's Wood and Tugby Bushes, and killed at Loddington Redditch; and just before they ran into him some of Mr. Tailby's field thought it was his hounds, until they found out their mistake, they having had a capital run with their fox from Glooston Wood. This was a capital run of one hour and five minutes, the cream of it being the last half hour from the Coplow.

Mr. Tailby met that morning at Slawston, and after killing a fox found in a turnip field before he had got on his legs at Hallaton Fallowfield, went to Glooston Wood, and found a fine old dog-fox, which they ran over the Keythorpe Road, down to the Noseley brook, which four men charged and cleared, a handy bridge letting up the rest, raced on past Rolleston covert, where there was a check which was much needed, as most of the horses were quite blown after galloping so fast for quite five miles; but it was a very short one, for Summers soon hit off the line, and away they went again over the Skeffington Vale, the stiffest line in Leicestershire, over the Uppingham turnpike road to Skeffington Wood, but in a large grass field up went the hounds' heads, and the run was at an end, for then they saw the Quorn crossing their line from Billesdon Coplow and running into a fox at Loddington Redditch, which all thought was the one they had hunted, and Summers had so fairly merited. The time of this run was forty-five minutes, the distance about nine miles, or seven from point to point. Mr. Tailby, Captain Hunt, Captain Davison, Mr. Logan of Langton Grange, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kennard of Talbot House, Mr. Hay, junior, Mr. Underwood, on his grey (until he fell at the bottom under Skeffington), were well in front all the way.

But perhaps the best run of the season in the Shires up to the present time was with the Cottesmore on Saturday, January the 5th, from Ridlington. They first had a very fast spin over four fields to ground, and killed. After this they drew Wardley Wood, where they found directly, and came up and down those grassy mountains which are so trying to horses, over the Uppingham Road, through Quaker's Spinny, skirting Launde Wood, Owston Wood, through Whissendine and Ranksborough Gorse (immortalised in 'Baily' by Mr. Bromley-Davenport), to Cold Overton, thence to Knossington, Somerby, and Owston village, where the run was over. Never were horses more completely pumped and scattered all over the country, which was a very severe one, for not a single man got his second horse until quite the end, and then he was of little use to him. It was a hard job to get many of the horses home. The time was an hour and fifty-five minutes, and the distance not

far short of twenty miles. There was only a small field out, Lady Florence Dixie, and the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh of Kibworth Hall, being the only two ladies, but most of them stuck steadily to the hounds throughout this very severe run, until one exhausted horse after the other fell out.

After an absence of two months Lord Spencer returned to England at the end of December, and put in his first appearance on New Year's Day at Buttocks Booth, where he was keen as ever; but he denied himself the pleasure of coming to Yelvertoft the next day, devoting himself to sitting in a stuffy court at Northampton as Chairman of Quarter Sessions. On this day, which was exceedingly foggy, the Empress of Austria came from Cottesbrooke, attended by Captain Middleton, who is her regular pilot, and accompanied by the Count and Countess Larisch, who are living at Guilsborough Grange, and their son and daughter, Prince Lichtenstein, who has often hunted from Wansford, Count Clam-Gallas, who was over in this country last year; but their first day was a very bad one, the fog being so dense as to take away all pleasure of riding to hounds.

The Pytchley, however, have had good fair average sport. On Saturday, the 5th, they met at Harrington, and this day was signalised by a succession of accidents. They found a real good fox at Loatland Wood, where half the field were left behind; run by Desborough over the brook to Rothwell, up to which point Mr. Foster, on his good grey, cut out the work. Here the grief began. In the first place, many fell into the brook in trying to ford it, Mrs. Edward Corbett and another lady both falling into a hole in the attempt, as did also Major Orred; then Mrs. Oliver had a bad fall on the road which stunned her, and she was conveyed on a chair fetched from Desborough to Colonel Arthur's brougham, only to find that vehicle already converted into an 'ambulance containing Count Clam-Gallas, who had had a bad fall and broken his jaw, and in which he was taken home to Cottesbrooke. The Empress rode remarkably well, and a more truly bold, and at the same time really graceful rider to hounds has never been seen. There are many ladies in the Midlands who perhaps ride quite as boldly, but, as regards grace and elegance, she surpasses nearly all of them. All who had the pleasure of his acquaintance will lament the loss of Admiral Jones of Braunston. He was out with the Pytchley at Misterton on Wednesday, the 9th, and died on Friday, the 11th. A kinder-hearted man never lived, nor a keener sportsman, nor a bolder rider. He had ever a smile on his face, and a pleasant word for everybody. He will be much missed in the Pytchley county.

Mr. Oakeley's friends will be glad to hear that he is fast recovering from his accident, and that on most days he has been out in his phaeton with a second pair of horses in reserve, to coach him about the roads, so that he may see all that he can, which perhaps is quite as much as a good many others.

The Atherstone had a very good run on Saturday the 12th from Meriden Shafts, and a capital gallop on Friday the 18th, when they met at Brownsover after the Rugby Hunt Ball, finding at Coton House, and after running for a few fields to ground near Newton, and bolting him over the railway and the brook, which stopped a great many, they ran on by the side of the river at a great pace past Lilbourne, by Cathorpe Towers, to ground at Swinford.

Good sport seems to continue with the Vine, so that it was evidently a good day for that country when Mr. Beach engaged Jack West. On Thursday, January 3rd, they met at Hannington; found in Great Deans Wood, and killed in the open after a very good fifty-five minutes; then found another in the same wood, and after some good hard work in covert, got him away over

the open by Hannington Scrubbs, and over the downs towards Sparrowbills, where they lost, owing to an enthusiastic person taking off his cap and hollooming, so that West could never get the hounds to settle again. When will some people learn that in hunting, as on other occasions, that silence is golden? This was a good hunting run, one hour and twenty minutes, the last part of it being very fast.

The run of the season with Baron Rothschild's staghounds was on Thursday, January 10th, from Mr. Mead's farm at Dunton. The deer set its head straight for the Bicester country, going over Main's Hill and Marston Field, between Granborough and North Marston, under Hogshaw Hill, by Fullbrook farm up to Fine Moor Hill in the Claydon Woods, a wild district of old pasture land, where the draining tile has not yet superseded the deep ditches and natural water-courses of the country, and where the blackthorn knows how to grow. Horses did not get much of a pull in the sticky clay rides of the Claydons as the hounds rattled through those strong coverts. From thence the line was by Doddershall Wood to Ham Green, crossing Wotton Park and over Brill Hill to Boarstall, where the deer was safely taken, having made a point of between fourteen and fifteen miles. We are unable to give the exact time taken in doing the distance, as the time-taker was unfortunately thrown out, but we shall not be very far wrong in putting it at five-and-forty minutes up to the Claydons, and about one hour afterwards. This was as fine a run as ever was ridden to, and the bit of woodland gave the chase a flavour of fox-hunting.

It is some time since we have said anything about Mr. James Dear's harriers, which have had very good sport during the past month. On Thursday, the 3rd, they met by special invitation at Crawley Court, near Winchester, the newly-built handsome residence of Mr. Adam Kennard. Nearly one hundred horsemen were out, and with their first hare they had a capital fast and straight run over the best open country of thirty minutes, concluding with a 'cap' for Tom; and then another little gallop back to Crawley Court, where the hares were too numerous. Every one was much pleased, and said that if the first run had been with the foxhounds how the Hursley Magpie would have chattered. This country is eminently adapted for harriers, and we shall not be much surprised if Mr. Kennard, who has hunted in several countries and knows what good fox-hunting is with the V.W.H. and other first-rate packs, does not take to the harriers as keenly as Lord Gardner did when he lived in that neighbourhood.

On Saturday, the 5th, they had as good a run of one hour and fifty-five minutes as could be seen in any country after meeting at Ewhurst Park, and finding one of the right sort at Mr. Halton's covert. Foxes are said to be so short in the H.H. Tuesday country that we should not now be surprised to hear of a good many, like Messrs. James Martin and Tom Blake, preferring a good day with Jack West to walking about all over the country in search of a fox.

The H.H. have had some good runs this month. On the 7th of January they had a wonderful day's sport. The meet was at Chawton House; they found in Monk Wood, and ran very fast to near Kingsley, where they lost. They found again in Isington, and ran by Binstead, Ludcombe, leaving Wyke Copse on the right, to near Worldham, through Monk Wood, and killed in Peck Copse, after a most capital run; nearly all the horses had quite enough. The scent has not been good this season in covert; the scarcity of foxes in the Tuesday's country is greatly to be deplored, and there are other parts of the country that Mr. Deacon cannot draw till the coverts have been shot over, which curtails his cub-hunting and interferes with his drawing the first

part of the season. He is most popular, and if these disadvantages should cause him to retire, no other Master would be likely to undertake the country.

The Hambleton have been doing very well. On Boxing Day they had a very good run, from Orchard Copse over the Southwick country. On the 5th of January they met at Owselbury Down; they chopped a fox in Durwood, and whilst they were performing the funeral rites a fox was hallooed away. They hunted him round two fields to the plantation at the end of Durwood, when they set-to running, going through Presnau Park, Rabbit's Copse, and Sailor's Wood to Beacon Hill without a stop. Here they checked in a thick fog, but, by a most judicious cast of Mr. Long's, they hit him off and went down Beacon Hill, over the Exton and Warnford Flat to Arnold's Rows, on to Brookwood, over Brookwood Park; then on the left, leaving Jones's acre on the right, by Major's Farm to Beacon Hill, where the scent failed, and so finished the day. The first part of the run the pace was first-rate; the last part beautiful hunting. On Monday, the 21st, they met at Waterloo Inn, when they had the finest day's sport of the season over the Waterloo country to ground in forty minutes, and another run afterwards from Chalton Gorse.

A correspondent sends us the following from the Tedworth:—'Since my last letter to you the Tedworth have sustained a loss it will indeed be hard to replace by the death of Lord Ailesbury, who, besides owning both the hounds and horses, has been by far and away our most liberal supporter, though of late years he did not appear in the hunting-field. No doubt you will do his memory fuller justice elsewhere in your periodical.—On Thursday, the 3rd January, Sir Reginald Graham, when hunting the New Forest Hounds himself, had an exceptionally good run. The meet was that excessively pretty and popular one, Bratley Water. Drew the lower part of Slufter blank, but when the hounds were in the gorse outside a long, low, dark, wiry-looking customer was viewed stealing along the centre side. A halloo soon brought up Sir Reginald and his darlings, but the covert being a remarkably bad bit of scenting ground, enabled pug to get well on his legs before little "Matron" hit off his line in the open, when the pace soon let us know that we were in for a good thing. Facing the hill and down Pugpits, through Boldre Wood to the ruin, turning sharp to right he again faced the open and skirted Pugpits (outside which up jumped a fresh fox, but the bitches stuck to the hunted one), over the Southampton Road, by Ocknell Pond, nearly up to Fritham, turning to the left through Ocknell Wood, at the bottom of which we nearly left a well-known sportsman (whose hollloo is notoriously the best in the forest or neighbouring packs) in a bog; along Broomy, past some strong earths, which our gallant fox never deigned to try, on to Broomy Lodge, below which some sawyers turned him; over a five-acre grass field, into which the leading hounds had jumped before pug had negotiated the opposite fence. Now came a race back to Slufter, up to which point the hounds could not gain a yard. A tougher fox never yet held his own so bravely; through the enclosure over Bratley Bridge, past the Woodman's cottage, through Mark Ash into Boldre Wood, where they pulled down, exactly in one hour and a half, a varmint whose equal one rarely meets. Just as the hounds got hold of him, a fresh fox got up in the midst of them, but he slipped away unscathed and almost ignored. Under the circumstances, I almost wish the hounds had blooded themselves with him, and left our old friend to have given us another dart when he had got over his stiffness. Besides the Master, Lord Eslington, Sir Claude de Crespigny, General Parker, Messrs. Esdaile,

'Brouncker and Son, Juck, &c., had the good fortune to enjoy this undeniably 'excellent run.'

We are happy to record an instance of appreciation of talent and good conduct, gratifying alike to the givers as to the recipient, in the fact that Richard Roake, huntsman to the South Berks Hounds (Mr. Hargraves), was on Christmas Eve last presented at Reading by a few friends with his portrait, life size, on a favourite hunter surrounded by hounds. This speaks volumes for Roake, as did the testimonial presented to him some seven years since when leaving the Pytchley, and deserves a notice in our columns.

The unexpected death of the Marquis of Ailesbury, for though he had passed the allotted span the illness that carried him off was brief and sudden, leaves a gap among the old generation of racing men that can be ill supplied. An ardent lover of the Turf, a kindly hearted and honourable gentleman, following racing for his amusement, and with none of the craft and secretiveness characteristic of some of his equals, Lord Ailesbury had his fair share of the Turf's good things. The foundation of much of his success was laid in Bribery and Cantine, the former a moderate mare, but who gave a son to her owner that has left a very decided mark in the Stud Book. Though Lord Ailesbury won the Cambridgeshire with Knight of the Shire comparatively early (1852) in his Turf career, his great year was undoubtedly 1860, when the little known and little trusted St. Albans began by winning the Metropolitan, and a fortnight later the Chester Cup, and suddenly sprang into notice as a Derby favourite. It is an old story now how a Newmarket preparation and the hard ground at Chester broke the son of Bribery down; how he was carefully nursed through the summer, and how effectually he turned the tables on Thormanby on the Leger day. Nearly as old, for Turf celebrities have but a butterfly existence, is the story of Lord Ailesbury's second bid for Derby honours with that most provoking of all equine things, a rare good horse, but who had to meet another about a pound better than he was. Those who saw the Derby and Leger of '66, and the head-and-head race in each event of Lord Lyon and Savernake will not easily forget it. The latter, own brother to St. Albans, was supposed to be a delicate horse, if we remember rightly—at all events he failed as a four-year-old, for he was nowhere in the Ascot Cup. That was a great Stockwell year that of '66. The placed horses in the Derby were all his sons, and the two first fought their terrific battle over again on the Town Moor; 'Emperor of stallions' indeed. In 1872 Lord Ailesbury had a very speedy filly in Cantinière, a daughter of Stockwell and Cantine, who, if she had not turned roarer, would in all probability have made a greater name, and later her half-sister Aventurière proved herself a wonderfully stout mare when in the Cesarewitch of 1874 she defeated the Truth gelding and upset one of the greatest certainties of modern times. Lord Ailesbury was, as we have said above, a genial and kindly hearted man. If he could do a friend or acquaintance a good turn, he would. 'You had better have a bit on mine,' he would often say when he thought his chance was a good one. No one could ever accuse him of winning a big stake with none of his friends on. As a landlord and an employer he was beloved and respected, and he has gone to his rest amidst every expression of loving remembrance and regret.

Though not much individually known in the hunting world out of Surrey, Sussex, and Hants, in which counties he passed all his life, we have to record the death of William Summers, who died at Ryde on the 12th, aged seventy-nine, a real good old-fashioned huntsman, and one of Nature's gentlemen into the bargain. He began his hunting career with Mr. Waring's stag-

hounds, and on leaving them went, in 1839, to Mr. Richardson at Findon, and hunted his hounds with Champion, now the huntsman of the Southdown, as his whip, until 1848, when he went to Mr. John Napper of Ifold, who succeeded Mr. Richardson for three seasons. Then in 1850 he went to the H.H., when Mr. Knight of Chawton House was Master, and the sprightly evergreen, Jack Hickman, was one of his whips. In 1852 he went to Mr. Stanley, who brought the North Devon Hounds with him into Hampshire, and with him and his successors, Mr. Tregonwell, and Mr. Standish, he passed nearly the rest of his life in the big unsatisfactory Hursley Woods, and, by way of a finish, he followed Mr. Standish into the New Forest as kennel huntsman. Such a good father could not well fail to have good children, and his sons George, Alfred, and Richard, with the Surrey Union, the Hursley, and Mr. Tailby, are now well known in the hunting world.

'Poor old Tom Day is also gone at last.' A wonderful man has been old Tom Day, as he was always called since first known to this country, and we believe was grey-headed when he came to Quorn eight-and-thirty years ago. His death was hastened at last by a fall downstairs, through his eyesight having failed; though many were the croppers he has had in the hunting-field over oxers and other obstacles, he escaped them all without injury, and in his last fall, which happened about a fortnight before his death, he fractured two ribs and received a thorough shock to the whole system, which proved too much for him at his years, having attained the ripe old age of eighty-six in November last. Tom Day began life with a sporting parson when a boy, and went from him to Lord Scarborough as second whip, before reaching the age of twenty, and remained there about three years. He then went to Mr. Osbaldeston as whip, and from him to Sir George Sitwell as first whip, and was after a time promoted to the post of huntsman. On leaving this place we find him again whip to Mr. Assheton Smith, at Tedworth, with whom he remained about three seasons. His next move was to the Warwickshire, as first whip to old Will Boxall, and, on the latter's leaving, Tom Day filled his place successfully for five or six years. From there he came to Quorn as huntsman, and hunted this county eighteen years, first under Mr. Hodgson, then Mr. Greene, of Rollerton, and lastly with Sir Richard Sutton. At Sir Richard's death the country was divided, Mr. Tailby taking that part which is called High Leicestershire, and engaged Tom Day to get a pack together for him, which he did, and hunted them for one season; and after this retired from the hunting field, settling himself quietly down at the village of Quorn, where he remained to his death. A singular coincidence occurred which is worthy of remark. The Quorn Hounds were advertised to meet at Ratcliffe, on the Wreall, the day of Sir Richard's death, and the same was the fixture on the very day of the death of old Tom Day.

It is with much regret that we hear of the scarcity of foxes in portions of these two Ridings as reported in the 'Yorkshire Post' of the 14th ult. There is no wonder that the Hon. A. Pennington gives up the Holderness country at the end of the season from the manner in which he has been treated in this respect. The pheasant fever has increased at a rapid rate, and the fear of losing 7s. per brace has had a wonderful effect on the owners of some coverts. In former days a man who wilfully killed a fox was held up to execration, and he might well hide his head; these improperly called sportsmen are increasing, and chuckle rather than otherwise in their misdeeds. What has become of the old blood of the county? It must have run out and been badly crossed.

One of our contributors, who has written frequently against the selfishness of many sportsmen of the present day, illustrating his theory by the desire of

many to be each 'the man' in the cricket field, hunting field, shooting and other sports, calls our attention to a fair example of the truth of his argument. Last week the Mayor and Corporation of Basingstoke invited the Vine Hunt to breakfast at the Town Hall, as is their annual custom. The papers state that the ground being iron-bound by frost few, if any, hunting men turned up. Mayors and Corporations do not frequently recognise the utility of field sports; and surely it is bad taste, when a hospitable invitation has been given to all—to say nothing of its being a wretched compliment to the Master—that Mr. Beach, and his huntsman and hounds, and a very few friends were left to represent the Vine Hunt.

Mr. Hume Webster has during the last year formed a very first-class breeding stud at his residence, Marden Deer Park, Caterham, Surrey; he has spared neither trouble nor expense in getting together thirty mares of the purest and most fashionable running blood, and he has hired from Lord Wilton the stallion See Saw, who has already made a great name for himself, as nearly everything by him can race, which is not to be wondered at, considering the Buccaneer, Melbourne, Defence and Touchstone blood that flows in his veins. Soapstone by Touchstone has been purchased, and is also there, and we have no doubt he will be well patronised, as a finer bred horse does not exist, and any one who saw his two yearlings that were sold by auction last season for 1000 guineas each, would be proud to produce such specimens of the thoroughbred. Mr. Hume Webster is not a racing man, and has formed this stud for his own amusement; he intends selling all his yearlings without any reserve whatever, in the same manner as Lady Emily Peel, Mr. Waring, Mr. Combe, the late Baroness Rothschild, &c., &c. Marden Deer Park is admirably adapted for breeding, as it is in chalk, and there is an abundant supply of the purest water. The estate comprises thirty-six acres of land, which is partly upland and partly meadow, so that the mares and young stock can have a change of pasture when desired; but what is of still greater importance, in our opinion, is that instead of the old-fashioned plan of having cramped paddocks of two or three acres, there are fields of thirty acres, where the youngsters have plenty of space to learn to gallop, and thus prepare themselves for what they are expected to do in the future; in fact, this admirable plan, which has been adopted by Count Lagrange and other breeders in France, has proved itself to be of the greatest advantage to our Gallic neighbours. The services of John Griffith, jun., have been secured as stud-groom; he is brother to Joseph Griffith, of Cobham, and when we say they are the sons of Mr. Chaplin's stud-groom, John Griffith, we can but say that all the arrangements are such as to ensure a breeding stud that will be second to none, and we heartily wish it the success its spirited owner deserves.

Just as we are going to press we hear with much regret of the serious illness of Mr. W. H. Cooper, who is at present on a visit to Lord Fitzhardinge at Berkeley Castle. A few pages back we alluded to the prospects of his welcome reappearance on the road again, and we trust that nothing will hinder our anticipations. His recovery will be looked for by his numerous old friends and acquaintances with much eager hope and pleasure.

BAILY'S

Monthly Magazine of Sports and Pastimes.

No. 217.

MARCH, 1878.

VOL. XXXI.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. ALBERT BRASSEY.

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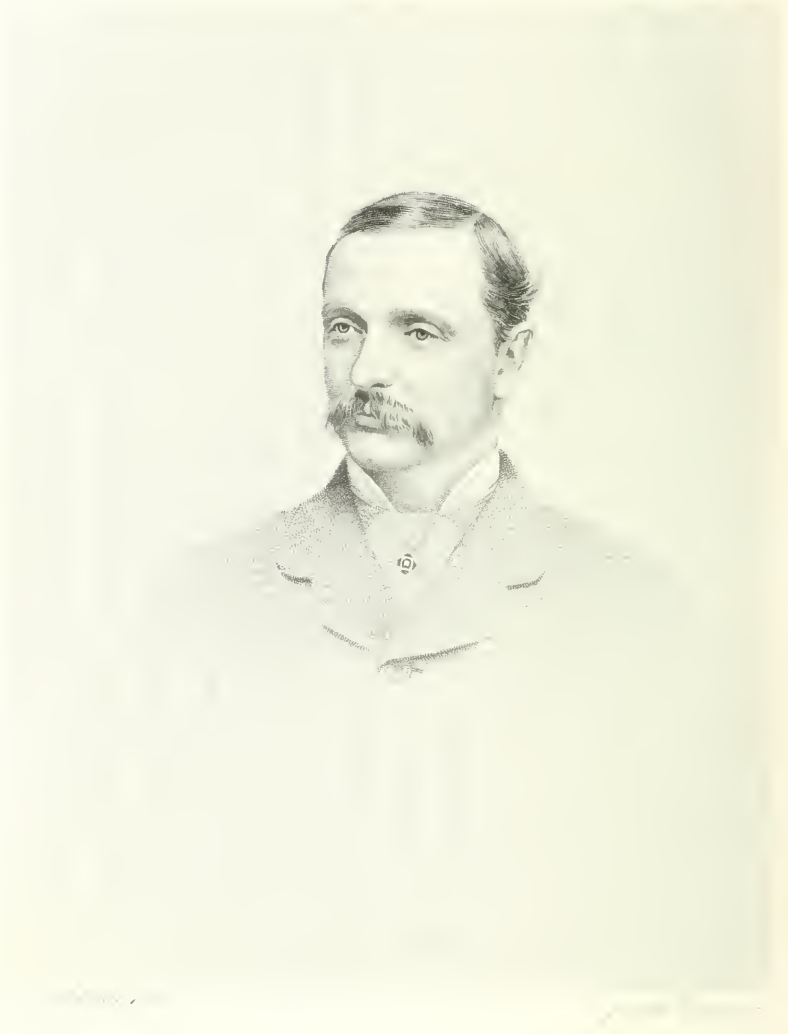
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LONDON: A. H. BAILY & Co., CORNHILL.

1878.

DIARY FOR MARCH, 1878.

M. D.	W. D.	OCCURRENCES.
1	F	
2	S	Consett Steeplechases.
3	S	QUINQUAGESIMA SUNDAY. Auteuil Races.
4	M	
5	Tu	Worcester Steeplechases. South Essex Coursing Meeting.
6	W	Ash Wednesday. Worcester Steeplechases.
7	Th	
8	F	Grand Military Steeplechases at Sandown Park.
9	S	Grand Military Steeplechases. Norfolk Show of Stallions.
10	S	FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT. Auteuil Races.
11	M	
12	Tu	Croydon Races and Steeplechases.
13	W	Croydon and County Down Races.
14	Th	Croydon, County Down, and Horncastle Races.
15	F	Kingsbury Races.
16	S	Kingsbury Races. South London and Spartan Harriers Meet.
17	S	SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT. Auteuil Races.
18	M	
19	Tu	Cambridgeshire, Crewkerne, and Newport Steeplechases.
20	W	Cambridgeshire, Quorn, and Donnington Hunt Steeplechases.
21	Th	Wye and Cheltenham Steeplechases.
22	F	Buntingford and Cheltenham Steeplechases.
23	S	South London Harriers Members Challenge Cup. Cambridge
24	S	THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT. Auteuil Races. [Horse Show.
25	M	Lady Day. Lincoln and Nice Races.
26	Tu	Lincoln and Dublin Metropolitan Steeplechases.
27	W	Lincoln Steeplechases.
28	Th	Liverpool Steeplechases.
29	F	Liverpool Steeplechases.
30	S	
31	S	FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT. Pau Races.



Albert Braxey

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. ALBERT BRASSEY.

THE subject of our present addition to Baily's Gallery is the son of the late Mr. Thomas Brassey, and has been for the last five years Master of the Heythrop Hounds. Born in 1844, Mr. Brassey went through the usual course at Eton and Oxford, at which latter University he graduated in 1867, and almost immediately afterwards was gazetted to the 14th Hussars. Mr. Brassey's first essay in sport and pastime was in boating, rowing in the Eton eight in 1862; and the four years he was at Oxford was always in the boat of his college (University). Regularly to be found at Henley, too, was he during his residence at Oxford, and though so fond of the river, we may conjecture that the winter saw him often with the pack of which he was destined to become the master. After a four years' service with the 14th, during which period he hunted the Regimental Harriers when quartered at Cahir in 1870, Mr. Brassey, in 1871, retired from the service, having previously married the eldest daughter of the late Lord Clanmorris. Two years later, on the resignation of Mr. A. W. Hall, Mr. Brassey took the head of affairs in the Heythrop country, and is now in his fifth season. Very keen and energetic, always with his hounds, he has a very smart, clever huntsman in Jack Hazeldon, and the old fame of the Heythrop does not suffer in their hands. We believe we are correct in saying that Mr. Brassey rebuilt Heythrop House, his present residence, which was burned down some years ago. A member of the Coaching Club, Mr. Brassey is rarely missed at the meets of the 'buff and blue.' He is also fond of yachting when he can spare the time, but he does not attend Newmarket, and though he cares not to slaughter pigeons at Hurlingham, he dearly loves a day on the moors.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

February 14, 1878.

THERE has long been a pack at St. Stephen's installed,
The country it hunts Merrie England is called,
A Queen is the Master, the Huntsman is Ben,
The Helpers and Whips are called Parliament men.

It would be but lost time were the Muse to hark back
To each Huntsman in turn who has managed the pack,
From Pam and Bob Peel up to Canning and Pitt,
Down to Will who one morning had notice to quit.

Less excited by far, but his equal in skill,
Ben proved no unworthy successor to Will,
With the dash of a Tartar, yet cool as a Turk,
He is fit for the place, and well up to his work.

But Ben in the saddle was wormwood to Will,
Ne'er before had he swallowed so bitter a pill,
And he swore, until head of the kennel again,
He would make it his business to bother old Ben.

So calling his Helpers, who, laid on the shelf,
Were discomfited well-nigh as much as himself,
Full instruction he gave in a lengthy oration
How to harass the Hunt and excite agitation.

Printed sheets by the thousand then Willy let fly,
In the hope that Ben's horse when he saw them would shy;
No sign of alarm the good animal shows,
But tramples them all under foot as he goes.

Ben next an atrocity-monger they call,
And much wire was employed to insure him a fall,
But no hindrance to Ben were the snares which they spread,
He cut them asunder and galloped ahead.

Each fence that he clears gives him courage anew,
Opposition he rides either over or through;
Some thought when he went at it Ben would be drowned,
But he leapt o'er the Suez Canal at a bound.

With a lash for those curs who at majesty snap,
The Queen he ne'er names without touching his cap,
When Empress he gave her so lusty a cheer
It reached the far Inde and was echoed back here.

Some say that his horn is too frequently blown,
That the sound it gives out has a bellicose tone ;
Like a boy with a whip, that he loves a loud crack,
That he takes his own line and rides wide of his pack.

Though he asked the subscribers for money in hand,
Precaution is needed when mischief is planned ;
And that horn, though some riders may quake when it sounds,
Has a note which keeps closely together his hounds.

For the place there are many aspirants, we know,
But some are too forward and others too slow ;
Will may wear out alike both his axe and his pen
Ere he win back the horn so well handled by Ben.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

CHAPTER IX.

‘ His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.’—GOLDSMITH.

MR. RUSSELL had resided just six years at Iddesleigh when, in 1832, the prospect of preferment being held out to him, he was induced to remove his *penates* to Tordown, in the parish of Swimbridge ; a lone country-house overhanging a picturesque combe, and approached by a steep by-road leading from that village to Exmoor. To Mrs. Russell especially the change proved a most welcome one, inasmuch as it now brought her back to the scenes of her early youth, again to dwell among her own people ; Dennington House, the seat of Admiral and Mrs. Bury, being situated on the opposite side of the valley in the same parish.

In 1833, soon after he had planted his garden and taken full possession of Tordown, the Perpetual Curacy of Swimbridge and Landkey became vacant, and the benefice being in the gift of Whittington Landon, then Dean of Exeter, Russell was duly appointed to it in that year.

Appropriate enough was the title of ‘ Perpetual Curacy ’ to such a benefice ; for the whole annual income derived by the incumbent amounted to less than 180*l.*, out of which sum he was not only required to provide and pay a curate for the annexed parish of Landkey, but to meet perpetual calls from a large population of poor parishioners, who naturally in the first place looked to him for help in their numerous emergencies. To have called it a ‘ living ’ would have been simply a comedy ; for, when these and various other liabilities incidental to Church property had been deducted, the

residue might be reckoned as *nil*, or even as something less than that, for the incumbent to live on.

Rightly, too, was it thus named in another sense ; for *there* Russell has been planted from that day to this—forty-five years—and so far may fairly be considered the Perpetual Curate of Swimbridge. During that period, however, the parish has undergone various and important changes for the better. Its annexation with Landkey, for instance, has been severed ; new schools have been established and endowed ; while, at a distant hamlet called ‘Tra-veller’s Rest,’ a commodious chapel has been built, the cost of which depended on means mainly raised by Russell’s exertions.

His great influence among the yeomen and tenant-farmers of North Devon, and the genial spirit with which he managed them, as a Master of hounds, has been already referred to in a former chapter ; a kind word from him doing more to secure their good will, and promote the cause of fox-hunting, than the Bank of England notes of less popular men. But, if little has hitherto been said on the subject of that inner circle—his own parish—over which he has presided for so many years, it must not thence be inferred that he lacked at home the honour he found abroad ; for no man living has been more venerated, nay loved, by the poor among whom he has ministered, than Mr. Russell. And with good reason, too ; for, in season or out of season, no one of them in distress ever appealed to him in vain.

Nor did the wandering tribes of gipsies that were wont to sojourn awhile on the waste spots in his parish—that race of Ishmael of whom it is said, ‘his hand shall be against every man, and every man’s hand against him’—form an exception to that rule.

Instead of persecuting them as trespassers and plunderers, by impounding their donkeys, compelling them to strike their tents at a moment’s notice, driving them and their children from pillar to post, and treating them more like wolves than human beings, he never failed to protect and befriend them, whenever he thought they were unmercifully, or even unfairly, used. It was one of the old gipsy regulations of the Kirk Yetholme tribe, Sir Walter Scott tells us, to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors ; so these North Devon gipsies, in return for Russell’s kindness, were always scrupulously careful to give him no cause to complain of their vicinage, or regret his own forbearance ; and whatever their shortcomings may have been with respect to his neighbours’ property, he at least never suffered from their depredations in any way ; for often has he been heard to say that, ‘to the best of his belief, he never lost a head of poultry, nor even an egg, by the hands of the gipsies.’

But their appreciation of his kindness was more than negatively shown ; they took active steps and a signal opportunity of proving their devotion to Russell by coming forward, of their own accord, to protect his dwelling-house when they had reason to believe it was threatened by burglars. A desperate gang had infested the neighbour-

hood for some time, the houses of the clergy having been made the chief object of their depredations, far and near. At length it became whispered about that Russell's, which had so far escaped, would be the next to suffer, the gipsies not being the last to hear the rumour.

The alarm, however, after some time passed off; and one day, as Russell was riding near Stonecross, on his way to Exmoor, he met Seth, the stalwart son of the King of the Gipsies, and thus accosted him: 'Is it true, Seth, that you and your men, hearing that my house was likely to be attacked, have been keeping watch over it for many nights together?'

'Quite true, sir; and let me tell you, if we had caught them on your premises, they would never have gone home alive.'

But, long before that event happened, Russell had secured the good-will of the Romanies for ever by a somewhat risky transaction on his part. He was riding down to Hacombe on a visit to Sir Walter Carew, and passing by Partridge Walls, near Eggesford, was hailed by a blacksmith, who, coming out of his forge, begged his advice under the following circumstances: 'If you please, Mr. Russell,' he said, 'here's a gipsy who wants to buy my black mare; but he has no money in his pocket, and wants me to trust him. Now I can't afford to part with her and lose the money; so what had I better do?'

The gipsy was standing by at the time; and, as Russell fixed his gaze on the open and manly face of the swarthy young fellow, he felt convinced by its expression that his purpose was an honest one, and, strong in that conviction, he asked him his name, putting a further question or two to him before he gave the blacksmith an answer.

On hearing his name, Russell said, 'Then you are the man who were encamped last year with your wife near Iddesleigh, soon after your marriage?'

'No, sir; that was my brother.'

'If I pass my word for the money, will you pay it?'

'Yes, sir, I will,' he replied unhesitatingly.

'Then,' said Russell, turning to the blacksmith, 'you may look to me for the money; if he don't pay you, I will.'

The blacksmith appeared satisfied; but, still anxious to clench the nail properly, he warned Russell that he certainly should come upon him if the gipsy failed to keep his word.

About a week afterwards, Russell was again passing the blacksmith's forge, and, reining up his horse, he inquired if the money had been paid by the gipsy.

'Yes, sir,' he replied; 'every penny of it.'

In becoming 'surety for a stranger,' and that stranger a gipsy and a horse-dealer, it is only too wonderful that he did not 'smart for it'; but it was just the reverse, he gained by that, and other acts of kindness to his race, the good-will and gratitude of the whole 'vagrant train.' Nor was their gratitude a matter of sentiment only; for the King of the Gipsies, a very old man, falling ill and feeling

that his earthly hours were drawing to a close, expressed a last wish that a charm he had long worn and prized greatly—it was a silver Spanish coin, Temp. Car. III. Rex Hispaniæ—should be handed over to Mr. Russell, in token of the sympathy he had ever shown to him and his tribe. He left him also, as a legacy, his royal rat-catcher's belt; and on his deathbed, sent him a message, begging he might be buried in Swimbridge Churchyard by Mr. Russell himself.

The patriarch's chief legatee could scarcely do less than comply with so simple a request, and accordingly in that God's-acre where 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep' he now lies; and there, to his memory, his people have erected a substantial monument, acknowledging the receipt and marking the last resting-place of his borrowed earth. He was buried on a Saturday afternoon, Russell exacting a promise from his son; Seth, that he and his camp would not move on the Sabbath-day. But, on the following Monday, Russell having occasion to travel moorwards, found them on a waste place near Stonecross, four miles from the encampment they had occupied on the Saturday.

'How's this?' said he, hailing the young gipsy, who stepped out to meet him; 'you promised me not to move till this morning; and 'you must have come here yesterday. I thought I could trust you, 'Seth.'

'So you can, sir; but we couldn't help it. Mr. ——' (a neighbouring magistrate) 'sent a constable to order us off directly, or he 'said we should all be locked up in jail.'

While they were yet speaking, a handsome young gipsy-woman, apparently in the bloom of health and vigour, came forth from one of the tents, and, with a prophetic air, said, 'Good morning, Mr. 'Russell; the next person you bury will be myself.' And on that day week, as the Swimbridge register will testify, he buried her. She was the old king's daughter.

Now, Russell is neither a superstitious nor a very credulous man—the Vicar of Wakefield and he in that respect could scarcely be more dissimilar; but, from that day to this, he has been tainted, if not impressed, with the belief that something of the Cassandra foresight—the power of looking into futurity, that abyss of impenetrable darkness—is possessed by the gipsy race; at all events, prevalent as such an idea has been among men of the strongest minds—and their name is legion—it may be doubted if many, or any, could give better grounds for their phantasy than Russell.

Testimonials, in the form of silver goblets, salvers, and such like presents, are far from being always a proof that the recipients have really deserved them; nor, though Russell has had in his day a fair share of such honours, would they now be referred to if one of a very unusual and remarkable character had not been conferred on him some time before he had fairly settled at Tordown.

Mr. C. A. Harris, of Hayne, animated by a strong and unqualified admiration of Russell's powers, both as a huntsman and a man, conceived the notion of doing him honour by a plan of singularly

novel and unique design. It happened that, after a sharp burst with a fox in that country, Russell ran him to ground in an old quarry near Hayne, the excavation of which had been long discontinued. Whether he killed him or not, deponent sayeth not; but it is on record that from that date Mr. Harris determined to convert the quarry into a Valhalla, and, under the title of St. Hubert's Hall, to dedicate it in the form of a rustic temple to Russell and his friends.

The quarry, overhung by old trees and situated on a dry rocky bank, was first hollowed out and paved with blocks of Dartmoor granite; an entire British village, including two or three kistvaens—'Proh pudor!' will some Jonathan Oldbuck say?—being utilised for that purpose. Then, round the circular inclosure were formed, out of the same relics, twenty-two stalls, over each of which the carved head of a fox and an heraldic banner with a motto appropriate to each occupant were displayed, the name and residence of the knight being added thereto. No steeds, it is true, as in Branksome Hall, stood there 'ready dight,' or

'Saddled in stable, day and night;'

but if it was a dumb show, meant simply to commemorate happy days and warm friends, it bids fair to be an enduring one, a '*monumentum ære perennius*.'

A *fête* of inauguration, including all the chief families of the district, took place at the time, and from that day St. Hubert's Hall has been the rendezvous of many a picnic party, attracted thither no less by the picturesque scenery than by the singular honour done to fox-hunting.

Russell, as Grand Master of the order, occupied the central stall, his motto being

"Ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν.

Over the entrance arch, formed by the kistvaens, is displayed the banner of Mr. George Templer, with the device of '*Templa quam dilecta!*' while the stalls of Mr. Phillipps, Mr. C. A. Harris, and Mr. Charles Trelawny stand in close proximity to that of Mr. Russell. Conspicuous among the remainder are those of Mr. Wm. Coryton, Sir Walter P. Carew, Mr. Bulteel, Mr. George Leach, Mr. Morth Woolcombe, Mr. Francis Glanville, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Augustus Coryton, Mr. Paul O. Treby, and Sir Walter Raleigh Gilbert, whose banner bore the very appropriate motto of '*Virtutis fortuna comes*.'

St. Hubert himself—that muscular Bishop of the Ardennes, formerly so famous for his breed of black hounds—would have canonised such ardent spirits, had he lived amongst them, or once joined them in the chase, for, in truth, all were knights worthy of a niche in his temple, men of whom Russell, as Grand Master, might well have been proud.

It was only a short time before Russell had made up his mind to quit Idlesleigh, the fame of his little pack having exceeded all expect-

tation, that a break occurred in his hunting-life, which created a general sensation, not only among his own devoted followers, but among others who only knew of his intense delight in the company of hounds. He parted with the whole lot, lending them, at least for a time, to Mr. T. Hext, of Restormel Castle, a gentleman in whose hands he well knew they would suffer no harm.

The pressure of a few friends, who probably believed they were doing him good service, had at length prevailed, and he was forced, as it were at the point of the bayonet, to adopt their well-meant advice. But it was a trial and a wrench to his feelings, the keenness of which time, that healer of all sores, has barely blunted to the present day.

For two long years this interregnum—a period of constrained inactivity and bondage to one of his muscular habits—weighed like an incubus on his spirits, and clogged the wheels of his life with the daily want of something he missed, and of something more to do. The tedium, in fact, had become almost unbearable, when one day, if not driving his plough like Cincinnatus, he was leisurely inspecting the blossom on his apple-trees and calculating their autumn crop—reckoning his chickens before they were hatched—a surprise awaited him for which he was little prepared.

Six and a half couple of strong young hounds, a draft from the Vine, had been sent to him from Mr. Harry Fellowes, with an intimation that ‘they had all passed the distemper, and that no better blood had ever tackled a Devonshire fox.’ ‘There they stood,’ said Russell, ‘alone in my kennel—the greatest beauties my eye had ever rested on—looking up in my face so winningly, as much as to say, “Only give us a trial, and we’ll not disappoint you,” that I mentally determined to keep the lot and go to work again.’

But the same friends were still at hand to counteract the temptation; and so great was the pressure put upon him, that again he consented with a heavy heart to abandon his design and send the six and a half couple after the rest down to Restormel.

Accordingly, they were actually taken out of kennel to be so forwarded, when Mrs. Russell, witnessing her husband’s dejection at parting with them, interposed and said, ‘Then they shan’t go, John, if you don’t like it. I don’t see why you shouldn’t have your amusement as well as other people.’ So back they went into Russell’s kennel, and from that day he continued to keep hounds till 1871, when he parted with his last pack to Mr. Henry Villebois, of Marham Hall, Norfolk, a gentleman well known to the world as an old master of hounds and a distinguished sportsman.

During this period, and for twenty years previously, the club established at Chumleigh, the convivial meetings of which were held at the King’s Arms, had proved a grand centre of attraction to the hunting men, not only of the northern and southern divisions of Devon, but of Cornwall as well. Its founders, so far as tradition goes, were the Hon. Newton Fellowes, Mr. Lewis Buck, Mr. J. M. Woolcombe, and Mr. J. Dicker Fortescue, who acted as auctioneer

to the club for the sale of horses after dinner. Sir John Rogers, too, of Blachford, must have been an early, if not one of the first members, for in Mr. George Templer's poem, entitled 'The Chumleigh Club, 1814,' we find him acting as president, and, 'with accents most courteous,' recommending the turtle to the particular attention of his vice, Mr. J. M. Woolcombe. Mr. Willoughby Stawell and Sir Wm. Salusbury Trelawny were also, probably, original members; while the following gentlemen, if not actually enrolled as such, were in the habit of attending the meetings as good company and welcome guests: Messrs. George Templer, Paul O. Treby, William Ley, George Hole, of Chumleigh, Charles Trelawny, Wm. Coryton, T. Phillippo, J. C. Bulteel, Moore-Stevens, James Whyte, John Templer, H. B. Wrey, James Coles, Erving Clark, W. H. Karlake, B. Marshall, Henry Taylor, of Ogwell, John Russell, senr. and junr., Sir Arthur Chichester, and Dr. Troyte, of Huntsham, the last three being themselves masters of foxhounds in the north of Devon.

Among the above names it will be observed that a large portion of them belonged to clergymen, who were nearly related, as a rule, to the chief families of the county; and perhaps, at that period, in no other part of England, not even in Dorsetshire, could such an array of black-coats have been met with in the hunting-field as in that county. Sneers, of course, will always be levelled against those who indulge in the pastime, but they have at least the high authority of Bishop Porteus, one of the best men that ever graced a mitre, for saying that 'Christianity forbids no reasonable indulgences, no 'innocent recreations.'

It is related of the late eminent Bishop of Exeter, Henry Phillpotts, that soon after his appointment to that diocese in 1831, he was travelling on a visitation tour through the north of Devon, and seeing a pack of hounds in full cry, and a large number of gentlemen in black coats crossing the road in close pursuit, he turned to his chaplain, and said in a solemn tone: 'Alas! this neighbourhood must have been visited by some fearful epidemic! I never saw so many men in mourning before.'

The chaplain knew the country better than the bishop, and said nothing; while he identified the mourners, one after the other, as brethren of his own cloth, and personal friends. But not long did that keen and far-sighted prelate remain unacquainted with the habits of his clergy in this respect; and although for years he did all in his power to discountenance and suppress the practice, the *vis venandi* was too strong even for him; it still flourished like a plant indigenous to the soil—deep-rooted and ineradicable.

Russell, as might be expected, became the especial object of his fatherly solicitude; he held what is called 'a chapter living,' and besides, he was known by the bishop to be an able and popular preacher, and as such it was only natural that his diocesan should be doubly anxious lest the effect of his ministerial eloquence should be weakened by his prominent and avowed association with the

hunting-field. 'As you live,' would the bishop say, 'so will men believe; and if the shepherd go astray, well may the flock.'

But Russell, unable to see, if he endeavoured conscientiously to fulfil his duty, that he was either going himself or leading his flock astray by indulging in his favourite recreation, withstood the bishop's monitions with a firm but respectful attitude. After a time, however, his lordship, a man of inflexible purpose, *tenax propositi* in its fullest sense, receiving a serious charge against him, and believing it to be well founded, pounced upon Russell with the swoop of an eagle, and summoned him and his accuser forthwith to the palace at Exeter.

The charge was this, that he (Russell) had refused to bury a child on the day named by its parents, because it was his hunting day.

Both parties being assembled before him, with Mr. Secretary Barnes seated at a side-table taking notes on the bishop's behalf, his lordship recited the charge, and said gravely, 'Is that true, Mr. Russell?'

'Will your lordship permit me to ring the bell?'

'Certainly,' replied the bishop.

The bell was then rung, and a servant making his appearance, Russell said, 'Be so good as to send in that woman who is now waiting in the hall.'

As she entered the room, Russell turned to the bishop and said, 'That is the mother of the child, my lord. I requested her to accompany the Clerk of the Parish (Wm. Chapple) to the Palace to-day, paid her fare, and here she is. But otherwise, I have not said one word to her on the subject of the present inquiry. Your lordship can put any questions you please to her.'

The bishop then asked her if the charge were true.

'Nit a word o't, my lord,' she answered, unhesitatingly.

He then requested her to state what had taken place on the occasion and given rise to such a report.

She replied, that her husband had asked Mr. Russell to bury the child on a Wednesday or Thursday, on whichever day was most convenient to him; that he chose the latter, and buried the child on that day.

'And pray,' said the bishop, 'were you at all inconvenienced by keeping the body a day longer?'

'Not a bit o't, my lord; us might have kep'un till these day—'twas but a poor atomy thing; meaning it was quite a skeleton.

The bishop, finding in this charge no *prima facie* case made out against Russell, proceeded at once to investigate other charges brought by the same accuser; who, as it turned out, had been grossly misinformed on each and all; and as they too shared the like fate, falling to the ground without a tittle of evidence to support them, but, on the contrary, with much to disprove them, his lordship turned sharply on him and said: 'I am quite shocked to think, sir, that you should have brought so many charges against Mr. Russell, and been unable to substantiate even one of them.'

Much disappointed apparently at the result of the inquiry, and still unwilling to relax his grasp upon Russell, the bishop thus addressed him :

‘ But the fact still remains, I grieve to say, that you, the incumbent of Swimbridge, keep hounds, and that your curate ’ (who was also present) ‘ hunts with you. Will you give up your hounds ? ’

‘ No, my lord ; I decline doing so. ’

He then turned to the curate and said : ‘ Your licence, sir, I revoke ; and I only regret that the law does not enable me to deal with the *graver* offender in a far more summary way. ’

‘ I am very happy to find you can’t, my lord, ’ said Russell, ‘ and still happier to know that I have done nothing in contravention of the law ; and that it protects me. May I ask then, my lord, if you revoke Mr. Sleeman’s licence, who is to take the duty at Landkey next Sunday ? ’

‘ Mr. Sleeman may do it. ’

‘ And who the following Sunday ? ’ inquired Russell.

‘ Mr. Sleeman again, ’ responded the Bishop ; ‘ if by that time you have not secured another curate. ’

‘ I shall take no steps to do so, my lord ; and moreover, shall be very cautious as to whom I admit into my church, ’ replied Russell significantly.

It may be added that, immediately on hearing the result of that conference, the parishioners of Landkey sent up their churchwarden with a ‘ Round Robin ’ in Sleeman’s favour ; and from that day he remained the curate of Landkey, till he married and removed to Whitchurch, a family-living near Tavistock, to which he succeeded on the death of his father.

‘ But, my lord, ’ continued Russell, ‘ there are many other clergymen in your diocese who keep hounds ’—here a groan from the bishop. ‘ Why am I singled out among so many ? ’

‘ Name them, ’ said the bishop, impatiently.

‘ That I decline doing, ’ replied Russell, firmly. Whereupon the whole party, to their great relief, were dismissed from the episcopal presence.

Mr. Ralph Barnes, however, overtaking Russell at the palace-gate, stopped him by saying, ‘ You told the bishop there were other clergymen in the diocese who keep hounds ; you are bound to name them, sir. ’

‘ Well, ’ said Russell, ‘ as I believe that one of them, at least, would not object to my doing so, I give you the name of the Rev. John Froude of Knowstone. ’

That gentleman, as the reader is aware, had already given the bishop more than one back-fall, which neither he nor his secretary would be likely to forget ; he had proved himself, in fact, more than a match for both ; and his lordship was far too clever a strategist to renew an attack which, if unsuccessful, his good-sense told him would only weaken his episcopal authority.

It is no figure of speech to say that, at that period, there were

probably a score of clergymen who had packs of their own in the diocese of Exeter; three of whom kept foxhounds only, while the others hunted nominally the hare.

So the bishop, in commencing, as he very soon did, an energetic crusade against them, had a host to deal with; every one of whom, not being a curate, would be likely to cry 'no surrender'—nay, to defend their right of recreation in that fashion to the last penny in their pockets.

There is a story of one—the vicar of St. B.—an old friend of Russell's, on whom soft words and angry monitions were expended alike in vain; both being equally powerless to bring him either to the bishop's palace or his visitation courts. At length, his patience being exhausted, his lordship issued a formal citation commanding him, at his peril, to attend his next triennial visitation at T——, on a given day.

This step on the part of the bishop, it should be premised, took place at the time when he was engaged in the great Gorham trial; a case which the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council decided against him by an overwhelming majority; Knight Bruce being the only legal member of the committee who did not agree with that decision. So marked a judgment in favour of Mr. Gorham, who had been the object of a long and harassing lawsuit without, as was then believed, due and reasonable cause, gave rise of course to strong comments on the part of the Liberal press; which, adding fuel to the fire, brought down, however unjustly, a certain amount of obloquy on the bishop's name.

Just at the time when the result of this trial was in every man's mouth, the visitation at T—— took place. On the appointed day, the bishop having delivered his charge, the apparitor then proceeded to summon the clergy severally by name; and as each came forward to answer the roll-call, a pause and dead silence ensued when the name of the vicar of St. B. was twice called without any response.

'Is the churchwarden of St. B. present,' inquired the bishop in a solemn voice.

On which a fine old-fashioned yeoman, of portly figure and ruddy countenance, stalked up in his top-boots, and stroking his head deferentially announced himself as the churchwarden of St. B.

'I am very sorry to hear,' said the bishop, addressing him, 'the sad things that reach me respecting your vicar——'

'My lord,' said the yeoman, interrupting him, 'don't believe a word of them. I hear strange tales about your lordship, but I don't believe a word of them, not I.'

But to return to the Chumleigh Club. By the few who are afloat, now, alas!

'Rari nantes in gurgite vasto,'

and who were invited to attend the annual meetings of that once popular institution, they are still spoken of as the golden period of

their hunting lives. And well may it have been so; for was it not then the summer-tide of their manhood, when young and lusty as eagles, they were able to enjoy, unmixed with care, that feast of sport which included in its bill of fare the stoutest foxes and the best of company?

What, indeed, by way of pastime and recreation, could a hunting-man, blessed with health, strength, and a horse after his own heart, expect or wish for more? The runs were of the wildest character: the social gatherings—the ‘*noctes cœnæque Delm*’—worthy of Olympus.

With reference to Russell and his hounds at a Chumleigh meeting, I will now venture, without formally asking the writer’s permission, to give a few extracts from the letters of an old friend, Mr. Trelawny, of Coldrenick, who writes thus:—

‘The rising generation—the gormandising, battue-shooter, *et hoc genus omne*—should learn something of the heroes of old, who, alas! are dying out and leaving few behind them to fill up the gaps. Where now are your Osbaldestones, Kintores, Rosses, and such like men?’

‘Even in fox-hunting, the number slain is everything; and owing to the number of foxes bred, how seldom do we see a run of ten miles from point to point, much less the fifteen or twenty of olden times; I have long thought the *number* spoils the *sport*.’

‘When, let me ask, will Lord — see such a fortnight as was once seen at Chumleigh; when with Carew’s and Russell’s hounds, in twelve consecutive hunting days, the shortest runs were twelve miles from point to point, as the crow flies?’

‘But, in those days, five-and-twenty brace killed by a four-day-a-week pack was voted enough. Now, forsooth, if “my lord” cannot count sixty brace of noses on his kennel door, he is miserable.’

Then the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, after the day’s sport was over, Mr. Trelawny describes with a few happy and graphic touches:—

‘It would not be easy, now-a-days, to muster at a foxhunting dinner such men as the two Russells, father and son; Sir John Rogers (uncle to the present Lord Blachford), George Leach, George Templer, and the late John Bulteel. The pointed and playful sallies of wit with which the two latter enlivened the meetings, combined with the racy anecdotes and classical combats of Mr. Russell, sen., and Sir John Rogers, who kept the ball going with unceasing gaiety, was indeed a treat never to be forgotten.’

‘I remember that once, at Chumleigh, we had no less than six M.F.H.’s present at one dinner-party, viz., Newton Fellowes, who sat next to me, John Bulteel, John King, Templer, Sir Walter Carew, and Jack Russell. The first stuck to his port like a man, flooring his two bottles in true orthodox style; while the others drank punch—Henley Rogers (the Admiral) and Sir John mixing the “materials”; Sir John of gin most patronised, and the Admiral of rum.’

Again, Mr. Trelawny adds: 'Whenever I have sat at the same dinner-table with Jack Russell he has been the life of the party.'

The sale of horses by auction, which took place after dinner, while the symposium was at its height, was often considerable, and added no little to the amusement and sociality of the Chumleigh meetings. It was competent for any one to put up his friend's horse without even consulting him; the rule being that the owner should be allowed *one bid only* to protect himself. Consequently, many a man, bidding carelessly, too often found himself in the possession of a steed or steeds he had not the remotest intention of buying; the owner declining to interfere by a bid of his own with the last bidder.

A shilling being dropped into a wine-glass and the horse named, the bidding was then started by the auctioneer to the club—an office ably, and often wittily, fulfilled by Mr. John Dicker Fortescue, at Chumleigh, and, at a later date, by Mr. John King, of Fowelscombe, at the South Molton meetings.

But Russell, never a good sitter round the wassail-bowl, very rarely took part either as a buyer or seller in these auctions; for, at the hour of their commencement, generally a late one, he would as a rule steal away to rest, enforcing, as he did so, his old maxim on those who pressed him to stay: 'Hunting, I tell you, is worth any sacrifice; and if you sit up and get a headache, you can't thoroughly enjoy it. So, by your leave, good night, gentlemen.'

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

A GREAT fact was established last year on the authority of a very great man, who, after legislating for Ireland off and on for a period of forty years, and having legislated 'very muchly' a few years since, when the church was disestablished, took ship and landed for the first time in his life on the Emerald Isle, and came back delighted with his visit, with three courses open to him: first, to go again; secondly, to leave it alone; thirdly, to get at the bottom of the truth about the state and condition of the people of Ireland, and to assist in removing any stumbling-blocks, if such there be. Let us hope that he will adopt the first and third courses, and will co-operate, regardless of politics, with men of all parties to push the 'ould country' along when needed. But Mr. Gladstone and his fellow-members will be preached to anon at the end of this article through the mouth of the oracle 'Mr. Punch,' but not in the same rough manner as that comic puppet spoke of Mr. Gladstone in February last in verse, which, if intended as sarcasm, was scurrilous; if intended for *fun*, missed the mark. I would have allowed Mr. Gladstone to have his run of the Viceregal Lodge, the literary societies, and of all public bodies who have a right to see and hear an ex-prime minister, no matter what his politics are or were; and

then I should like to have taken him away *incog.* into some of my favourite haunts. I would have taken him to the western highlands of Connemara and the beautiful lake, mountain, and river scenery, though I fear we could hardly find a tree for him to cut down. My friend 'Dan of the Mills' should row us about all day in his boat, whilst Mr. G. recited the 'Iliad' of Homer to me, and I fished. When he was tired, an old ex-sergeant of the 23rd Fusiliers, who was all through the Crimea, and who owns a cottage in Lough Corrib, and lives half his time in his boat fishing, would quote Izaak Walton to us by the hour—word perfect mostly—and would explain the mysteries of tying a fly for Irish or Canadian waters. He would find a wild romantic tract of almost uninhabited country, the colours of which are beyond the powers of paint manufacturers. He would hear music in the air, music on the waters; he would be able to stand on a beautiful range of hills, exactly opposite to New York, and see the sun setting over the broad Atlantic in the West, and reflected in hundreds of lakes and rivers inland.

Now, Mr. Baily, I don't want to be impertinent to Mr. Gladstone, or to any other public man, and in addressing Mr. Gladstone and quoting his doings in Ireland I want to use his appreciation of Ireland in his first short visit, and to appeal to English legislators, English tourists, and English sportsmen to give Ireland a fair turn in the autumn. Of course Killarney and the south now have become as much mobbed as the Swiss lakes, and fearfully civilized, just as the highlands of Scotland are, with billiard-rooms and smoking-rooms, and stale club stories and exorbitant charges, and everlasting reminders by a square Highlander, with a *lignum vitæ* face and shock head of red hair, 'to pay the laird's dues,' at any little creek you land at, whereas in Ireland you are welcome anywhere. What is wanted in the wild districts is a number of modest hotels at fixed moderate charges, with plenty of boats on the lakes and conveniences for fishing and wild shooting in the autumn and winter. As things now are, the fisherman who is content to rough it may get up of a morning, and after his tub, the luxury of which is unspeakable—for the water is so soft that soap lathers in it as in warm water—can go where he pleases almost, with impunity, except to salmon rivers, and fish his full in lake or river. Lough Corrib is twenty miles long and ten miles broad, and Lough Mask, a neighbouring lake, is two-thirds the size of it. In these lakes are the mighty pike. A neighbour of mine caught one of forty pounds some fourteen years ago, and it is stuffed in his country-house in Devonshire; and in April and May there are the great lake trout to be caught, and salmon also, and, subject to the payment of a salmon licence, the fishing is free in most lakes. The great pike are caught generally in what we should call 'out of season,' as they are only to be got at when they come about the islands after spawning in the spring; but there are plenty of good pike to be caught in season, and perch too, and mountain trout, of course, in all the streams. To the artist it is impossible to find a more charming country, and

although never shooting myself, I have no doubt but that any amount of duck-shooting and snipe-shooting is available, though I fancy some leave would have to be asked; but my experience of Ireland, during four long vacations spent there, has been that an Irishman does not know how to say 'No' to any indulgence which a stranger asks. 'You have only to send a line to the master, sor' (an innkeeper will tell you), 'and he will be proud to grant it to ye.'

To rowing men I cannot imagine a more charming place for an autumn meet of all clubs than some of the big Irish lakes, and if the demand existed, the boats would soon be supplied.

Ex uno disce omnes—I am taking now as a specimen of beautiful wild scenery, Connemara and the far west, which was depopulated by famine and emigration some years since. I heard the evidence from indisputable authority that in the Square at Galway dead bodies used to be found every morning in numbers; and this must happen in any country where the people depend on potatoes, and the crop fails.

If any one wants to read an accurate account of the scenery in Connemara and Mayo, and of the real wrongs of Ireland, let him get a story of the late Mr. Lever's, called 'St. Patrick's Eve.' It is out of print now as a separate book, but is bound up with some other writings. It costs about a couple of shillings. The original publishers were Chapman and Hall. I read that book through in 1845, and vowed by 'Jingo,' by 'George,' and other authorities, that I would visit the scene some day. It is the landlord and tenant story told on the Whiteboys' side.

I visited Ireland twice afterwards, before I could get away to the far west, and on the occasion of the first visit after reading 'St. Patrick's Eve,' I was staying at large country houses in Ireland—in Waterford and Tipperary—and no Irish lady or gentleman had ever read it. It was great fun, as every one read it one after another, and we had a conspiracy to watch ladies who were getting towards the end of it, and we used to hear: 'Oh, I left something 'upstairs, I shall be back in a moment'; but we wouldn't let them go until they finished the book; but the ladies had free leave to go into a corner and have a good cry uninterrupted. The late Dr. Todd, the great Irish historian, whom I was fortunate enough to meet in a private house during a very pleasant visit, told me that it was the truest picture ever drawn of Ireland of the period 1830–1840, or thereabouts. I re-read the book on my arrival at Oughterarde, one of the places at which the scenes of the story are laid, at nine o'clock in the evening, and early the next morning, on my going on the lake, I would have sworn that I had seen the place before.

Now, to show what can be done, there is at Letterfrack, on the shores of the Atlantic, a little colony, planted many years ago by a Quaker named Ellis, in the wildest part of Connemara, and by establishing schools, a police barrack, and building cottages and encouraging the people, and by draining and cultivating, he turned a wild moorland into a little paradise. I am sure this might be done wholesale if capital were judiciously invested, and if the people

were allowed to follow their own religion uninterrupted (but it would be necessary to chain up the people who come there 'to convert' the Irish); and if a good hotel or two for tourists were established, there would be a ready market for all that the tenants could produce, to say nothing of plenty of employment.

At that very place, Letterfrack, I saw an Irish fair just similar to that described in 'St. Patrick's Eve.' It was a very small fair for the barter of a few cows, sheep, and pigs, and small wares, and two or three very small shows; but the people were merry and very orderly, and it was very amusing to see the pretty Irish girls, with a dash of Spanish blood in them, limping along in their smart shoes and stockings, those—to them—unaccustomed articles of dress which cripple the feet.

But reverting to another fair; let the hunting-men go to Ballinasloe Fair in October, one of the greatest horse fairs, perhaps, in the United Kingdom. There he will find all the great London and foreign dealers; and I very much doubt if a Yorkshireman could do an Irish horsedealer who has a real good weight-carrying hunter. Then is the fun to see the rough riders trying horse against horse, riding 'bare-backed' for half a crown a mount over the made fences of stone walls and turf, perhaps for a trifle subscribed for first and second. I am sure Irishmen are dismounted centaurs, and I believe that when they get on a horse their legs disappear, and they become part of him. To hear the wild 'hurroo,' and to see the rush of the riders, cannoning not being unfrequent, are pretty good proofs that there is no 'roping' going on.

And be it remembered that at Ballinasloe Fair I did not see any drunkenness, or hear any bad language, or any open exhibition of vice such as we are accustomed to in England at all public places.

As to hunting and coursing in Ireland, are not they a matter of history? Have we not heard of the 'Ward Union,' and the 'Galway Blazers?' and I congratulate the members of the last-named on their pluck and horses; for nothing but horses like mad cats mounted by men with nerves of steel could ever get across a country which much resembles a grass-grown churchyard after an earthquake. And I think we 'the base and brutal Saxons,' as the stump orators are pleased to call us,* may plead guilty to having heard of the late

* For the benefit of such as these I reproduce some stanzas which appeared in a periodical.

'Oh! Ireland, there are such
As never knew the touch
Of bread produced by sweat of brow or brain,
Whose place in your great nation
Depends on agitation,
And who'll bring the bad old times to you again.
Then don't talk about your woes,
But take your spades and hoes,
And put your heart and soul into the soil;
And don't be led away
By what idle people say,
The free are those who live by honest toil.'

‘Master Magrath,’ who, by her Majesty’s special desire, had an audience at Windsor.

As to salmon fishing, you can get any amount of it at a price, and it will come as dear as battue-shooting, except in the Lakes.

Did I not feel that I am addressing an audience who, many of them, have never sought the pleasures of flood and field in the wilds of Ireland, I would not go on with these scenes; but I want them to go and try the wild parts of the country, instead of spending fortunes on the Continent year after year. No doubt there is blarney amongst them, but are none of us in England humbugs? Do you think that when a stranger in the wilds of Ireland drops in early in the morning to some out-of-the-way chapel and finds the peasantry at early mass, or sees them silently kneeling by a father’s or mother’s or sister’s grave in the churchyard, that these exhibitions are got up for the amusement of the tourists? Do you think that the invariable greeting on leaving of a morning of ‘Safe home, sir!’ or the ‘Welcome home, sir!’ on your return all means humbug? Does not the expression, ‘He was bad to the mother who bore him,’ bear the hall-mark of love and affection? Go and see emigrants depart and witness the leave-takings with a dry eye, if you can—especially when you see a man with a turf of the old country under his arm, so that he may carry a bit of the soil to America. But above all go into an Irish cottage and ask for a piece of bread, or a potato and a cup of water or a drop of milk, and you will find that no nobleman in the world can offer you hospitality which will exceed that of an Irish peasant. The ruffians who murdered Inspector Brett at Manchester, and those who blew up Clerkenwell, are none of the real Irish peasant stamp. I can state this on my own authority; for, through the kindness of the late Governor of Newgate, I sat in the dock with the Clerkenwell gang, next to Mrs. Ann Justice (and doubtless appeared as one of the prisoners in some foreign illustrated papers), for four days of the trials, and, with the exception of Barrett, who was hung, and who was a desperate political adventurer, and a man of immense nerve and courage, they were as arrant a set of cowards as I ever saw; and I am within bounds if I say that they drank a bucket of water an hour from sheer *funk*. No! Mr. Marwood and his eight-feet drop for all such as they are, are the only remedies. And now I must borrow from Mr. ‘Punch’ a short paper which (although not on the staff of ‘Punch’) I wrote for Mr. P., when the late Shirley Brooks was king, and I used to send him—and formerly to Mr. Mark Lemon—occasional articles, which were *not* ‘basketed.’ It runs thus:—

EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY UTTERANCES.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,

and

To the Honourable the Commons of the same United Kingdom (not at present) in Parliament assembled:

PUNCH sends greeting.

WHEREAS it has come to our ears that, in both Houses of Parliament, there are many Members who occupy seats for the alleged purpose of making Laws for the United Kingdom, including Ireland, who have never set their foot in that Country:

And Whereas "Justice to Ireland" [under which name is included the place called "Oireland," or the "Gim of the Say," or the "Imerald Isle"] has been made a Hustings cry by many popularity-mongers who are ignorant of the Country and its people and its wants:

And Whereas many of such Members may be surprised to hear that such a Country really exists, and that it contains, as regards people, some of the most beautiful women in the world, and some of the lightest-hearted "boys" who ever breathed, in addition to the most exquisite lake and mountain scenery:

Now We, *Punch*, desire and command all of you who have talked about a Country, and legislated for a Country, which can be reached in twelve hours, that during the present vacation, you, one and all, together with your wives and children, if you are married, and with your sisters, nieces, or intended wives [if you intend to marry], forthwith visit that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland, and that, passing rapidly through the regular touring districts, which are the special property of hotel-keepers, guides, and stage peasants and beggars, you travel in and about the more unfrequented parts—especially in the far West, where money is most wanted; and, without patronage or haughty manner, that you go in amongst the peasantry, and make yourself acquainted with their wants, their hopes, and their fears:

And in default of your so doing, I hereby warn you that at the next meeting of Parliament We, *Punch*, attended by our faithful dog Toby, will be present in both Houses of Parliament, and should you, or any of you who have disregarded this our mandate, attempt to vote or speak on any Irish question, our Royal displeasure shall be testified, in spite of the LORD CHANCELLOR or the Right Honourable the SPEAKER of the House of Commons, by the aid of our *bâton* and our pen—one or both—in such a manner that each of you who shall have disobeyed this our mandate will abuse the day when he became an Hereditary Legislator, or wrote M.P. after his name, as the case may be.

Given at our Court, 85 Fleet Street, this 13th day of August, 1872.

PUNCH.

TOBY X his mark.

I will venture to say that if the villages between Galway and Westport were placarded with a notice that 'the English gentleman 'was coming with his little bird,' the whole population would be out. I happen to have a very perfect piping bullfinch in a box similar to that which was shown at the Exhibition, and I took it with me. In the evening, if the weather was fine, I sat outside the inn and smoked a pipe, and gave the village an entertainment gratis; and not only did the whole village come, but they fetched their friends from a distance, and so great was its fame that the lady superior and the nuns had a private performance at the convent, and I must say I think it was a pity that some of them ever were nuns! It so happened that the first really clear day was on a Sunday, and I left on that day by car for Clifden, and we passed a stream in the outskirts at which the women and girls coming into mass were washing their feet, and putting on their shoes and stockings. I heard a shout, 'There is the gentleman with the bird. 'Good-bye, sir! God save ye! Safe home!' Aye, how far a little kindness goes!

There is one more inducement for hon. members to visit the

wilds of Ireland, which is, that I can put them in the way of getting a drop of the 'real stuff,'—none of your Parliament whiskey—"which never paid the Queen a sixpence." Between Oughterarde and Recess, a lone mountain district, there is a little shebeen house, called the Garibaldi Hotel. Outside the hovel is a picture, which—like the historical picture in 'The Vicar of Wakefield'—was too big to be brought indoors. It is stretched on rough canvas, and was painted by an officer in the Guards, who was fishing in the neighbourhood. It is the meeting of Earl Russell and Garibaldi, and represents a short man with colossal white hat, bright blue frock-coat and gilt buttons of large size, shaking hands with a big man in a red shirt. The car-driver who drove me from Oughterarde to Clifden said that he was sent for to bring a gentleman to Galway from Clifden. He was a very tall, broad-shouldered gentleman with a large moustache, and the car-man called him 'Colonel,' as he looked like an officer. I will give it in the man's own words:—

'He was a nice gentleman, and smoked large cigars, and gave me one, but "the drunkenness of it" was too much for me.

'After we left Recess, "I am dry," said the Colonel, "and would like a drop; is any of the real stuff to be had?"

"You can, sir!" and I went to the Garibaldi Hotel, and said to Larry—him whom you saw, sir—"the Colonel is dry," I said; "bring out some of the real stuff."

'There, said Larry, "Here it is, your honour; and never paid the Queen a sixpence."

'The Colonel paid like a gentleman, and we all had some.

"You are a good fellow," said the Colonel; "are you sure this never paid the Queen a sixpence?"

"I am, sir," he said; "for it comes from the mountain."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I shall see the Queen next week, and will tell her."

'Larry, your honour, ran out of the house, and straight into the mountains, and lay hid there for awhile, as I heard afterwards.

"Oh, Colonel!" I said to the gentleman, as we went towards Galway, "is it true that you will see the Queen?"

"I will," he said, "and will tell her."

"Don't get the poor man into trouble," I said.

"No fear," says he; "the joke is too good."

'And as sure as I sit here,' continued my driver, 'when I got to Galway, who should the Colonel be but the Chief Secretary for Ireland; and there was the station-master here, and the hotel manager there, and a lot of the town quality shaking hands with him, and calling him "Sir ——."'

I wonder if that man spoke the truth? I know that the Chief Secretary *did* travel *incog.* through Ireland about the time he mentioned; and I know that he was carried by a car from the inn which supplied mine, and I don't think the man was a liar, or had the sense to coin the story. One thing is certain; which is, that Connemara is—or at any rate was—a nest of smugglers, and the head of the

police told me that they don't catch one set of smugglers out of twenty.

I have only spoken of scenery and sports which any tourist can enjoy ; but I must recall the pleasures of life in an Irish country-house, where everything in the shape of good taste and good breeding existed, and where everything which prevented people from doing as they pleased was abolished. The house was full to the roof of the family party, and intimate friends with their children. There was a range of mountains, with game on them—not very much, but plenty for sport—to shoot over ; two trout-streams within a mile of the house on either side, and horses, old and young, in the stables.

The picture comes vividly before me now of a peculiar—yes, a very peculiar—old horse called Punch, harnessed to a very peculiar old four-wheeled half carriage, half waggon, which conveyed a swarm of nurses and children, with cans of milk, bread and butter, and railway rugs, into the mountains early in the morning at nine o'clock, to remain there till early dinner-time. A delicate little boy, who could not bear the rattling of the carriage, was placed under a tree in a perambulator, and slept away his morning, inhaling the mountain air, under the guardianship of a magnificent blood-hound who was left in charge of him, and who would allow no one but his mistress to come near.

It was liberty hall, and no one need come in to any meals unless they pleased ; and the visitors shot, or fished, or rode, or sketched, and, regardless of the conventionalities of life, had something to eat at any time, to such an extent, and with so much irregularity—for I don't believe that a clock or watch was wound up—that the old butler inquired one evening, 'Miss Mary, have we ' had dinner, or have we not ?'

Talk about the Rhine and Switzerland, mobbed by Cockneydom, compared with enjoyments such as these ; particularly when the evening came, and out-door amusements were over, and we had a regular concert in the drawing-room ; not forgetting—after the ladies had retired—a quiet pipe in a large entrance-hall, before a blazing peat fire, with the promise of another such a happy day to-morrow.

Mitcham.

FREDERICK GALE.

TIGER-SHOOTING IN THE DECCAN.

ON the 15th of March, 1872, K., F., D. and myself started on a tiger-shooting expedition from Secunderabad. For the benefit of the uninitiated, I will describe the impedimenta one requires, and the mode of conveyance for the same, which every one must adopt in a country not flowing with milk and honey, and where railroads are yet in their infancy.

I propose to lead you through a part of the country away from any important towns, but where you come across a village occasionally ; at these you can get sheep and fowls plentifully, but no beef,

and consequently you depend a good deal upon the stores of preserved meats, vegetables, soups, &c., you take with you. For a three-months' trip, each of the party must hire six or eight bullocks, paying 5 rupees (10s.) for each per mensem. These form one of your most expensive items: each bullock carries four dozen bottles, two dozen on each side, packed in baskets, and slung across the animal's back on a pad made for the purpose. In addition to these, you require four bullocks for public stores: viz., tins of preserved meats, &c., plates, knives and forks, and cooking utensils. Your medicine chest should be well stored with quinine and other remedies for the numerous maladies one has to encounter in the sunny East. Your rifles and ammunition are, of course, an important part of your baggage. The rifles should be strapped on your camp-bed, in their waterproof cases fitting tight to the gun, and the ammunition must be packed in tin boxes, care being taken not to load more cartridges than you are likely to want for one day's shooting, as they deteriorate in this country when exposed. Your shells may be loaded with detonating powder before starting, as, in the event of their getting damp, it only increases the force of the charge.

For this shooting I recommend, *par excellence*, a 12-bore C. F. shell-rifle and the Forsyth's swedged shell. The Express is, undoubtedly, a splendid weapon, and its low trajectory makes it invaluable for deer-shooting; but for tigers I still hold to the shell-rifle (and I have used both), finding that a shell effectually stops a beast, whereas an Express bullet, unless it encounters a bone or some hard muscular part, will go clean through. I have heard many men speak of their success with the Express rifle in pursuit of tigers and other dangerous game, so *chacun a son goût*, I only submit my own experience.

We started from K.'s bungalow at 2.45 P.M., 15th March. Our fourth man, D., not having turned up, we decided to go on without him (knowing that he would follow us), and, getting to Gutkasera at 6 P.M., we changed our horses, and left for Beebenuggur. On arriving here we had a snack, and, riding on to a place called Bonagheer, found our servants and bullock drivers with the provision caravan, all somewhat elated with the toddy they had imbibed.

After exhausting our stock of strong language, we succeeded in getting out our armchairs, and, being solaced by a B. and S., slept peacefully until 4.45 A.M., having ridden about thirty-five miles from camp. Our retainers, with their strings of bullocks and our horses, had gone on during the night, as we proposed to finish the journey in a bullock carriage.

We were glad to find that D. had joined us during the night in a country cart, having been nearly shaken to pieces; but we told him that he would be worse before he was better, and into the conveyance we all four jumped, and, travelling on wearily, but merrily, got to Aliah (ten miles) at 10.30 A.M., and again fell to, to the tune of a bottle of claret and a pie that was rather beyond itself, a pipe, and on again; and, nearly shaken to pieces, we fetched our camp, and found

our servants had got everything ready for a meal, and liquor cooling in the stream (and well for them it was, for one's temper does not improve in India, especially with the thermometer at 120° in the shade).

After a refreshing bath and a good feed, we slept in our armchairs under some magnificent mango-trees. At the first streak of day, out we turned, and, mounting our game little nags, rode into our final resting-place, Mundulgorum. Here we found our tents pitched in a delightful spot, the cook and his *batterie de cuisine* all there, and we sat down once more to a decent dinner.

On the 18th our shikarries tied up ten heylahs (water-buffaloes), but next morning they brought in news that the pugs (marks) of the tiger were three days old, and, as we found very little water in the neighbourhood, we knew that the beasts were on the move in search of it.

On the 19th of March we got to Mullikoodla, fifteen miles from last camp. Here the shikarries tied up four heylahs, and next morning brought in kubber (news) that one of them had been killed and dragged up a very high hill into the beast's cave. From this we tried to rocket him out, but without success, the cave evidently going under the hill to a great depth. The tiger was seen for a few seconds by F., who said he was a splendid animal. Nothing was to be done, however; and, after expending all our fire-balls and rockets, we were obliged to leave him.

On the 21st K. and myself went round the heylahs that had been tied up the night before, and found no fresh pugs—plainly showing that he had made a sufficiently good meal the day before to last him for some time.

On the 22nd we were roused by the cry of 'Gharra-huha!' (There has been a kill!) and, turning out, learnt that the pugs were those of the same old tiger who had baffled us the day before. The kill this time was on the opposite side of the hill, and we hoped to arrange the beat so as to circumvent him before he could get into his cave. We were posted in good positions, and our lookout-men in commanding places, to mark him down in case he went away wounded or broke through the line of guns.

The beat was very well arranged, and would have undoubtedly been successful had not one of the village shikarries jumped up in his tree, and shouted out that the tiger was making straight for us. This turned him away from the guns, and he went up the hill for his old castle of refuge. Of course this was a great disappointment; but in tiger-shooting you must expect to have many unsuccessful beats, and this animal was evidently as sly as a fox. We heard, later in the season, that he had baffled another shooting party, having killed six of their heylahs without ever giving them a shot.

We all agreed that it would be better to move on towards the Godavery River, as we suspected that the tigers had gone on there in search of water.

On the 11th of April we arrived at Peddapully, our shikarries having tied up the heylahs the night before. We had a kill about

five miles from camp. The guns were posted in a ravine, which was beaten towards us, but, owing to some of the beaters getting too forward, the beast turned back into the cave at the top of the hill. The shikarries tried to smoke him out, but without success, and, fire-balls and rockets proving equally ineffectual, we got down from our trees, and, going up immediately over the top of the cave, fired several shots into it through the crevices of the rock. At length a couple of shells from my second rifle had the desired effect, and out he came with a rush.

On reaching the mouth of the cave, instead of going down the hill as we expected, he turned upon K. and myself within springing distance, just showing the top of his head and his two fore-paws over the rock. K. fired both barrels close together, and I fired my right barrel, keeping the rifle at my shoulder to give him another; but—luckily, perhaps, for us—he rolled over, and went down the hill at a bound (not hard hit), the whole thing taking only a few seconds. We got to the highest part of the rock, and saw him going lame, and making for some thick jungle. Suddenly a piercing shriek rent the air, and we knew that some poor fellow had been killed. Down we came, and, finding the beast's pugs, went cautiously to work, our head shikarry preceding us by about a couple of yards. The pugs were easily followed in the open, but when we entered the thick jungle all our knowledge of woodcraft was necessary to enable us to find the marks—sometimes a spot of blood, at others a broken twig, being the only traces left. Feeling our way in this manner for a couple of hundred yards or so, we came upon the body of a native shikarry, his head smashed to pieces by a blow from the tiger; his long matchlock had been sent flying by the force of the attack, and was found about twenty yards off. It appears that the poor fellow had been going from one village to another by the ordinary jungle path, and had nothing to do with our party.

Now commenced a scene of frantic gesticulation and howling, varied by the more genuine sobs of some of the poor fellow's relations. It was now impossible either to make oneself heard or obeyed, most of the villagers loading their matchlocks, and declaring that they would follow up with us, and avenge the death of the shikarry. Not having much confidence in their pluck, individually or collectively, we politely declined their aid, and, by Khistiamah's (our head shikarry) advice, agreed to return to camp, as the shades of evening were fast coming on, intending to be on the ground by daylight next morning. By 4 A.M. next day we were again on the beast's pugs, and, beginning from the place where we had found the man's body, worked him partly up a high rocky hill. Here it was found impossible to find any further trace, and, after searching the hill and the adjoining country thoroughly, we were obliged to leave him. Afterwards we heard from some natives that he had been seen to drink at a pool about two miles off, and then make for a distant range of hills, going lame.

The next morning we sent to collect beaters, as usual, having heard of a tiger in the neighbourhood, but, to our dismay, not a man would

again risk his life in the royal sport, although until now we had had no difficulty in collecting any number of beaters. The news of the death of the shikarry had travelled, like the 'fiery cross,' far and wide. We had an interview with the native land agent of the district, and he very politely sent us a number of his followers to beat; but they were not accustomed to shikar, and consequently our efforts were not crowned with success, owing a great deal to the want of village shikarries to point out the haunts of the beasts.

It was agreed now to leave for Montani on the Godavery River, a place that had never been shot over before. We sent on our three head shikarries, intending to follow them in a day or two, knowing that they would find out the kubber, and make themselves acquainted with the *locale* of the place before our arrival. Before leaving Peddapully we sent for the land agent, and in his presence presented the wife of the man who had been killed with a bag of rupees, which she thought so munificent that her tears quickly gave place to smiles and giggles.

On our way home, about six weeks afterwards, we heard that she had married again shortly after our departure; and from my knowledge of natives generally, I should say that the bag of rupees had not a little contributed to secure her a second lord and master.

On the 20th of April we arrived at Montani, and were met by our shikarries, who gave us splendid kubber, and advised us to pitch our camp at Koomaporum, about three miles off, as we should be nearer our work; and it appeared to be a more desirable place for camping than in the immediate vicinity of a large village, where the sanitary arrangements are not first-rate.

The tents were soon up, and in half-an-hour everything was ship-shape. Our horses picketed under some large trees close at hand, the baskets arranged near the big tent, and last, but not least, the beastie (water-carrier) returning from the river, driving his bullock laden with its burden of water-skins. Off go your clothes, and, with a framework of wood to stand upon and half-a-dozen chatties (jars) of cold water thrown over you by your boy (butler), you feel quite a little man again. The shikarries started off about 4 P.M. to tie up the heylahs, telling us that they were sure of a kill during the night.

On Sunday, the 21st, as we were enjoying a hearty breakfast, the cry of 'Gharra-huha!' was heard on the outskirts of the camp, and presently the shikarries brought in kubber, that one of the heylahs had been completely eaten, and that there were pugs of three tigers near the place; they had found out where the beasts were lying up after their feed. We soon collected about sixty beaters, and, mounting our horses, rode off to within a mile or so of the place where the animals were marked down.

Having sent back our nags, we made our way to the ravine through which we intended to beat the tigers. Our trees were soon chosen, and the shikarries returned to the beaters. In a short time the signal was given, and in about twenty minutes after the beat began I heard

a shot in D.'s direction, shortly followed by another, and I just caught sight of a small tiger bounding away into the jungle. On collecting under D.'s tree, we found that he had wounded a tiger, but, owing to his cramped position, was only able to fire two shots, although three tigers had passed within fifty yards or so of his post. We were bitterly disappointed, but wished him better luck next time; and, finding marks of blood close at hand, on we went. When we had worked along for about two hundred yards, the leading shikarry pointed to something under a ledge of rocks; a shot was fired at the place, when out bounded a half-grown tiger. A couple of shots finished him; and we found that he had been hit in the first instance too high behind the shoulder, escaping the vital parts, and probably he had only stopped to lick the wound. This was our first tiger bagged, and, although only a small one, we decided to make the shikarries, gun-bearers, and our servants a present of a few sheep to celebrate the occasion.

Some bottles of fiz made their appearance at our table, and we drank a bumper to our future success. Dinner over, we were enjoying the fragrant weed, when up rushed the shikarries, saying that two tigers were in the camp, close to where the horses were picketed. Up we jumped, and, seizing our rifles (which we always kept round the tent-pole), started off to the place indicated. Nothing could be seen of them, although we knew they were close at hand from the excited state of the horses, who kept straining at their ropes and neighing most piteously. We went round to the tree where the baggage bullocks were collected for the night, and found the bullock-men perched high up in the branches and making the most horrible row. They told us that whilst they were eating their rice at the foot of the tree two tigers had come to within about fifty yards of them, and they had just time to climb into the branches, and by their shouts had driven the animals off in the direction of the horses.

There was nothing extraordinary in this, as tigers have often been known to follow their young, when shot or taken from them, for much longer distances than this, and these two were undoubtedly the parents of the small one we had shot.

Fires were lighted, encircling the camp, and most of the natives collected round them, being too much frightened to think of sleep; so we knew that there would be plenty of lookout-men to warn us in case the tigers returned, and, turning in, we slept peacefully until daybreak.

On searching the ground in the morning we found pugs of two large tigers within thirty yards of the place where the bullocks had been collected, and all round the camp marks were to be found. Breakfast over, we were preparing to spend an idle day, having given up all hopes of kubber, it being long past the time when the shikarries usually returned from their tour round the heylahs. To our surprise a native rushed in, saying that two heylahs had been completely eaten during the night, and that there were marks of an enormous tiger near the place, and that Khistiamah thought an

early beat would be advisable, as the tiger was well marked down, and the place easy to beat. We were soon in the saddle, and, making a circuit round the wood, arrived at the head of the ravine in which the beast was marked down. No time was lost in choosing our posts, and, all being ready, bang went the signal-gun, and the tomtoms and rattles rang out a merry peal.

In about ten minutes a touch on the arm from the gun-bearer behind me aroused my attention, and in a second afterwards I spotted an enormous tiger coming lazily out of some very thick jungle. Evidently not liking his unusually early ramble in the heat of the day, he was making straight for K.'s post, but when about a hundred yards off he changed his direction, and came lolling along, evidently making for the small nullah which my tree commanded. I waited well for him, and, aiming at his spine, pulled the right barrel, which missed fire! I kept on him, however, and pulled the left one, hitting about two inches from the spine and four inches behind the shoulder. Over he rolled, but was off again with a roar and a bound, getting a good shot from my Express rifle at over a hundred yards. K. fired one shot at him as he passed his tree, but only grazed his stern. We gave him ten minutes to bleed well, and then followed up on foot, our gun-bearers behind us with our second rifles. We tracked him by the blood, and found him lying under a tree about a hundred and fifty yards off. He raised himself up, and roared out an unmistakable challenge; and, thinking it better to take the initiative, I put in a double shot from the Express, and brought him down with a crash; and there he lay, fearful even in death, with his enormous legs outstretched, showing a mass of bone and muscle which made us feel how contemptible our boasted strength was when compared to that of the lordly forest king, who with one blow of his paw can kill the buffalo or the bison, and has proved himself more than a match for the lion.

We examined the shots, and found them as I have described, and, getting out the tape, found his dimensions as follows: viz., length, 10 feet 2 inches; height, 3 feet 9 inches; fore-arm, 18 inches. I found my 12-bore rifle was wood-bound, from the excessive heat expanding the wood round the lock. This fully accounted for the misfire.

May 1st.—We had a beat, and saw a tigress and two cubs; they had evidently been disturbed, and were well aware that something unpleasant was in store for them, for long before they came within shot they bolted over the hill to the left.

During the same beat a large tiger was driven into a cave about two hundred yards off. We got down from our trees, and, going up over the top of the cave, sent in rockets and fire-balls; these had the effect of making him rush to the mouth of the cave, when several shots were fired at him through the crevices of the rock, some evidently hitting; but owing to several large pieces of lighted wood having fallen in front of the mouth of the cave, he would not bolt. It was now getting quite dusk, and we were obliged to leave him to enjoy his uncomfortable night's rest.

Next morning we returned, and found him dead; he proved to have been hard hit the night before, and had probably died shortly after we left him. This was a fine specimen of a full-grown tiger, just in his prime, having a beautifully-marked skin, and a head measuring about 36 inches, his length being 9 feet 2 inches.

May 3rd.—We started for Nagapully, eight miles from camp, our shikarries having gone on the day before to tie up the heylahs. On arriving there we were told that there had been a kill the night before. A beat was soon arranged, but, owing to some of the beaters getting too forward, the tiger went over the hill to the left, and I just caught sight of him disappearing on the other side. One of the village shikarries, without saying a word, slipped down from his tree and followed the tiger for some distance, and being sure of the direction he had taken, returned and told us the result of his search. This proved to be correct, for we quickly found the pugs, and after some hard work marked him down in a small wooded ravine. We soon planted the beat, and making a long circuit round through the wood, so as not to disturb him, were once more posted.

My tree was on the extreme left, just on the brow of the hill, and I had a capital view of the beat, and felt pretty sure of getting a shot. This was one of our best-arranged beats; the beaters were divided into two parties, one going outside the wood and below the hill, in order to prevent him from breaking away into the open; the other party went straight through the ravine in which we had marked him down. On the given signal, the two parties started off, and they worked their tom-toms with a will this time, for they knew that they were only about a hundred yards from the tiger; the party below the hill kept a little in advance of the other one, so as to turn him up the hill to the left, where we were posted.

A few minutes after the beat began, I saw the tiger coming up a small nullah straight in front of my tree. When about a hundred yards off he stopped and looked about him, and I think he saw my gun-bearer (who was not so well hidden as I was), for he turned off to the left, making straight for F.'s tree, so I didn't fire. D. put in the first shot, merely cutting a piece of skin out of his back; this turned him in F.'s direction, who planted a shell well in the shoulder, and rolled him over, but he was off with a bound, and I fired two shots at him as he was going away, one of which caught him high up in the haunch and turned him over again.

Down we got, and, making all the beaters get into trees, started off and worked along for about a hundred yards or so, when we discovered him lying under a tree, evidently very sick, but game enough for anything. F. gave him another pill, and, as he still showed signs of life, I tried the effect of an Express bullet. We found that F.'s first shell had done all the mischief, having exploded well in the cavity of the chest. My shell had rendered his near hind-leg useless; and, notwithstanding these two wounds, he had bounded off for over a hundred yards. He was a full-grown tiger, measuring 9 feet 2 inches in length; height, 3 feet 4 inches; head, 33 inches.

May 7th.—We had kubber of a tigress and two cubs, supposed to be somewhere in the vicinity of a large hill, some three or four miles from camp; but as we had no kill, it was necessary to take in a much larger tract of country than usual to make sure of them. Having collected about a hundred beaters, off we started, and after examining the ground we decided to divide the beaters into three parties—one going over the top of the hill, the second by the right, and the third by the left, and by keeping the two side parties somewhat in advance of the one which went over the top, we hoped to encircle the beasts, and drive them through three narrow ravines which we commanded.

Our posts having been taken, and the lookout-men placed, the shikarries returned to the beaters. In about a quarter of an hour the music which does not soothe the savage beast began from the three parties simultaneously, and very well they carried out our plan; the two side-parties circling round the base of the hill, and when clear of it extending over the open space to the right and left, thus forming a sort of net, from which there was only one exit, viz., the three ravines which we commanded. The third party had a hard time of it going over the hill, which was high and rocky, and it was necessary to search it thoroughly; but in a short time they made their appearance, and the three parties uniting advanced in one body, the shikarries feeling sure that the game was in front of them.

I was just beginning to think that I had had about enough of it, having sat perfectly still on a branch of the tree about as thick as my wrist for nearly an hour under the hottest sun I had yet felt, when I caught sight of a beautifully marked tigress creeping stealthily along a ridge of rocks, and making straight for D.'s tree. He waited well for her, and hit hard with his first barrel. K. fired two shots, but missed, the shells exploding on the rock above her. I fired a couple of shells at her as she got up, one hitting well in the forearm. She gave a last struggle, getting another from D. as she passed under his tree, and just managed to creep under some rocks, where we found her dead. This was a beautiful skin, measuring 8 feet 7 inches in length; height, 3 feet 4 inches; forearm, 18 inches.

K. refused to go into his proper tree, and we lost a fine tiger in consequence, as the lookout-men reported that one had been seen to steal away there early in the beat. But we could not blame him, poor fellow! for he felt the heat so oppressive that he was often obliged to choose a tree where he could get shade.

May 10th.—We had kubber of a kill at Ilasarum, four miles from camp, and, sending on breakfast, began the beat early, our posts having been chosen by the shikarries the day before. The beat was soon arranged, the guns being posted to command part of the dry bed of the river through which the beast must pass, in order to gain the jungle on the opposite bank.

Shortly after the beat began I heard a shot in K.'s direction, and news was soon brought that he had wounded a large tiger, which had broken back into the jungle. We all collected under K.'s tree, and

examining the ground, found marks of blood, and from what he said we guessed that the tiger had gone back to his den, which was close at hand. Khistiamah said that we must try the elephant this time, as the jungle would be far above our heads if we followed upon foot. This was true enough; but it was rather a hazardous undertaking on an untried elephant, without a shikar-howdah, but simply a pad, on which you must sit astride—of course a most awkward position to shoot from, as you might easily lose your balance, to say nothing of the chance of the elephant bolting. However, there was no alternative, so we drew lots who should go, and F., nothing loth, started off, with Khistiamah behind him, carrying his second rifle.

In a short time we heard a merry one, two put in uncommonly close together, which made me think it was a charge. However, in a short time I heard another shot, and then I knew he was all right. It appears that the elephant went to within about forty yards of his den, when he came half out, just showing his head and neck. F. sent him back again with a couple of shells in the neck, and he kept spinning round in his den (which was under the roots of a large jhow-bush), only giving F. a snap-shot occasionally, and he left him dead, or nearly so.

While this was going on, two natives rushed up in the most excited state, saying that they had seen a tigress lying about three hundred yards off in some thick jungle, and, from their faces, you would have thought that they had seen the 'Old Gentleman' himself. A beat was soon arranged, and was well carried out; for in about five minutes after it began I spotted a tigress creeping along amongst some thick undergrowth of jhow-bushes. I waited, in hopes of getting a clear shot, but no go; and, rather than let her ladyship off scotfree, I pulled, aiming straight on the shoulder; but, as luck would have it, the shell exploded on the branch of a bush (through which I was obliged to fire), and she was off like a flash of lightning. I got on the pad-elephant, and made my way to the place where she had been marked down; but, when about forty yards from her, she went off with a roar and a bound like a stag. I sent a couple of shots after her, but knew she was not hit. And, by Khistiamah's advice, I returned to my tree, while he started off on the elephant to collect the beaters, and prevent the beast from making off. He soon got them together, and the jungle resounded with the tom-toms and rattles. I had not long to wait, for I spied her coming out into the open about a hundred yards in front of my post. I took a steady shot over the bough of the tree, hitting with my right barrel, and as she raced past me I gave her another with the left one. D. hit her hard as she went by his tree, and she lay up about fifty yards off. Up came the elephant, and off F. and myself went. When about forty yards from where she was lying we heard a low growl, and, making the mahout get the elephant on higher ground, saw her struggling in the centre of a bush. A couple of shots put an end to her, and we finished for the day.

Starting off the elephant to wait for us about two hundred yards from

the place where we left the tiger, and, as we neared the den, going cautiously to work, we at last got a view of the inside, and saw him lying dead; dragging him out, we found that this was the second largest one we had shot, having a fine mane and a very light-coloured skin, evidently a very old tiger. He was much hit about, and we found that K.'s first shot had hit too high behind the shoulder.

The head man of Ilasarum now came up, together with a great number of the villagers, and they recognised the carcase as that of a man-eater, well known in the district, and we found we were entitled to a reward of 300 rupees (30*l.*). These were the only beasts we did not follow upon foot; and we were lucky to get off so well on an untried elephant, as it was impossible to shoot with any certainty from the pad.

The large tiger measured 10 feet in length; height, 3 feet 10 inches. The tigress was 8 feet 8 inches in length; height, 3 feet 3 inches, and had a lovely skin.

We now decided to leave for Montani; but, owing to poor K.'s death from sunstroke, were obliged to give up all further idea of sport, not thinking it right to continue our shikar under such circumstances.

After a journey of two hundred miles by bullock-carts we arrived at Secunderabad, having sacrificed a month's leave; but this could not be helped. On arriving here, I heard of two tigers at a place called Yardigapully, about ten miles from the station. I sent off Khistiamah to get kùbber, and received news the next day that the tigers were there, but that this jungle was not a likely place for them to stay any time.

Under these circumstances we at once applied for three days' leave, and, merely taking a small tent with us, started off. F., myself, and another man who had lately come to the station made up the party. On the second day we had a beat, and saw a Sambur deer; but of course we did not fire at him, always making it a rule never to fire at any other game when beating for tigers, unless, perhaps, we make an exception in favour of the panther.

This was a very rocky, wild country, and just the place in which you might expect to find any sort of game. Our posts were chosen to command one end of a long rocky ravine, with a large hill in front of us, from which the Sambur had been roused. After waiting patiently for some time, we saw the beaters appearing over the top of the hill, and Khistiamah soon came to us, saying that the beasts were not there, and it would be better to try the other end of the ravine.

We accordingly changed our positions and chose our rocks, so as to command the other exit from the valley. The beat was quickly carried out, and in a few minutes I saw a large panther coming slowly down the hill, and creeping along straight for P.'s rock; but he turned off a little to the right, and went within about forty yards of P.'s post, who fired both barrels, but missed with both of them, the shells hitting the rocks above the animal.

This beat being finished, we collected under a shady rock, and held a council of war, the result of which was a move to another valley. The village shikarries thought the tigers might have made for a large cave. We soon got there, and our posts were quickly taken, mine being a rock, with a flat top, from which I could get a splendid shot if they came within range. This was a long beat, on account of the rocky nature of the hill, and I began to give up all hopes of a shot, when, by some unusual excitement amongst the shikarries on the hill, I knew that something was on foot, and in a short time bang went a rifle in F.'s direction, followed by an angry growl. This shot turned the other tiger in my direction, I suppose, for he came galloping along about one hundred and fifty yards in front of my rock. I aimed well in front of him and fired; and, to my delight, over he rolled, but was up in a second, and came charging straight for my rock. I waited until he was twenty yards from me, when I gave him another pill, and he sobbed out his life at the foot of the rock.

It appears that the tiger which F. had wounded had passed his rock, which was only a few feet from the ground, and, seeing F., had growled at him, and turned off, only exposing his hind quarters; so probably the shell had caught him somewhere in the haunch. Many men would hesitate to fire at all under these circumstances, and any one who has gone in for tiger-shooting will see at once the risk he ran. The wounded tiger made off for a distant jungle, and the natives afterwards told us that the villagers for miles round had been frightened by his fearful howling; so probably he has long since bitten the dust, as they rarely recover in this hot climate from a wound of that nature.

The shades of evening made us give up all idea of following up the wounded one. This was a disappointment, especially to F., who wanted to have another go in at him. We found the tiger I had shot was a splendid specimen of a full-grown one, having a beautifully marked skin and a splendid head; his length was about 9 feet 2 inches (but we had not the tape with us). My first shot had hit fairly in the centre of the body, going straight through the liver; and the second one had hit close to the spine, only rather too far back. This made eight tigers shot in two months—not bad, considering the exceptionally dry season; and with another month's shooting we might have expected a large increase to our bag, for at Montani we left three tigers we knew of, and lower down the river three more, and all round within a circuit of twenty miles we had very good kubber.

Since writing the above account I have been distressed to hear of the fearful accidents which have lately occurred in India from tiger-shooting. Of course accidents will always occur, some from carelessness, others from foolhardiness; but I maintain that these animals may be shot from trees or rocks, and followed up on foot by three or four cool steady men with impunity, if you take your shikarry's advice, and do not pretend to know better than a man whose life has

been passed in the jungles, and who is thoroughly conversant with the habits of the animals.

An Englishman may make a good shikarry, but he can never hope to rival the trained native hunter, who begins as a boy ; and in nine cases out of ten you will find them thoroughly to be depended upon in time of danger.

NIMROD.

COACHING FOR THE MILLION.

THERE can be no doubt but that the Britons are a horse-loving nation. Hengist and Horsa did not display the ensign of the Wild White Horse in England for nothing. The spirit of the old Vikings is still strong within us, the horse and the sea are our playthings, true sons of Neptune that we are ; and although the passion for both may be kept in abeyance for a time, it comes forth in all grades of society on the slightest provocation. Hence the little band of sportsmen, comprising the present Duke of Beaufort, the late Messrs. Chandos Pole and J. B. Angell, touched a true chord in our nature and made an appeal to the public which was sure to receive a ready response, when, in 1867, they instituted coaching on the Brighton Road as a recreation, after a company had succeeded but badly in the effort to do so the previous year. We had all heard of it as a business, and for the most part deemed that the express train had years ago rung its knell, and that the art of putting four horses together and driving them was as defunct as the dodo. So it appeared to be in the strictly utilitarian age which followed the introduction of railways. Little was thought of but making money for a time, then came the reaction. Severe labour brought the need of relaxation, increased wealth the means of procuring it, pleasures were multiplied, until, like Xerxes, we almost offered rewards for any one who could invent a new one, and amongst other things that came to the front was the love of driving. Not for the public at first ; as all fashions do, coaching commenced in the upper strata of society, there were yet living men who had learnt to handle a team in the old coaching days, and they never let the art really drop. The Four-in-Hand Club was instituted in 1856 very much on the lines of the Old Benson Driving and the Four-Horse Clubs, which flourished in the early part of the century. Since then the Coaching Club has arisen under the same president (the Duke of Beaufort) as its predecessor ; and the meets of the two have outgrown the limits of Hyde Park to accommodate the drags and spectators. The late Mr. Morritt's yellow coach and roans, Mr. Gerard Leigh's browns, Mr. Coupland's chesnuts, Lord Lonsdale's bays, Capt. Whitmore's greys, with the teams of Mr. A. de Rothschild, Mr. de Murietta, Sir Henry Tufton, and others, have become as well known to the public as Irving or Toole, and attract as much attention as the Derby winner himself, until some cynics say we have all become coaching mad.

It was, however, eleven years after the inauguration of the Four-in-Hand Club that the general public had an opportunity of indulging in coaching by the starting of 'The Brighton,' as above stated. Since that time they have had no cause to complain of want of opportunities, as every summer sees several coaches put on the road, in a way that could not have been surpassed by the best-appointed mails when coaching was in the height of its glory. We need not follow here the history of the road, which has at appropriate intervals been set forth in 'Baily,' but briefly say, that of late years it has never been vacant during either summer or winter.

Nothing can be more enjoyable than a drive on a clear bright frosty day, but our climate affords so few of them that winter coaching can never become really popular. The summer ones vary the length of their season, according to the convenience or caprice of the proprietors. A few years ago the 1st of May was considered the orthodox day for commencing, and looked forward to by coaching men in much the same way as the 12th of August or 1st of September is by the shooter, but for the last year or two a start has been made nearly a month in advance of that time by some—the Guildford and Portsmouth, for instance, last year—while others, like the Boxhill, have deferred their commencement until much later. The Brighton has for some years been a late coach, and very justly, as it seldom loads well until after the turn of the days, but from that time, until autumn evenings at the end of October or beginning of November cause the finish of the journey to be done in the dark, the way-bill is generally full.

Those having coaches formerly, where the thing was well done, allowed a horse to every double mile of ground, and anything that was useless for other employment and could go the required pace found its way into a coach of some sort. In the present day proprietors are, as a rule, more liberal in the number of horses kept, and far more particular as to the class of animals they put before the public—in fact we have only to turn to the reports of sales at Tattersall's or Aldridge's to see what valuable cattle are now used. The general rule is to buy sound good-looking young horses, with fair characters as hunters, if they can be procured, and having worked them through the season sell off in the autumn when their hard condition renders them much more valuable than at the time they were bought in, and those with the appearance of pace about them are eagerly snapped up by hunting men. Thus it is by no means usual to see the same horses on a coach two seasons following, except when a proprietor puts his private team to work on the London ground, and so grand are some of those running the first stage out that this must be often the case. A conversation I had a year or two ago with a coach proprietor, who is generally to be seen on his own box, will throw considerable light on the difference in the way coaches are horsed now, in comparison with what was formerly the case. We were on the vexed subject of bearing-reins, of which he is a great opponent, when I asked if he got a bad heavy-mouthed

horse whether he would not drive him in one ? ‘Certainly not,’ was his answer, ‘for I would not drive him at all.’ No better proof than this is needed to show how carefully the safety of the public is provided for by owners of coaches in these days ; and after some years’ experience on the road all over England I can safely say that I have never seen a really dangerous horse put to, and only one or two that were a little awkward at starting.

To understand how eager the public are to embrace the advantages placed at their disposal it is only necessary to pass an hour or two at Hatchett’s any fine morning during the season. You will see coach after coach go off well loaded with all sorts and conditions of men. Londoners for the most part—for there is no more staunch supporter of the sport than the Londoner—although take a seat by whatever coach you like, and it is more than an even chance that you find some one from a distance who has included a day’s drive amongst his other London experiences. The Americans are also great patrons of the road, and when Mr. Kane had the Virginia Water coach running they, as a rule, supplied the greater part of his load. From all we hear the same or even greater success has attended his efforts to introduce the sport of driving four horses in his native land, and seats have to be booked days and even weeks beforehand, in order to be sure of a ride with him.

The old driving-man will also recognise at Hatchett’s, for the most part chatting on the well-known steps, a group of men very different from the general passengers ; men whose keen glance would detect in a moment the slightest deviation from what sound sense and good taste dictate, in either coach, horses, or appointments. But our business is not with these ; they are not often passengers on other men’s coaches, though one may occasionally be seen taking his place on the box seat, and the chances are that he will handle the ribbons a stage ere the journey is completed. Rather let us turn to those happy individuals who leave *atra cara* not only on the crupper but altogether behind them, and being bound for a holiday, ride in faith, and be the coachman good or bad, as long as no accident happens, enjoy the full fruit of their trustfulness. Having started them, I may halt for a moment to see what advantages the present taste for driving offers to the hard-worked man of business who has not yet made his way sufficiently far up the hill of fortune to indulge in long holidays or expensive outlays. Few will deny that he is the person of all others on whom an occasional day of entire liberty and country air is perhaps the greatest boon that could be conferred. At the same time, to him, if injudiciously spent, a holiday is likely to have a very contrary effect from that contemplated or intended. How many men ere now, feeling the ill-effects of a sedentary life, have resolved within themselves that on the first opportunity they will have ‘a good long walk in the country,’ and how wofully disappointed have they been at the result, which, instead of sending them back to their work refreshed and invigorated, has had precisely a contrary effect. The cause is not difficult to find. Every effort

like a long walk requires some previous training, and the man who undertakes it totally unprepared finds to his cost that instead of invigorating him it has left him in a more prostrate state than before. The same may be said of those who rush away many miles by train to the seaside or elsewhere. The day to them is all hurry and bustle, because they attempt, as a rule, to crowd too much into it, and thus frustrate their efforts for enjoyment, reaping in its stead the weariness of the wayworn traveller, or soldier on the march. Compare for a moment the state of those who pass a holiday on the top of a coach. From the moment they take their seats, which can be comfortably done after a breakfast at their usual hour without hurry, there is much to amuse and nothing to fatigue them. Even the man who travels alone is sure to find some companion with whom he may crack a merry jest, or gather useful knowledge; for the riders on coaches, as a rule, are of a genial, communicative turn of mind. Again, the coachman takes a pride in pointing out all the objects of interest on his road, whether he be amateur or professional, while to those behind, the guard is ever ready to act as cicerone to its beauty, and generally contrives to throw in some amusing anecdote of his own coaching experiences. The suburbs are soon passed, and there is something wonderfully exhilarating in the ten miles an hour pace, the rattle of shoes and pole chains, and occasional blast of the 'yard of tin' to give warning to a sleepy waggoner to make way, or let the horsekeepers know that it is time the next change was out. There is a cheeriness also in the looks of all connected with coaching which is exceedingly catching, and however hypochondriacal a man may be at starting, I would venture a small wager that he takes a more cheerful view of life ere the end of the first stage is reached. By the second, it is a great chance if he is not as happy as John Gilpin's spouse before the unwilling flight of her husband, and, sober man that he is, receives the glass of foaming ale handed him by the neat barmaid with a smile; for there is sure to be some noted house on the road where the ale is so good that it must be tasted by one and all. By the end of the third stage, he will not only be on good terms with himself and all his fellow-passengers, but anxiously inquiring how long it is until luncheon is due; for I will back coaching against anything I know, save and except sailing, to produce an appetite. The reason is obvious—by no means yet discovered can a man enjoy such a flow of fresh air without personal exertion as on a coach: you are raised above the height of ordinary mortals, and go fast enough to keep up a free circulation; add to this that you have the pleasantest of country sights and sounds, without enough exertion to produce lassitude, and it is plain hunger must be the result. Nowhere can all these advantages be combined save on a yacht, or a coach; the former is beyond the reach of most, the latter within that of nearly all. The man who has only a day to spare can run out to various towns, situated twenty to thirty miles from London; have two or three hours' pleasant drive; as a rule, a capital luncheon; an hour or two for strolling about and seeing the

beauties of the place, and return comfortably on the coach to Hatchett's by seven in the evening. If he prefers to spend more time on the coach and less at its destination, there are roads which will jump with his wishes. Has he a longer time to spare, he may take his place on the Portsmouth or Brighton, which spend a good part of the day on the road, and on the next will bring him back to town, or leave him to enjoy a few more hours at the seaside, as he pleases. Last summer I met with a man who went to Portsmouth, crossed to Ryde, spent a night at the back of the island, and returned by coach the next day. Others have made a pleasant change by going to Portsmouth, taking the train to Brighton, and returning by that road, or *vice versa*, thus combining two of the most beautiful journeys to be found in the home counties. These doings may be laughed at by the men who climb Alpine peaks, or rush along a hundred miles a day on bicycles, but it is not given to all to achieve such feats, and for many a weary worker abundance of fresh air, without too great an amount of physical exertion, is the chief requirement for a holiday.

Another advantage in coaching is, that it can be equally enjoyed by both sexes; and it is only to make your party and arrangements, and secure all the seats on any coach for a certain day, to enjoy all the pleasures of a picnic without any of the trouble. Business men who cannot give up a whole day find those coaches leaving London at any time after noon a great boon, as by them they can have a drive for a certain number of miles, and return by train. In this matter the Boxhill (Mr. Cooper's) supplied an obvious want, as it started at 4.15 from Hatchett's in the afternoon, reached the little inn at Burford Bridge in time for dinner, after which those who chose to stay the night had a few hours to devote to the beauties (unsurpassed) of the place, and were set down in London the next morning in time to resume their usual avocations; while those who preferred it could return to town that night.

A few words regarding the health-giving properties of coaching may not be out of place; and I can say that one gentleman now constantly drives through the summer months, for the sake of his health, as he has not time for a sea-voyage. Colonel Withington, who suffered for years from consumption, also himself told me, that he never felt so well as when driving daily through the summer between London and Dorking. I trust I have now said enough on the advantages accruing to the public from the re-establishment of coaching. One word with regard to owners and drivers, and I have done.

There is no character so much at a discount amongst Englishmen as the man who cannot hold his own, and take care of himself in difficult circumstances. I need not say such a one would be out of place on the coach-box. To drive well, a man must have power and nerve, besides a good knowledge of horses generally, and the art of coachmanship. I have said that the mere riding on a coach calls for little physical exertion; but it is not so with driving; and the

man who can drive from fifty to seventy miles day after day must be in good health and of sound constitution, as the exertion of holding and keeping four horses together for that distance is no light one. He must also have plenty of nerve to be able to extricate himself from difficulties, should he get into them; and a cool head, so that in case of danger he may provide safeguards, without letting his passengers see that he apprehends it, for a panic on their part would probably lead to disastrous results. In fact, a coachman requires a great many of the same attributes as the captain of a vessel, and should never forget that, for the time being, his passengers have trusted their safety, perhaps their lives, to his keeping. A man who thoroughly does his duty on the coach-box is little likely to have either time or inclination for the enervating pursuits of a debauchée or the gambler; hence it is as safe a form of recreation as any young man could indulge in. Let him choose his road judiciously, if he is judge enough to do so, buy his horses well, and if not, place himself in the hands of some competent and trustworthy person to do it for him; and then comes, we admit, the great point—keep it well looked after—and he can take little harm by his venture. This simple matter of looking well after the teams, and managing their work, may, however, make all the difference as to the balance being on the profit or loss side at the end of the season, as was very plainly shown by the sales of horses working in two long-distance coaches last year. One lot fell far below the average at which some at any rate credited them with being bought in at, besides a loss of several which died. How any man sitting daily over horses, and driving them, can allow them to fall back in condition without taking measures to prevent it, seems almost more than one can understand. When the least sign of falling off is seen, more corn should be ordered at once, and care taken to be sure that the horses have it. Of course a great thing is to change at houses where you know the landlord is a decent fellow, and will be your friend, neither robbing you yourself, nor allowing any one about him to do so. You must also visit the stables yourself or by deputy, and see the *inside* of them as well as the out. To return from this digression to the other coach mentioned; the horses there, bought in at an admittedly high price, made such an average that they must have left the proprietors very well satisfied with their season. Here we see the difference between good management and bad: well done, there is little chance of any one's losing enough by the venture to seriously hurt his prospects in life.

We all have known, since Nimrod wrote so sensibly and pleasantly on the Road, that the stomach of a coach horse ought to be the measure of his allowance of food. He said: 'Proprietors of coaches have at length found out—though they were a long time before they did discover it—that the hay and corn market is not so expensive as the horse market. They have, therefore, one horse in four always at rest; or, in other words, each horse lies still on the fourth day, thus having the advantage of man.'

Again he says : ‘ No horse lives so high as the coach horse. In the language of the stable, his stomach is the measure of his corn ; he is fed *ad libitum*. The effect of this is visible in two ways ; first, it is surprising to see how soon horses gather flesh in this severe work ; for there is none, as far as muscular exertion goes, more severe while it lasts ; and secondly, proprietors find that good flesh is no obstacle to their speed, but, on the contrary, operates to their advantage.’ If these maxims were true when horses were at almost a third of their present price, and we must admit that they were so, what can we say of those who now suffer loss through not keeping their horses up to the mark ? As, however, the horse’s appetite being the criterion of what corn he should eat is somewhat indefinite, and where things are not well looked after it is something wonderful what horses may be supposed to consume, and yet become poorer every day, for the information of any reader of ‘ Baily ’ not yet initiated into the mysteries of the road, I venture to give what has been considered by one of the best judges of coaching in modern days as the proper allowance for a coach horse in hard and fast work : ‘ Three bushels of old oats, three gallons of old white peas, one truss of old first cut clover hay, 12 lbs. cut straw per week. The contract (in the country) 17s. 6d. per horse per week. Some of the big horses had seven feeds of corn per day.’ Half a bushel of oats per day is not too much for a coach horse.

To those who can afford to find coaches, as well as to those who ride on them, we can heartily recommend the Road as one of the purest and most health-giving sports in which they can indulge. There is no cruelty in it, no temptation to gambling ; it causes no trespass or heartburning from crops trodden down or devoured, and can be indulged in without detriment or annoyance to a single individual, but to the profit and enjoyment of many ; for where the coach runs the inhabitants benefit by it in convenience, pleasure, and pocket. By the way, the latter consideration reminds me of an anecdote of a well-known professional whip of bygone days, with which I may as well wind up this article. One very wet day, as evening was drawing on, he espied a poor woman with a child in her arms sitting under the hedge-side of the lonely road along which his coach was proceeding. He pulled up and made some inquiries as to where she was going, and so forth, and then offered her a ride, which was gratefully accepted. All this time his box-seat passenger appeared much interested, and when the coach proceeded on its way he remarked to the driver : ‘ Poor woman, I do indeed feel for her.’ ‘ Do you,’ replied the coachman ; ‘ where ?’ ‘ Where ?’ ejaculated his companion, ‘ Why, in my heart, of course.’ ‘ Oh !’ growled the whip, ‘ well, I thought ‘ it warn’t in your pocket.’ I trust all who ride on coaches will bear this anecdote in mind when the proposition is once more raised, as no doubt it will be when the season again comes on, that was started last year, and so ably advocated by Mr. A. G. Scott, of a Coachman and Guards’ Benevolent Society ; conducted on the same lines as that admirable institution for the benefit of Hunt Servants.

COUNTRY UMPIRES.

WHEN the threatening shower has broken at last, and twenty-two disgusted cricketers are sitting in tent or pavilion listening to the patter of the rain on canvas or on roof, or disconsolately scanning the sky in hopes of discerning the break which the single sanguine member of the party (there is always one sanguine man) professes to be able to see; when a party of four has settled down in the corner with two cricket-bags and a shawl for a table, to play whist till brighter times come, a little knot, you may be certain, will gather together for conversation, and the subject of that conversation, you may very safely wager, will be 'umpires.' To the weather-bound cricketer 'umpires,' 'their mistakes and their iniquities,' provide the text that 'servants, their virtues and failings,' supply to dowagers. Why, when two rival villages contend, the important situation of judge should apparently be given to the stupidest man in each respectively, is a problem that we leave to wiser heads to decide. It is impossible that the intellect of the community can be fairly represented by the men who fill the situation of umpires; if it is so, it is high time that schools for middle-aged men were established to cultivate and raise, if possible, the general mental standard. My friend Jones, who is a most amiable and enthusiastic amateur cricketer, suggests to me that it is conceit that leads many of these umpires to assume a post for which they are only fitted by their doggedness and their intensely thick mental skins. Perhaps Jones is right; but do we not all know the type of man, the most pronounced point in whose character is his readiness to lay down the law? You may see him, his pipe, his beer, and his utterly confident air, in Teniers' alehouse pictures; you may see him in the P-v-l-n on L-rds Ground; you will see him and hear him, to your cost, after dinner, but you see him in his perfection when he stands as umpire in a country match. On scores made years ago his reputation as a player and judge of the game is based in part, but far more does it rest on his own unblushing statements. Mankind will take a man's judgment of himself pretty readily, supposing, doubtless, that if a man knows anything, or any one, he must know that very old friend, Himself. Such a fine old cricketer does sometimes, it is true, know something of the game, but he is too self-satisfied to make any great advance in knowledge, and year after year he continues to make the same mistakes in the matter of 'leg before,' and in any other point where a little science is required. 'Sir, it would 'have ripped up his middle stump,' was the answer given by such a man two years ago, when a batsman had placed himself between the pitch of a lob delivered by a slow bowler famed for his twist and the wicket, and the ball, having broken nearly a couple of feet from the leg, had struck his pad, and he had been pronounced out. The batsman at the opposite wicket having pointed out the fact that the ball had pitched some distance to leg, received as answer the words quoted

above, delivered in a tone and with a confidence that showed that in the umpire's mind no doubt could exist. And this happened in a match really of some importance, on a country ground, it is true, but in a match where both elevens were very nearly, if not quite, up to county form. The weight that the decisions of an umpire like this carry, and his cronies do certainly attach considerable value to them, is due to the fact that he believes in them himself; he prides himself on his honesty, he does not think it is possible that he should make a mistake; his fellow-villagers swear by him; if the members of neighbouring villages swear at him it does not disturb his peace of mind; *teres atque rotundus* as one of Dark's best balls, the words pass by him like the empty wind, and he regards them not.

A species of umpire more irritating at times is the enthusiastic admirer of the game, who will go any distance to see a match, and will cheerfully stand as umpire for any length of time for almost nothing. Though he love the game never so much, he never seems able to learn the rules; moreover, the interest he takes leads him to make a series of remarks, forming a commentary on all that happens. Two years ago, in the West, an excellent fellow of this stamp was standing. The bowler delivered a ball, and in doing so went over the crease. 'No ball,' called he. It was not straight: 'Woide.' The batsman reached out to hit it: 'Well 'it,' added the umpire. Third man secured the ball: 'Well caught,' cried he, approvingly, adding, 'Hout, hover,' and contentedly walking down to his position at short-leg.

Sometimes this enthusiasm shows itself in a more equivocal form. An undecided game is a real sorrow to the man, and he is perhaps a little inclined to 'assist nature' in disposing of an awkward bat, who makes a stand at a critical point, and seems likely to prevent the conclusion of the game. My friend Jones has a story which illustrates this peculiarity. Some years ago a volunteer battalion was camping out, and to dispose of one day a match was arranged. The parade in the morning necessarily made the hour for the commencement of the game a late one. So, though the wicket was rough, only one hour more play remained when the side that had won the toss concluded their first innings. The umpire was the village policeman; his whole soul was in the game; he had volunteered to fill the post directly he heard the first rumour of cricket. 'What a pity,' said the bowler, just as they went out into the field, 'that we shall not have time to finish it.' 'Not finish it, sir?' said the umpire. 'Oh, we must get it finished. I think *we* can manage it; *just let some of them get their legs in the light.*' Just before time the last man—well—was given out, and as the umpire removed the bails and drew the stumps, he remarked complacently, 'A very pretty game, and just finished in time. I thought we could do it.' It must be confessed, however, that some of his decisions did not give complete satisfaction.

Our villagers pride themselves on their cricket; perhaps they hold themselves in a higher estimation than the outside world does.

But the fact remains that they play, they think that they play well, and they have an umpire. His name is Mr. Hope; he is the postman; his Christian name is John, his intimates call him 'Johnnie.' Of late years our eleven has not been fortunate; we have been picked out, ill-natured people say, by clubs in the neighbourhood to play against as providing, like the Hospitaller in 'Ivanhoe,' the surest victory. This series of disasters has caused the deepest sorrow to our umpire. He shakes his head, he speaks of members lost to the club with tender regret. 'Ah,' he says, 'we want Mr. Percy's bowling back; 'they young Smiths is no good. Nothing but long hops and full 'pitchers to leg, and never gets no runs.' He is not a really good man for his post, for he makes mistakes; but he is honest, and he does his best. If he were not close on seventy, it is probable that his sight would be clearer; but that is his misfortune, not his fault. He also lacks the dogged determination never to own himself wrong, which is so valuable to men who at times make mistakes in deciding a close run-out or a doubtful leg-before. He will even at times, if he is allowed, retract a decision. Our team had gone over to play a fairly strong eleven belonging to a rival club. The day was beautiful, the sun was hot, the wicket good, our bowling, as usual, terribly bad. The enemy boasted, at least, one very superior bat—superior bat, that is, for a team of the description—and it is needless to tell any one who knows how Fortune treats us, that we lost the toss. A lucky wicket put us all in good spirits. *The* bat was the next to occupy what the sporting papers term the debatable ground. The very first ball, coming sharply up from the pitch, struck him somewhere, and as he clearly covered his wicket, the umpire was appealed to for leg-before. 'Hout,' said he. The batsman (he was a local celebrity) held up his bleeding knuckles for all men to see, saying, 'Out? Johnnie Hope, out? D'ye think I 'be a going out for thaat.' 'Dearie me,' said Johnnie, with genuine concern. 'Dearie me, not out. Let it pass, gentlemen, let it pass.' The man stayed in, hit the bowling to all parts of the field, and was not disposed of until he had made some sixty runs.

When things were at their worst for our club, a man in our village, the butcher, came to our secretary and wished to speak to him on something important connected with the cricket. 'What 'is it, my man?' said he. 'Well, sir,' said Mr. Chops, 'it's the 'umpiring. That there Mr. Hope, sir, he's no use. I want you to 'take and make me umpire. I could do something for you, I'm sure. 'But that Johnnie Hope, sir, he'll stand there, and when it comes 'to a pinch he never will do nothing to help us.' A sad pity it is that so many men are unable to resist the temptation to give bad decisions. How great the temptation is, is scarcely realised by those who do not know the intense feeling that the annual match between two rival villages creates, outdoing even the antagonism felt by two schools under similar circumstances. Hence, if not sternly repressed, rise bitter wrangles, squabbles about time (for it is a curious fact that the two umpires' watches never do agree under such circum-

stances), and all those little unpleasantnesses which completely spoil a game.

Old Etonians will remember 'Joby,' his red face and his inevitable straw hat. He is still in the land of the living, and still stands umpire on occasions, though he must now be a great age. When he had made a mistake, which was pointed out to him, and it must be confessed that he did at times make mistakes, his answer was invaluable. 'Well, sir, I'm not the Pope of Rome; I a'nt 'infallible.' But he was never guilty, like poor Johnnie Hope, of withdrawing a decision. If it was wrong (he did not think it was), why, he was sorry, but the man was out, and there it ended.

On the minor peculiarities of these men we have no space to dwell. One gentleman always gives his decision of not-out in the case of stumping or running out in the word 'ome.' He also can never be prevented from moving round into the line of sight to see where the ball is going to, and as he is a man of presence, the ball completely disappears in his capacious waistcoat. His detractors declare that he once said, in reply to an appeal, 'Not out, but I 'shall give you out if you do it again.' He is *not* the man who, when his side, in whom he felt a patriotic interest, were failing, did his best for them as umpire by disposing of an opponent here by a run-out, and another by a catch rather close to the ground; and at the very critical point of all, when the ball struck the last man somewhere, waited for no appeal, but whipped off the bails, calling out, 'Hout, and I've won five bob;' but he frequently calls 'wide' 'over,' as a rule gives a wrong number of balls, and never decided a close thing right in his life, except by accident.

My friend Jones has made the following collection of cries supposed to represent 'over.' 'O,' 'Ho,' 'Er,' 'Oer,' 'Overre,' 'Hovver,' 'Hoare,' 'Wup,' 'Wer.' 'The balls his hover, gentlemen.'

One of the best umpires in our neighbourhood is a man who has been a gentleman's servant, and whose present employment is to look after a little pack of beagles. As a judge of a dog he is excellent. His ornithology is not so perfect. On one occasion, as evening was drawing on, a nightingale commenced singing. His master asked him if he knew which bird of the pair it was that sang. 'I do not rightly know, sir,' said he, 'but I think it is 'the *dog* bird,' so thoroughly do his kennel duties affect his mind.

To conclude, there are three rules that any one who undertakes the thankless post of umpire would do well to observe:—

1. To show no doubt in giving a decision, however much he may feel.
2. To give no reasons.
3. To give all doubtful points in favour of the batsman, remembering that he has but one life.

If he is self-possessed, resolute, attentive, and knows the rules thoroughly, he will then scarcely go wrong.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February, its Frivolities and Fears.

A LIVING statesman has left it on record that one day of the week—Sunday—is the day of *canards*. Is there a month, we wonder, devoted more than another to those often mischievous, sometimes amusing inventions? They have been in full flight lately, on the wing in the East, as well as the West; on the Bosphorus, and in Pall Mall—and February has been sacred to them. What an atmosphere of lies have we not lived in! A cynical friend of ours maintains the Turf to be the most prolific parent of falsehoods out; but while agreeing with him to a certain extent (what a lying time is not the eve of a great handicap!) we are of opinion that that excellent institution is, with the best intentions, not in it with diplomacy. The rapid course of events—the lie of to-day obliterating the one of the day before—has made us perhaps forgetful of the quality of the food we have been fed upon. Hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, have also added their quota to the mess, and that in no sparing way; and what with blunders, real or apparent, imputations for which we can find no other word than scandalous, and sentiments that we must perforce call un-English, February has not been a month on which we can look back with any great degree of satisfaction. The 'lying spirit' has been certainly abroad, and in quarters where it ought not to have been found. But still, out of evil has come good; for all this wretched work has recoiled upon the doers thereof, and evoked a patriotic feeling throughout the country, so strong and decided that the claims of party have collapsed before it. The 'Van' Driver, as such, knows no distinction between Conservatives and Liberals, but he may be permitted to rejoice over an exhibition of English patriotism, realising somewhat those days of old when

'None was for a party, then all were for the State.'

Despite, however, grave alarms and humiliating exhibitions, the tide of pleasure-seeking humanity rolled on pretty much as usual. Club-land was apt to be disturbed about the Dardanelles at the time the evening papers appeared, and inclined to shake its head and be rather depressed, but recovered itself before the dinner hour, and ate its roast mutton and took its Russian salad (they make a famous one at the Town House), without fear of consequences. Members who came up from the House to snatch a hasty meal, were pounced upon and gave exciting accounts of what was going on, and the feeling of gloom and despondency revived temporarily in the smoking-room, only to be dispersed by poker. There was a good deal of indignation and much strong language, an eminent statesman generally passing a bad quarter of an hour at this time. But after all, we must be amused; and so Lord Tom Noddy said to Sir Carnaby Jenks, 'Bother the Dardanelles! where 'shall we go to, old fellow?' the result of the question generally being stalls at the Folly or the Gaiety. And, by-the-way, what a wonderful run 'Little 'Dr. Faust' is having at the latter house. We have reason for believing that our young friends Noddy and Jenks go there four times a week at least; and we ourselves, since sweet Kate Vaughan has brought back her embroidered stockings—but no matter. The charm about this burlesque is that it always seems fresh; the jokes and songs never pall; the pretty costumes have not lost their gloss, and the piece goes with the greatest sprightliness from start to finish. 'Wildfire,' too, fills the Alhambra nightly; and there has been

quite an excitement about 'Plevna' at the Canterbury Hall. The Surrey Theatre, also—but this is a little out of our line, and no Nellies, Kitties, or Jennies have induced us yet to cross Westminster Bridge. Pilgrimages have been made, we believe, to the Grecian, where the peculiar talents of Mr. George Conquest command an audience other than that of the City Road; and of course, now the Philharmonic is open, it is a case of Islington revisited. But there is a theatrical public, let us hope, who feeling a little above the silk-stocking business (charming as that undoubtedly is), hanker after Shakespeare, and at two of our West End houses they can now be gratified.

First let us take 'Twelfth Night' at the Haymarket, with Miss Neilson as Viola. This fantastic play, so dull in many of its scenes, we need not say owes all its interest to the heroine, and even she has failed to win for it anything approaching popularity. Viola is the all-in-all of the comedy; for the vanity and conceit of Malvolio, the pertness of Maria, the laboured quips and cranks of the Clown, and the drunken orgies of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, scarcely excite a smile. We remember some years ago, poor Keeley made us laugh as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, but though that admirable actor, Mr. Walter Lacy, was the Malvolio, he hardly succeeded in making him amusing. The peals of laughter the luckless Steward evokes from Maria and the Clown were not responded to by the audience then, nor are they now. Mr. Howe, indeed, was evidently ill at ease in a part entirely unsuited to him, and Mr. Harcourt made Sir Andrew a purely farcical character. To Miss Neilson's Viola the revival will owe all the success it receives. Representing all the grace and tenderness of the character, and letting her absorbing passion for the Duke be the motive power of her action, Miss Neilson also gives us its frolicsome side; allows us to see she takes a pleasure in her assumption of the handsome page who steals ladies' hearts; admires herself in her male attire, and is the saucy boy to life. That Miss Neilson looks singularly attractive in her pretty Greek costume, goes without saying. Very happy was she in her discovery that Olivia really takes her for a man, and the 'I am the man,' was uttered with a keen sense of the fun of the situation. The quiet pathos of the character, too, finds in her an able exponent and the beautiful and familiar passages in which the love and tenderness of Viola are set forth were admirably given. The whole conception was marked by good taste. Her spirits never ran away with her; her tenderness and sentiment were never overstrained. We wish we could speak in terms of praise of the rest of the cast, but with the exception of Mr. Kyrle as the Duke, and Mr. Conway as Sebastian, there was not much to commend. The drunken fooling of the two knights was terribly overdone.

The Rosalind of Miss Cavendish at the St. James's is worth seeing—indeed we are inclined to think that in this *rôle* the artist is at her best. A happy mixture of gaiety and tenderness is the character of Rosalind, and Miss Cavendish has hit the medium. Rosalind is more the woman than Viola; her feminine nature is always breaking out, and even in her sharp sayings one sees the loving, trusting nature beneath them. This was very well expressed by Miss Cavendish, and we congratulate her on her having found a character so much more suited to her *métier* than Lady Teazle or Pauline. As at the Haymarket, the other characters call for little remark. Pains-taking an actor as Mr. Forrester is, he seemed overweighted as Jacques; and the Audrey of Miss Kate Rivers was the only part that made any impression on us.

Mrs. Rousby has appeared for a short time at the Queen's, and the favourite 'Twixt Axe and Crown,' perhaps the best of Tylorian dramas, has

been given with very fair cast. Mrs. Rousby played the Lady Elizabeth with her wonted mixture of pathos and dignity, and in the famous scene at Ashdridge, where she throws herself between her retainers and the guards of Queen Mary, and in one between herself and Gardner in the Tower, where she defies and conquers the prelate, she was very effective, and received well-deserved applause. It is not often we have such a Simon Renard as Mr. Hermann Vezin, an artist who made the dark shades of the character of the Spanish Envoy quite apparent without making him, as to his get up, a melodramatic villain. The sepulchral tones of Mr. Arthur Stirling and his style of acting were well suited to the unscrupulous chancellor; and more than a word of praise is due to Miss Milton for her careful delineation of the small part of Isabel Markham.

There came an afternoon—'twas the eve of good St. Valentine—when society for two or three hours ceased from troubling about the Dardanelles, put the White Czar, his ministers and agents, and their works behind its back, and set its face steadily towards the Gaiety Theatre. It was an occasion that for weeks beforehand had much exercised and interested society, both that of Belgravia and of Bohemia, as well as of 'the neutral zone' that lies between them. An Amateur Pantomime! The last event of the kind had been in 1855, just three-and-twenty years ago, and few of those 'who had 'come to forty year' knew anything about it except by tradition. Why a pantomime (there was one, it appears, in 1838) was first selected by amateurs, except for its difficulty, is hard to explain. It must have been that which attracted the gay wits and literati of forty years ago. Nothing is so possible as the impossible; and so the fact was established, that authors, men of fashion, artists, the *flâneurs* of society, could, if they chose to put their shoulders to the wheel, do their fooling nearly as well as professionals. And even if the pantomime of '38 failed to prove that, the one of '78 undoubtedly has. In the mania for amateur theatricals that for the last two or three years has afflicted society, we have been accustomed, with here and there a few exceptions, to such exhibitions of inanity, where the success—if it even reached that—has been *un succès d'estime*, where comedy has been degraded to farce, and farce has descended into an abyss of vulgarity—that the very mention of an amateur performance, accompanied with the necessity of witnessing it, has appalled the stoutest. We are not exaggerating in the slightest degree. Let some of our readers, whose lines may have been unhappily cast in the midst of the mania we have alluded to, say if this is not true. What have they not suffered from an eruption of the disease in their immediate neighbourhood or among their own circle? What have been their feelings when they have been told that their dear friend Lady A——, and their dear friend Colonel B——, are going to get up 'Still Waters Run Deep,' 'Plot and 'Passion,' 'Money,' or some easy play of that sort, so eminently qualified to show off the powers of amateurs? We all of us, in our degrees, have suffered from this infliction, for so wide-spread is it that Lady Topsawyer and Mrs. Perkins are sisters in tribulation. The leading theatrical journal has weekly accounts of the doings of the 'Irreconcilables,' the 'Undescribables,' and other theatrical clubs without end. They are not generally of a flattering nature—a fact which says much for the honour and integrity of the leading journals; but amateurs, so far as we are acquainted with them, are a dauntless race, and defy criticism with a bravery worthy of a better cause. It was, then, not altogether without doubts and fears that the announcement of another amateur pantomime was received. True, there were some names that inspired confidence; but what about the rank and file? With recollection

tions of 'Irreconcilables' and 'Undescribables,' what might we not expect? But as time went on, these doubts and fears vanished. There were leading spirits among the band who were evidently approaching the matter with the good old English resolve that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. What tales did we not hear of the energy which Mr. W. S. Gilbert was exhibiting? what harmless little jokes were not uttered and written of his real or imaginary sufferings in the cause of Harlequin? 'Then, again, when one of the most popular of Hon. Secs., booked for the second leading character, was seized with the measles, what consternation was not excited in the Beefsteak Club, until a celebrated cricketer came to the rescue? The rôle of Pantaloon, too, much exercised the 'neutral zone,' for a certain 'Harry' exhibited signs of a desire to 'scratch,' and, until a veteran came to the rescue, who was to receive the buffets of clown hung in suspense. But all this was settled as time drew on. The noble swell, the injured Bobby, the long-suffering butcher and baker, bricklayer and buttermilk—they too found zealous representatives, and Mr. Soutar had his work ready to his hand. And what a pupil had Mr. John D'Auban in 'the very head and front of the 'offending' in that hard-working, determined man who put his broad shoulders to the wheel, and as author and actor is mainly responsible for the success of 'The Forty Thieves.' Not but that there were others who, in their several degrees, did more than yeoman service in the cause. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, Mr. Algernon Bastard, Mr. A. Stuart Wortley, Mr. Quintin Twiss—how did not the Beefsteak re-echo with their deeds! Sometimes, indeed, it re-echoed with improvised rehearsals towards the small hours, to the professed horror, but secret delight of quiet members. Then there were dreadful stories of what people who had not early secured their places would have to pay if they wished to be present—stories that made poor men tremble, until they were discovered to be the purest inventions, and that a seat where you could see and hear could be had almost at the last moment. Of course the aspect of the house was deeply interesting; the auditorium absorbed as much attention as the stage. What hundreds of glasses ranged from the bouquets in the royal box to each fresh arrival in stalls, balcony, or upper boxes. Lady Londesborough and her son were among the very earliest comers, and she was soon joined by Mr. Toole. Sir George Wombwell surveyed man and womankind from the opposite side; but Sir Richard Wallace, who had given a hundred guineas for his box, was unable to be present. Celebrities in the world of art and fashion gathered thickly in the stalls. A pink domino, too long missed from her nightly haunts, but looking all the better for rest and sea-breezes; a celebrated diplomatist and 'the laureate of frills' were within speaking distance. Miss Amalia and a sister nymph, jealously guarded by the winner of the last (some people say also of the next) Liverpool, were close to Lady Londesborough; and Miss Herbert and Miss Fowler were prepared to be kindly critics of their many friends. Lord Alfred Paget flitted between the box of Sir George Wombwell and that of Mr. Henry Neville. Sir Henry de Bathe (an amateur second to none) with a fair daughter recalled recollections of past days, and Lady Sebright from the middle of the balcony swept the house with a *lorgnette* that nothing escaped. Such was the demand for places that the upper boxes held many of the upper ten, and we will not vouch for who was or was not even among the gods. But the pantomime—what we came out for to see—tells us, our readers will say, of that.

Well, then, it was a success without alloy. From the first chorus of the

burlesque to the last 'flip flap' of the harlequinade there was not a hitch. The amateurs spoke their words as they were set down for them, and their voices came from their throats and not from their boots. 'This, be it remarked, is so entirely different from the general amateur form, that it is particularly worthy of note. The palm, or rather two palms, must be accorded to Captain Gooch and Mr. Joseph Maclean, who as Ali Baba and Hasserac showed what really can be done by gentlemen who combine some average knowledge of their business with industry and painstaking. Captain Gooch, of course, is a well-known amateur, but the talent exhibited by Mr. Maclean was new, we fancy, to a good many present that afternoon. His burlesque melodramatic business was very good, and one of the trumps of the evening was achieved by Mr. Stuart Wortley as the Trumpeter to the Forty. It was true he said nothing, but his action was superb. With a pair of black legs that in familiar phrase 'were all over the place,' he did great things, and showed such a true conception of pantomimic fun, that we saw what a loss we had sustained by his illness. The gentleman, however, who veiled his patronymic under the pseudonym of Mr. W. Wye was a wonderful Clown, and he had evidently studied the business of the character to the minutest detail, from the position of his arms to the orthodox turning-in of his toes. The clown's voice was there, and the clown's open mouth and broad grin, but Mr. Wye was less happy in song, and 'Hot Codlins' might have been omitted. Captain Colville's energy as the 'Bobby' kept the rallies alive, and Mr. Algy Bastard, who had rather concealed his talents in a napkin in the part of Cassim, came out as 'Ung Mossou' in the harlequinade, and danced such a cancan as electrified the audience. Indeed, Mr. Charles Head, who was present, would have offered Mr. Bastard *carte blanche* for the Philharmonic on the spot, and there is no doubt that in conjunction with the accomplished French ladies already there, the engagement would have been a grand success. But still as we commenced with harlequin so we must end. When he was on the stage we saw no one else, unless it was Columbine; when his glittering form appeared our attention was riveted. Such a lover he made, too, so tender and so expressive his demeanour. Once, indeed, he snatched a kiss, a little circumstance we do not remember ever seeing before, and doubt if it was down in the business. But with such a Columbine as Mdlle. Rosa Mr. Gilbert may be excused that bit of 'gag.' Doubtless, as Dr. Nelly Faust says in effect at the Gaiety, when the gentle and lovely Marguerite makes a somewhat alarming demonstration in the last scene, 'it did *not* occur again.' And when the curtain finally descended the great crowd gradually emptied itself into the Strand, all talking of what they had seen, all pleased and delighted. The amateurs dined together at the Hanover Square Club—passed, we hope, a merry evening. There was much talk at the Beefsteak that night into the small hours, and we buried the Dardanelles until next day.

Without having had any extraordinary runs, the Pytchley have had good fair sport during the past month, and when the enormous crowds that have come out, especially on Wednesdays, to stare at the Empress of Austria, are taken into consideration, it is a marvel that hounds have been able to do anything at all. On January 23rd, when they met at Stanford Hall, which is always a popular meet, six hundred and four horses were actually counted through one gateway, in spite of the weather being exceedingly raw and cold, with occasional falls of snow. On the 30th they did not come to Thornby, being stopped by one night's frost, which, as it continued, kept them at home for three or four days; but

on February 6th there was another monster meet at Swinford, and at least five hundred horses were out. What sport can possibly be expected with such a crowd, many of whom come out only to ride for reputation, who are always on the hound's backs as soon as they begin to run, and walking after Goodall whenever he tries to cast them, so that it is only quite late in the afternoons that the hounds have any chance of hunting at all. The Royal Pesth Hunt has been numerously represented, for besides the Empress of Austria (who was always piloted by Captain Middleton), hunting regularly with the Pytchley, have been Prince Lichtenstein and Prince Kinsky, from Brixworth, Count and Countess Larisch, and Count Henry Larisch, from Guilsborough Grange; Count Almasy, from the George Hotel, Rugby; and Mr. Schawel, from Cottesbrook, and on Tuesday, the 12th, Sir Andrew Buchanan, late ambassador at Vienna, was also out; but the Empress having now returned to Austria, probably the crowd will be diminished. Her Majesty has been most generous in her gifts to the hunt servants, who will remember her as long as they live. There is but one opinion as to Lord Spencer's resignation, namely, that no successor can equal him in every respect as master of the Pytchley, as he is by birth and residence essentially a Northamptonshire man, a large landed proprietor, a thorough sportsman, who has fully proved that he understands the science of hunting, a bold rider, popular with the farmers and graziers, and was born to command and keep an unruly field in order.

Our Quorn correspondent says that they have up to this time had a capital season, and gives a good report of what he has seen since he last wrote. On Friday, Jan. 11th, they met at Great Dalby, but only a little was done in the morning, for want of scent, and the foxes ran short from Gartree Hill and Thorpe Trussells; but in the afternoon things altered, as a good fox, which left a scent behind him, was found in Queniborough Spinny, went away, with the pack close at his brush, first pointing for Queniborough village, then ran rather a large ring by Barsby over the Gaddesby road and the brook, as if for Ashby Pastures, when within three fields of it, turned for Thorpe Satchville: but before reaching it, was headed by a farmer and his dog, which caused a check, and thus saved him. He was then hunted slowly down to Ashby Folville, and lost. This was a real good 27 minutes. Several went well in this run; amongst others, Lord Grey de Wilton, Mr. Coupland, Captain Smith, Captain Riddell (who was staying in this country for a couple of days), Mr. Chaplin, and Freddy Archer the jockey.

On Friday, the 18th January, they were at Keyham, where there is always a large field. The first draw after the good things at Mr. Miles's was Scraftoft, where they found at once, ran by Hungerton Fox-holes to Barkby, straight through, and a ring on the far side brought them back to the covert again, where they changed; and nothing more could be done, as the scent seemed to vanish entirely; but as the day advanced, it improved. They found in Thorpe Spinny, the hounds getting away almost in view of him, ran at a great pace over the Beeby Road, then, picking a line of grass, went, as if for Scraftoft, by the Humberstone Spinnies, over the brook—which is big enough to jump anywhere, and too big in some places, but all who tried it got safely over, the hounds still running on through Barkby Thorpe village down to Syston, where Firr was obliged to stop them, as it was quite dark, or they must have caught their fox. On Monday, January 28th, they met at Wartnaby Stone Pits, found in the spinny close by, and had a long hunting run over a lot of the Belvoir country, but changed foxes once or twice, and

the chase ended near Welby. A few small places were drawn blank, but a good fox was found in Lord Aylesford's covert, which took them over the Hoby country at a good pace, a finer than which it is quite impossible to see, as it is all good sound turf, with fences big enough for anybody, then by Hoby into Cossington Gorse. Amongst those up when the hounds ran into it were Lady Florence Dixie, Mr. Coupland, Lord Grey de Wilton, Captain Boyce, Captain Elmhirst, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Tomkinson, and five or six others. Two or three foxes were on foot in the covert, but the hounds stuck to their own, and Firr would have killed him had there been any daylight; as it was the hounds were whipped off at Shoby Scholes—the fox having come away from Cossington the same side he went in. On Tuesday, the 29th, they were at the Ruins in Bradgate Park, in which they found and ran to ground, then bolted him and ran straight into him in about four fields. Found again in Benscliffe, went away very fast through Black Hill as if for Copt Oak Wood, but changing his mind ran through two or three of the Bradgate coverts by Roecliffe, through one end of Swithland Wood and the village to Quorn Wood, through it, and across the park to the Hall, killing him in Mr. Farnham's laurels, thus ending a capital day's sport. Amongst those who went well in this run were Mr. Martin, Mr. John Cradock, Mr. T. Cradock, and Miss Cradock of Quorn Court, Mr. Ernest Paget, Mr. Sykes of Cossington Hall, Mr. Wade of Belgrave, and a few more. Thursday, January the 7th, was a bye-day at Barkby Hall, and it is almost unnecessary to say one word about Mr. Brooks's hospitality when the hounds meet there, as his house is always open to fox-hunters. The first move was to Thorp Spinnies, where they soon found, and ran to Barkby Holt and about twice round it, then a ring over the Queniborough country back to Barkby Village, which took altogether about forty-five minutes, and ended this fox's career, for they rolled him over by the side of the brook. A hunting run from Scraftoft finished the day. On Friday, the 15th, they were at Beeby; first drew Barkby Holt blank, for the first time this season, then went on to Baggrave, where soon three or four were on foot, and the hounds settling to one took him out on the lower side over the brook up to Barsby, running a ring round it, back to South Croxton, then by the brook side by Baggrave Hall to Lowesby, then by Ashby Folville and Twyford into Thorpe Trussells, where they most likely changed foxes, and, coming away with one, ran nearly to Gaddesby on to Cream Gorse, and no doubt they changed here again, for no one fox could have stood up so long before hounds, then running at a fair pace by Brooksby Spinnies nearly to Rearsby down to the Wreak, which he crossed, under Thrusington up to Cossington Gorse, straight through it, when Firr stopped the hounds. When the country over which they ran is taken into consideration, it proves that this was a good day's sport, and a hard one also. Amongst those at the finish were Mr. Coupland, Captain Elmhirst, Mr. Prior, Mr. Tomkinson, Mr. Cart, a young farmer of Hoby who swam across the river; Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Simpkin, also of Hoby, and a few others. At the end Firr was left without a whip, but Mr. Coupland helped him home to the kennels.

There is nothing, we hear, settled about the change of country, but if Mr. Coupland should get Mr. Tailby's country, the Quorn will give up the whole of the old Donnington country, and so the Quorn would not be much larger than it is at present. Lord Ferrers would be glad of more territory. The Quorn would require new kennels to be built somewhere in the centre near a station, then the whole of the country could be easily hunted, and

would no doubt be the finest in England. They now hunt two days a week on the Donnington side, so that by giving that up and taking Mr. Tailby's would make but little difference except for the better, as far as country is concerned, and there would be no more than enough for five days a week, and at the present time they have not enough for five days a week. On the other hand, we hear that Mr. Tailby's resignation is not at all liked by many who hunt from Market Harborough, and by others who don't wish to be annexed to the Quorn, and some of the gentry and the graziers say that they prefer to have their coverts hunted by a gentleman who has regularly resided amongst them, and that they shall not get such a good master again. Many will be very sorry to hear that the Billesdon Hunt is to be abolished, and all who know Mr. Tailby say that he deserves immense credit for having carried it on as he has since 1856, while the hard-riding men of Harborough all say that he had the best nerve to ride at timber that ever they knew. His hounds had a really great run on the 18th. After killing a fox in thirty minutes from Wistow, they found a good fox at Glenn Gorse, ran him as if for Oadby, bore to the right up to Stoughton Hall, away for Knighton, and right up to the town of Leicester, near the racecourse, where he bore away for Knighton Spinney but did not go into it, ran by Oadby village on the left, and up again to Glenn Gorse; here, without a delay of five minutes, they got on to a fresh fox; running by Oadby toll bar towards Newton Harcourt, he was headed and bore to the left by Glenn village, over the Stretton Road, by Glenn Oaks, by Burton Overy on the left, over Carlton Brook, up to Kilworth spinnies; bore down for the church; was headed, ran leaving Sheeppthorns on the left up to Langton Hall, through the Park and by Thorpe Langton, over the Welham Road, over the railway and over the river Welland, where the scent failed and they lost this good fox—whether he was drowned, or whether in consequence of the river the scent failed, nobody knows. The time of the run, from Glenn to Leicester and back to Glenn, forty-five minutes: time from Glenn to the river, fifty minutes.

The North Warwickshire have had some good hunting runs, and after a monster meet at Hillmorton on the 7th, when half Leamington came to have a look at the Empress of Austria, they had a good gallop from Hillmorton Covert by Lilbourne to ground at Coton House, and another spin of thirty-five minutes from Cawston by Long Lawford and the Lime Works to Mr. Pennington's house in Rugby, where they lost. Those who have not sent their subscription to Lloyd's Bank for replanting Cook's Gorse, which will be a grand thing for the country, should do so without loss of time, as a covert cannot be planted for nothing.

Sir Reginald Graham has given up the New Forest, after having hunted it with great patience since 1874, when he succeeded Mr. Standish. For a man who hunts to ride, the Forest has no attractions at all, but for those who go out to see hounds work it has much to recommend it, as it carries a good scent; there are no crowds, and the Queen's keepers are virtually the servants of the Master. Captain Martin Powell, the secretary, who lives at Lyndhurst, can give any gentleman wishing to take the country any information he may desire.

Jack West continues to have good sport. The farmers seem very well pleased, and very large fields for this country have been lately seen with the Vine. On Saturday, January 6th, they met at Sherfield Rectory, found an old dog-fox at Chinham, who crossed the railway and the Basingstoke and Reading road, went over the water meadows and the canal into the H. H.

country, where they pulled him down after a fast forty minutes, after which they went back to Carpenters' Down, where they found again, and after running several rings, lost. On Tuesday, February 5th, they met at Kempshot Park by permission, found at South Wood, ran through Gander Down and Bull's Bushes to Waltham Wood, pointing for Browndown, where he was headed short back and killed. Then they found another in St. John's Wood, and after a fast thirty-five minutes, ran to ground at Nutley, in the H. H. country. This was a good day's sport. If there were an hotel near the station at Basingstoke, with plenty of good stabling, as there is at the Digby at Sherborne, many more Londoners who have passed their half-century would run down for a day with the Vine.

The H. H. seem to be very badly off for foxes in their Tuesday country, and have had one or two blank days; and as Mr. Deacon cannot begin cub-hunting in some large coverts in his Thursday country until nearly Christmas, after the shooting is over, things are not looking up. If fifty years ago, even in the salad days of Squire Villebois and Dick Foster, when there was no scarcity of stout strong foxes, Nimrod, who wrote from personal experience, called it the 'slowest of all slow countries,' what would he say now? If he thought it a misery then to 'ride a good hunter over a bed of 'flints,' with a fox before him, what would he think of it now without one? These hounds had an excellent run from Cheriton Wood, combining hunting and pace, going to Tichborne, on to Alresford Pond, and going to ground in Longwood Warren, one hour and a half. The run was mainly due to the cleverness of Mr. Deacon in holding his hounds on close to their fox that was not inclined to go straight, and was forced from his retrograde line. But talent in a huntsman is unavailing if there be not the wherewith that furnishes the occasion; and it is painful to add, that a portion of the H.H. country is more than short of foxes, and is constantly drawn blank. Foul play, without a doubt, and accompanied with the usual denial. The same may be said of the Holderness country, and many parts of Yorkshire. What has become of the character of the Tyke? and is he prepared to forfeit his character of hunting notoriety, and to don the shooting-coat of a trapper and gunner for the olden scarlet of honour? Shame be to him if that be his choice.

In the old Berkshire country John Treadwell, who has now hunted it for fifteen years, has been entertained at dinner at Abingdon and presented with a testimonial, which he thoroughly deserved, as we know no better huntsman or civiler man.

The Craven have been having sport in the beginning of February, and in every respect the kennels may make claim to that ecumenical attribution of progress which is the cuckoo-cry of the day. Some of the most driving blood of the best kennels has produced an efficiency that has told its tale. The kennels of Lord Macclesfield, Lord Coventry, and Lord Portsmouth have been freely used, with the best results. Lord Portsmouth's Guardsman, by The Grove, or Lord Galway's Furrier, has been of great advantage, as Guardsman gets his stock—stout and tone on the line—straining back through his dam Gaiety to the best blood of Belvoir. The Puckeridge Gulliver has been of service, as well as Lord Wemyss's Harbinger,—all being of what is termed thrusting blood, that can hunt and stay, and are not mute—the prevailing evil of the day.

The North Durham, of Lambton memory and reputation, had a memorable run on Monday, the 11th. They found at Langley Old Hall, going

away close to him, and ran straight as a line and at best pace, by Saggerstone and Fulford to Surpley and Kimblesworth, and ran him to ground at Red House Gill—fifty minutes without a check. The second fox was found in Saggerstone Wood; at going away he was headed and turned to Fulford and Witton Gilbert, and the hounds appeared racing for him, when he turned short to Cole Park Wood, going straight through, and making for Humstreles. The hounds steadied on the line, and brought it away to Lanchester and Greencrofts—over the lawn in front of the Hall—crossing the Park and making for Bogglehole. This was a very pretty passage in the run, and the hounds streamed away on the grass. He then made for the Hill plantations, away for Stanley and Bemish Hall. Here he turned short for Twizell, through the covert for Pelton, and forcing him on, at last gradually gained and ran into him in the open. Time three hours, and the distance twenty-five miles. They were constantly at him without a check, with a varied pace, of course, according to the ground; but they were not lifted, and never failed the line. A grand run.

The Duke of Beaufort has had plenty of sport since the new year began; the Berkeley not so good, as they are hard up for foxes in many parts of the country. Colonel Kingscote has shaken off the effect of his tumble; but there is no chance of either Mr. Pierpoint or Captain Bridges coming out again this season; and that excellent rider, Mr. George Nicholls of Ashton, got a shaking the other day that will last him for some time to come. The Duke had one remarkable run from Pickwick, right away beyond Devizes, an eleven mile point, with a kill; another from George Inn, Sandy Lane, to Rood Ashton, over a wonderful country quite new to Lord Worcester. February 7th.—Shipton Moyne. One of the best day's sport Major G. Whyte-Melville says he ever witnessed; a rare gallop of half an hour over the stone walls in the morning to the hills, and twenty-two minutes racing, and killed on Charley Hoare's lawn at Easton Grey. Then a hunt of one hour and ten minutes, and finishing at dark.—February 21st. Burton. Found at Luckley Brake, and had a very fine run of one hour and seven minutes, and a kill in the open, with seven mile points as the crow flies. On the 23rd the Duke had a grand day. First fox was found under Cleaveansly, and they burst him up in eight minutes. Then, after drawing Barwick Common (gorse) blank, Bob Vincent saw a fox lying on a ploughed field outside. He went away towards the Downs, ran over Winterbourne Down for Rockley, and over hill and valley to Barbary Farm, within about four miles of Marlborough. The hounds caught a view towards the finish, and a young bitch (Grayling) drew out from the pack and caught him within a few yards of an open drain on the Downs. Very few *saw* the fox killed; but Bob Vincent, Hayward, Charley Bernard and George Fuller were among the leaders; Lord Landsdowne, Mr. Tanner (late owner of Khedive) very handy. His Grace went very well, but weight told at the last hill. The huntsman was beaten a long way by the pace; he was on a roan horse. The scene on the Downs was ludicrous in the extreme; men in every direction trying to lug their nags up the hill, and many stood completely still.

In the last week in January the V.W.H. had a blazing run in the famed Bradon country, of thirty minutes, without a check. It was a thorough race, somewhat inconvenienced by a bad bourn with rotten banks, but unexceptionable in regard to hounds.—Friday, Feb. 6, at Crudwell. A right good fox was found in the Goodchild covert of Charlton Park, going away over the Bishopper racecourse, then, bearing to the left, he took his line towards

Malmesbury, and making for Shipton Wood; leaving it to the left, he passed through the gardens at Eastcourt House, to Newton Gorse, straight through without dwelling, and on towards Trull, leaving those coverts to the left, by Ashley village, making for Culverton, and going for Kemble Wood. He was now sinking, and the hounds raced him from scent to view near the village of Chelworth. Time, fifty-nine minutes, without a check of consequence, and fast the whole way.—Wednesday, Feb. 13. Pope's seat. A brace of foxes found in the College Spinnies; one going away to Oakley Wood, through to Daglingworth, over the road to Perrott's brook, on to Calmsdon Gorse, where he was lost; found in the Harebushes, and working him well in covert, he was forced away by the Dyer Street turnpike, past the Golden Farm to Preston; here he turned and went back to the Harebushes, down the vale to Baunton village, turned again, and passing the turnpike, he got into the Mill buildings, but the hounds forced him away, and he got into the Abbey grounds, where they ran into him on the lawn in front of the Abbey. A good hunting of an hour and twenty minutes.

In Cornwall Mr. Coryton's hounds have had excellent sport. Thursday, February 14. The meet was at the far-famed Cheesewring; the wind in the east, and the scent very cold. A fox was found in the Gold-digging Quarry; the miners bolted him, but he went in again and was left; another was found, with no better luck. Dartry Tor produced another that made for Treovis Bottesnell, Kingbear, returning to the Tor, where a fresh fox jumped up amongst the hounds, making for the Moor, but the hounds could only make the line inch by inch in a bitter east wind, on to Kilmar, where they ran him the whole range of the Tor, and marked him under a pile of granite rocks. Bolted and away in view, the scent changing suddenly from bad to the very best, over the wild moors to Hawks Wood, Rowda plantation, Hawks Tor, crossing the Cascade river, skirting Red Moor Marsh, turning back to Carey Tor, through the marsh to Rashaford Gate, Trevortha Tor and Hawks Tor, through the woods of Trebartha Hall, and again facing the Moor. The pace was severe, and the field became scattered. On through Trevillian and Kar Keys to Spehfur Marsh, crossing the Bodmin road between Palmers Bridge and Trewist; on again over the open moors towards Rough Tor, and turning in view got into the earths at Trekerne holes. Time, one hour and a quarter. Mr. Coryton and Messrs. Luskey, Snell, Dougle, with the Sharpitor Moor man on his extraordinary pony, were alone up at the finishes. A lady from Pentithe Castle went extremely well from first to last, neither bank, wall, timber, nor water preventing her keeping her place throughout the run.

The South Devon have had, until lately, unusually good runs, handling their fox after fast chases. On January 24th, they met at Two Mile Oak, near Torquay. Found their fox, and raced into him after twenty-five minutes. A very large field.—On the 28th, from Bellamarsh, near Newton, they brought their fox to Well Wood, running him hard to Lord Clifford's park at Agbrook, in three quarters of an hour, with a kill. The huntsman has been discharged, since which time they have not killed a fox. They have to learn in that portion of the West that hounds, as a rule, cannot kill a fox without a huntsman.

Baron Rothschild's hounds had an extraordinary run on Thursday, the 7th of February. It would not interest your readers to give the names of all the parishes through which the hounds ran, but, for the benefit of those who may

care to refer to the map, we will merely say that it was from Littlecote farm, near the hamlet of Dunton, to Henton farm, Bledlow ridge, a distance of seventeen miles as the crow flies, which was done in two hours and a quarter. In the course of this run the river Thame, as well as the Creslow, the Fleet Marston, the Ford, and other minor brooks had to be crossed. With the exception of the last two miles, the whole line was over grass, which for the most part rode very sound. There are but few countries besides the Vale of Aylesbury which could hold such a run.

And again on Monday, the 11th, these hounds had a grand run, which, although not to compare with the previous one, is well worthy of record in the pages of the 'Van.' It was from Swanbourne village, up to and through the Claydon Woods, over Muswell Hill, and finished at Stanton St. John, in Lord Macclesfield's country. The point is, if anything, a little longer than that of the Thursday previous, but, with the exception of the first five-and-thirty or forty minutes, the pace was not so good. 'Where are we getting to?' said one of the half-dozen sportsmen struggling to get to the end. 'We shall be at Oxford directly,' answered Fred. Cox: a prophecy which was very nearly being fulfilled.

And another awfully hard day on Monday, the 18th. The run may be easiest described to those who know the Bicester country as the half of a circle round the Claydon Woods, the deer having been uncartered at Fleet Marston, and having been taken in the brook below Addington. Time, a little over two hours.

There was about a week of catching frost in Scotland, but Mr. Anstruther-Thomson never stopped in Fife, as he had some of the horses roughed and had some capital hunts, and one night he killed at a quarter past six, when it was pitch dark. The fox went over the face of a rock, and some of the hounds stuck on a ledge all night, and Mr. Thomson had to go next morning with a rope to rescue them.

Squire Lowndes has had fair sport during the past month. In his Thursday country he has had no difficulty in finding in any of the coverts of the Duke of Bedford. The Duke makes his keepers understand plainly that, if the hounds do not find foxes, the keepers will have to find fresh places. If landed proprietors generally would adopt the Duke's recipe, there would be no more complaints of scarcity of foxes in Yorkshire, Bedfordshire, or any other shire.

Information reaches us that the Surrey Staghounds have found a new Master for next season in the person of Mr. Walter Morris of Claridges, near East Grinstead. From his popularity with the hunt, we have no doubt Mr. Morris will meet with a hearty reception on taking the reins of office at the commencement of another year. It is with great regret that the present Master, Mr. W. Moss Robinson, finds that his numerous engagements prevent him continuing to hold office. Although he retires from the leadership of the pack, he will, however, continue to take an active interest in its welfare, and his many friends in the district will rejoice to see him in the saddle for many years to come.

It is not a little singular that on the day succeeding the meeting which was held at the White Hart, Bletchingley, to nominate a successor to Mr. Moss Robinson, as stated above, the death was announced of Mr. H. Bowyer, who had for many years been connected with the Surrey Staghounds as deputy Master. The deceased gentleman was well known amongst sporting men, and much respected. He had only reached his forty-fourth year.

Another item of coaching news we are glad to hear. We mentioned in last 'Van' that Mr. Hargreaves would be on the Portsmouth road again, and we are now able to announce that Mr. Henry Wormald will be a partner, and Mr. Leonard Blacket will occasionally take the place of third coachman, when the calls on his time will admit of his so doing. Both these gentlemen are good coachmen, Mr. Blacket being a pupil of Sam Young's, and he graduated on the Brighton and Arundel road. The coach will begin running in the middle of April, and there will be an additional stage this year.

Mr. W. H. Cooper has returned to Stoke D'Aberon, we are glad to say, quite convalescent, and though rather pulled down by the severity of his illness (inflammation of the lungs), he is rapidly gaining strength, and will be fit and well we trust to take the field in April. Mr. Cooper, as at present proposed, will drive the Guildford two days a week, probably Friday and Saturday.

The Rapid, West Wickham and London coach will recommence running in April, leaving West Wickham daily at 9, and reaching the White Horse Cellar at 10.45, returning at 4.30, reaching the Swan, West Wickham, at 6.15. We understand that Mr. Charles Hoare will again be in the venture, having as his partner Lord Arthur Somerset.

We are sorry to hear that John Hollidge, late first whip to the Badsworth, is still out of commission, and is in want of a situation as huntsman or kennel huntsman and first whip; any gentleman requiring a really steady and good servant would do well to bear him in mind. He has seen good service, and can be strongly recommended in first-class quarters. His address is Billericay, Brentwood, Essex.

Many of our readers will remember a tale that has lately gone the rounds of the London papers, of a Gloucestershire yeoman, in Lord Fitzhardinge's country, who *retrieved* a young lady from the depths of the main *rhine*, gallantly saying that he had never landed such a pretty *fish* before. There is a sequel to the story which is quite as well worth recounting. A few weeks after the above incident, while the hounds were at Kingsloerton, Mr. Miles of Pempole entertained several of the field at lunch. Among others, Lord Fitzhardinge came in, escorting the young lady in question, with the remark, 'I have brought the little fish into lunch.' 'And I,' said Mr. Miles, 'have brought "The Fisherman,"' pointing to Mr. William Chapman, who was the hero of the story. 'Well,' said the latter, surveying the viands before him, 'at any rate this is the first *bite* I have had to-day.' We hardly know whether most to admire the courage or the wit of the gallant yeoman, who will make an excellent chairman for any fish-preservation society in the county.

In addition to our usual portrait, this number also contains the vignette, a speaking likeness, of the celebrated Fred Archer. Who has not heard of him? We might survey mankind from Indus to Peru and find in those remote countries the fame of the famous jockey had penetrated. At apparently the zenith of his reputation, it would still be a hazardous thing to bet on that this year will not be to him equally successful as the last. Of course increasing years and weight will prevent him having the riding he has enjoyed since he first began to make a name for himself, but yet we have little doubt he has a future before him. It is doing him some wrong to call him the 'fortunate' jockey. That he more often than otherwise rides the best horse in a race there is little doubt, but he gave us many brilliant examples last

year of jockeyship, and it was not always the best horse that won when Archer squeezed his head first to the chair. Said Mr. Clark to us one day at Newmarket after a more than usual fine bit of riding on Archer's part, and a short head or something like it, 'Yes, he knows where the winning-post 'is now. It takes them all a little time to learn, and some of them never 'learn it.' A simple thing it seems, but yet, by this testimony, how difficult.

The arrangement between M. Le Comte de Lagrange and M. Lefevre, which had been in existence three years, having expired, M. Lefevre now breeds for his own account, selling in the best market yearlings which he was formerly compelled to hand over under his agreement to the Count de Lagrange for 200*l.* each, whether they were good or bad. M. Lefevre now only owns brood mares and sires which everybody knows the names of. The Count de Lagrange has formed an association in France for the training and racing of horses, which is under the management of Tom Jennings as Trainer, with their stables at Royal Dieu, Dangu, and Newmarket. The association has about one hundred and fifty horses in training. The horses that won all the best French prizes last year, such as St. Cristophe, Augusta, Camembert, &c., were all originally the property of M. Lefevre, and sold to the Count de Lagrange under their then existing arrangement. M. Lefevre will train for his own running any yearling which he has not been successful in selling, and which may give promise of the necessary qualities to conquer. M. Lefevre superintends personally, with two or three men under him, the foaling and covering of mares, and a very fair income is earned at Chamant from the mares sent to his different sires.

The scheme for supplying the town of Manchester with water from one of the Cumberland lakes—which has aroused the indignation of Mr. Ruskin and of a large section of the public, and which will, we know, be vigorously opposed in Parliament—has called forth a very clever and scholarly *brochure*, entitled 'King Cræsus,' from the pen of our correspondent, 'F. G.,' Mitcham. The pamphlet (which is published, at the nominal price of 6*d.*, by Mr. French, 89, Strand), takes the form of a play, in which the principal *dramatis persone* are King Cræsus and the Mayor and Corporation of Manchester on the one side, and Titania, the Spirit of Thirlmere Lake, and Mr. Ruskin on the other. 'F. G.,' who is well known as an advocate for protecting the Country from the Town, has some hard hitting, perhaps a little too hard, at the Corporation of Manchester, but it is good-humoured, forcible, and very readable. The picture of Titania by the beautiful lake, and the language of the lament of the Spirit of Thirlmere over its threatened desecration, are highly dramatic, and poetic as well as humorous. Titania speaks well to the point, and addresses her subjects, the immortal inhabitants of mountain, lake and river, in language which should convince even a Parliamentary committee of the extent of their wrongs.

There have been one or two safety stirrups more or less answering to their name, but we think the patented invention of M. Del Riego, of the firm of Lousada and Co., 105 Regent Street, for simplicity and quickness of action surpasses all those we are acquainted with. The foot, in event of dragging, is relieved by the mere fact of automatic pressure on the upper iron, which immediately opens, and of course the foot is free. There is nothing in the shape of a spring. The stirrup is light in appearance, very inexpensive, and, as we have said before, the arrangement is simplicity itself, and comprehended at a glance. We would strongly recommend our hunting-friends to see the stirrup

and try it. There are two kinds, and in one the foot resting-plate becomes completely detached in opening, but both kinds will act, no matter which side they are used.

There has been a fresh arrangement at the Badminton Club, by which Dr. Hurman is enabled to relieve himself of some of the care and labour that a club exacts from a proprietor. Two or three gentlemen have joined him in the responsibility of the management, and have entered on their work with a determination to make the club everything that a good club should be. So much has been done by Dr. Hurman himself in the way of increased accommodation for the increasing members that little in that respect remains to do. Over the internal economy of the club the new proprietorship will exercise a supervision which it is almost impossible for one man to bestow. The services of a thoroughly efficient manager will be secured; and we have no doubt that the Badminton Club, with the genial presence of 'the Doctor' still to the fore, will maintain its high position as one of the most agreeable societies of modern club times.

A recent case of more than suspicious foul riding at a metropolitan meeting ought to strengthen the hands of the supporters of Mr. Anderson's Bill, which soon comes on for its third reading. The robbery was of the usual dull kind, and it seems to have been also very inartistically managed—so much so as to bring down the wrath of the Stewards at once on the heads of the culprits. Clever robberies are sometimes amusing (to lookers-on), but those of a coarse and common kind make us angry. The little meetings on the metropolitan circuit are the scenes of so many, that we must ask our readers' pardon for alluding to the subject; and only the fact of the Legislature being called upon to pronounce an opinion on them would warrant our so doing. We see that Mr. Chaplin, who has given notice of a hostile amendment on the third reading of Mr. Anderson's Bill, acknowledges he is no friend to these meetings himself; but, like Mr. Lowther, he opposes legislation on the ground that it is the thin edge of the wedge, and that once Parliament interferes, a precedent fatal to other meetings will be established. Leave the matter, say the opponents of Mr. Anderson's Bill, to the Jockey Club. That body is capable of dealing with it, and it is the recognised authority to which all concerned in its decisions will bow. To a certain extent this is true, but not entirely so. Such is the pecuniary success of all these so called gate-money meetings around London, that their promoters, and those who patronize them could afford, we believe, to defy the edicts of the Turf Legislature. We confess we do not share in the fears above alluded to, that the passing of this Bill will be a dangerous precedent. The House of Commons has no doubt greatly changed within the last quarter of a century, but it is still emphatically an assembly of English gentlemen, and in their hands we are quite content to leave the well-being of the English Turf.





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